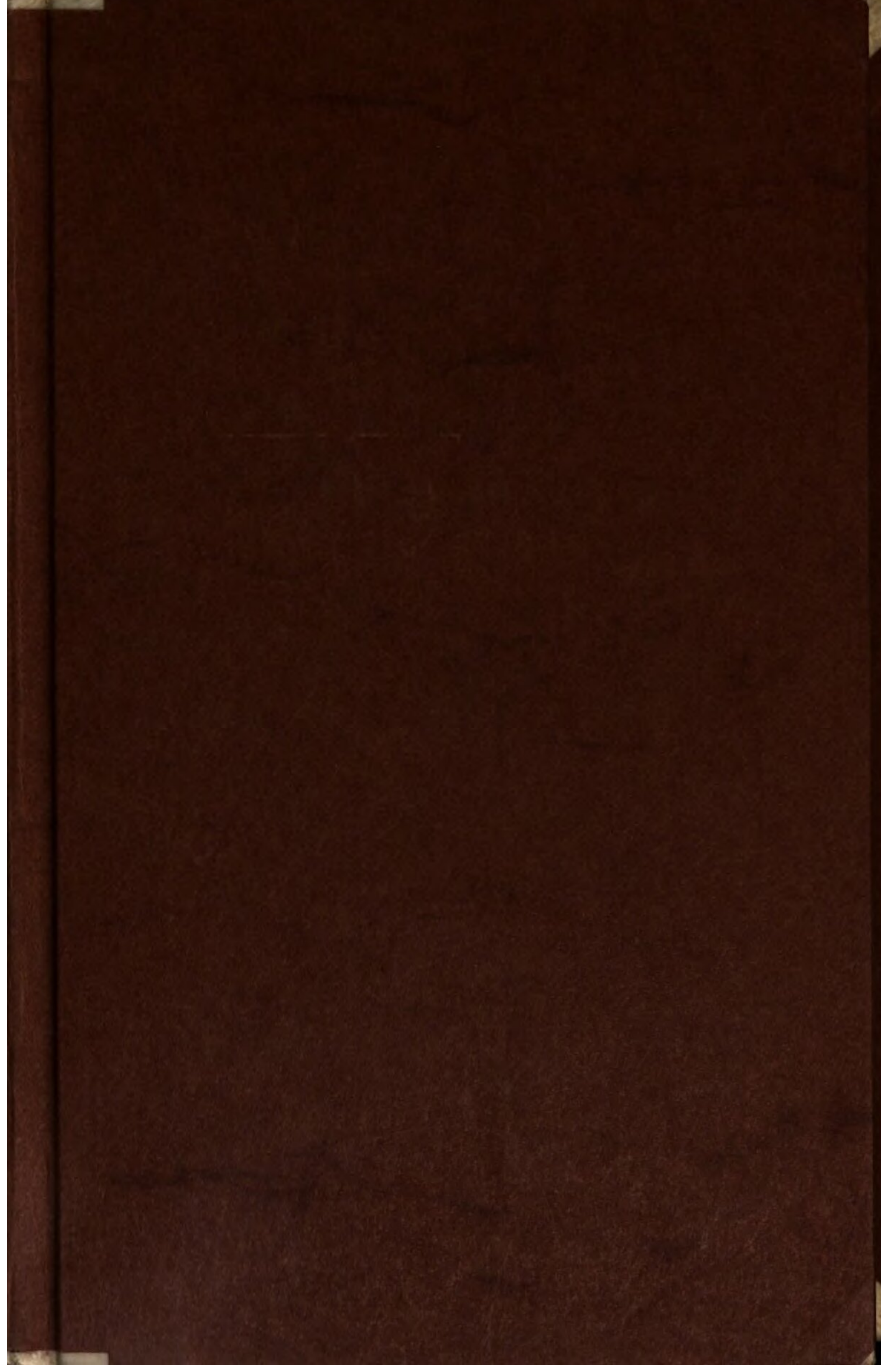


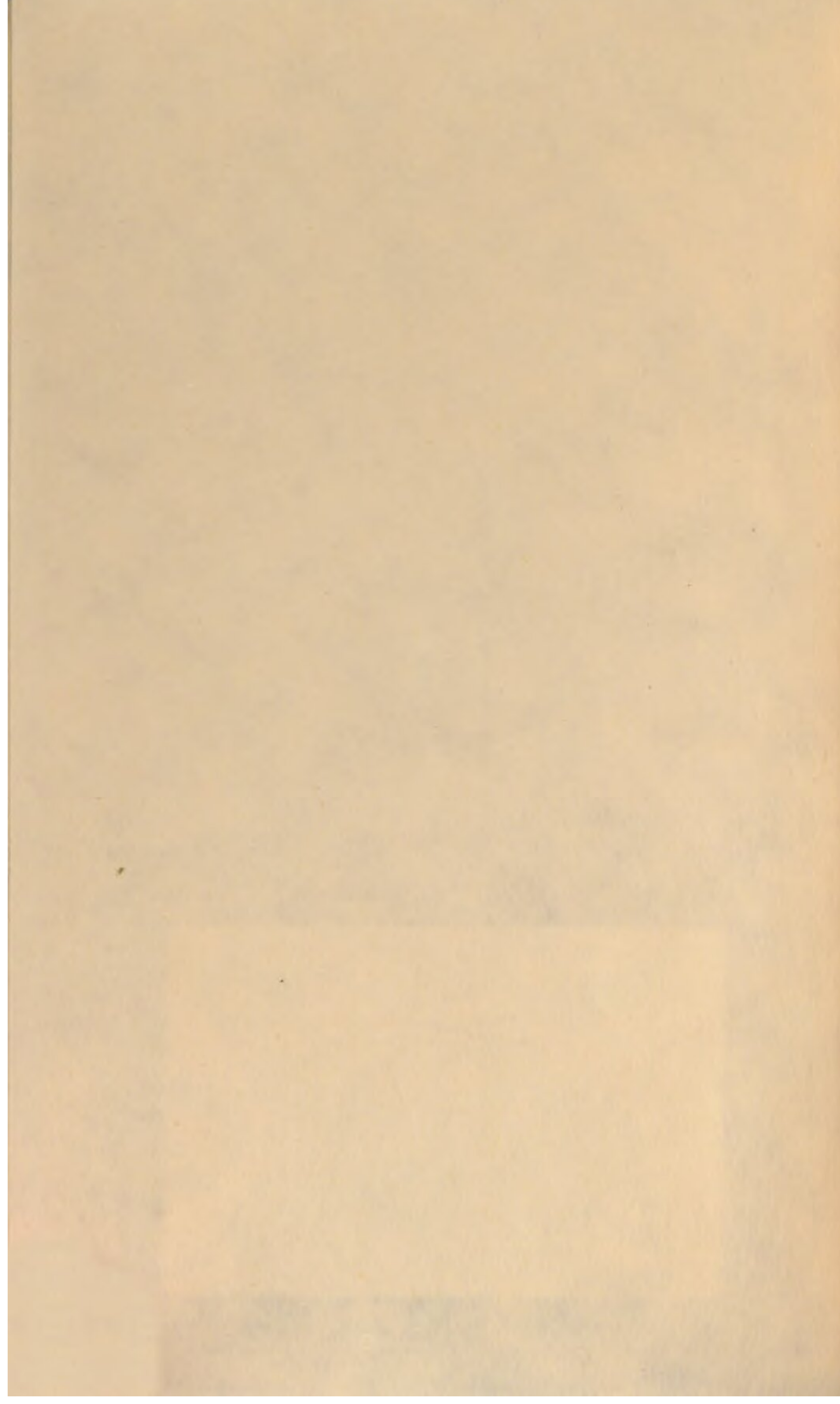


Don. Lud. 554 / 5

<36635996140011

<36635996140011

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek



MEMOIRS

OF

HARRIETTE WILSON,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

'Tis, from high life, high characters are drawn,
POPE.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. J. STOCKDALE,

SAINT JAMES'S SQUARE.

1827.

5

10

B4

MEMOIRS

OF

HARRIETTE WILSON

WRITTEN BY HERSELF

Staatsbibliothek

München

VOL. 1.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. J. STOKDALE

Saint James's Square

1837

ADVERTISEMENT TO VOL. V.

THE present Volume was written, very long before the date of the letter to the king's justices. Its appearance was, at first, delayed, from my intended application for justice, to the late parliament, which, however was too much absorbed in its own squabbles, and the distresses of the country, to render such an application eligible. then its dissolution, and lastly, the extraordinary verdict of a jury, in Fisher's case, made it advisable for me to withhold my publication, and application, until affairs should be more settled. Vol. VI. will appear immediately, and be preceded by a detail of as singular and interesting a system of persecution and false imprisonment, as the annals of this *free* country have on record.

The progress and result of the ejectment-cause, in the Common Pleas, before Lord Chief Justice Best, last night, has decided me also to publish my correspondence with my wife, during my *seven weeks legal, and illegal confinement in the Fleet*: not for "all that is good, and noble, and amiable, in the country!" they know, and fear me, as well as I know, and do not fear them; but for the respectable, middle classes, who, as has been shewn, by juries not knowing me, have bent to the directions of the Lord Chief Justice, to the hired pleadings of self-convicted mercenaries, and possibly, to the influence of their "good, and noble, and amiable" customers

ADVERTISEMENT.

The confidential letters which pass between a man and his family, must shew them in their natural colours, and maculate, as I have been represented, rather than thought, my conduct, public, and private, will be found to lose nothing, in the balance, though Serjeant, or even Lord Chief Justice Best, be placed as the opposing weight. It will then be plainly seen, to whom will be most applicable the words of that hand, which wrote upon the wall,

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

ask no favours: I will only remind juries of what they seem to have forgotten; that my case to-day, may be their own to-morrow.

I shall no longer delay to publish the remainder of the Memoirs, including those parts which I had suppressed, without fee or reward. Should I now keep back any thing, my readers may rest assured that I have been paid for my forbearance. If I can, henceforth, make more by suppressing; than by publishing, I shall do so. I have purchased, at an enormous price, the copy-right of the Memoirs, and, whether, like the merchant, I am paid to withhold my cargo from market, or remunerate myself by transporting it thither, can be of no consequence to any body, though the law be strained beyond itself, as it has already been, and as it has been menaced again, to be, in a very high quarter.

Budget Office, St. James's Square.

2nd December 1826.

Bayrische
Staatsbibliothek
München

HARRIETTE WILSON'S

MEMOIRS

OF HERSELF AND OTHERS.

DID you ever hear of a man, of the name of Wallace ? enquired the stranger.

Now it happened that I had, on that very day, been reading the worthy Captain Wallace's book, and I knew he had been, first, a dragoon, and since, a prisoner in France. This accounted, at once, to my mind, for his military air, and his moustaches, of which I

VOL. VI.

B

had heard much, although I had never seen Mr. Wallace. I had even felt a strong disgust to the character of that gentleman, as it had been often described to me by the late Harry Mellish; but then pity was mixed with my contempt, at that moment; for I saw before me, an elegant creature, whom I believed to be a wretched, pennyless prisoner, in the Bench, out, on a day-rule, and no less destitute of friends than of character.

I could not bring my mind to say any thing harsh to a being, thus situated, vexed as I was at having fallen in with the man, I had, all my life, avoided, and wished to avoid.

Then you are Mr. Wallace, whose book I have, this day, been reading?

He bowed. My determination was now made, on the instant. I will part, civilly with this unfortunate, at my door, without risking to wound a fallen man, by any harsh

coldness of manner, which he would attribute to my knowledge of his name and character, thought I.

In our progress, we chatted on various subjects. My companion's manner was graceful, and the tones of his voice acted, like a charm, against early prejudices, till my reserve, gradually vanished. There was a careless, successful air, about him : it seemed to be the natural result of that beauty, which might, easily be supposed to have caused our sex many heart-aches, and induced them to submit to many a condescension, till both the one and the other had become matters of absolute indifference to him. Who, among us, was ever very anxious, or ardently eager for what has, invariably been placed within our reach ?

Moustache seemed restless and impatient of the world's frowns, rather than humbled or subdued in spirit. He declared to me

that he possessed not a guinea, on earth, which, added he, is quite enough to make the mildest-tempered man, alive, in a fever.

You are, as I am told, a happy man, notwithstanding, in various ways ? I remarked.

Oh ! answered Moustache, (for so we will call him, because Wallace is a name I cannot endure), if women's love could do one good, that is not at all difficult to be obtained ; but do you know, women disgust me a good deal !

It was not, I think, vanity, which dictated, this, apparently, vain speech ; but mere truth, uttered in careless disregard of what impression it might make on me : his mind being wholly intent on his own misfortunes, and poverty.

As the moon emerged from the heavy clouds, which had obscured its brightness, his brilliant, ivory-like teeth, contrasted with his dark moustache, a very model of a moustache ! And, as I listened to the sweet tones

of his voice, tones, which reminded me, so forcibly of poor Tom Sheridan's, I begin to understand why ladies had gone mad for this poor Mr. Wallace, although I could not sympathize in their feelings. Mere beauty is nothing to me, of itself, and Wallace's character was so odious! Neither was I sure that he possessed the style of person, could have loved, supposing him to have been presented to me, by any other name; but I was quite sure that he had lived in good society, and that his beauty was such as we seldom meet with.

Perhaps, thought I, his great tact may be in a kiss. Not that I felt the least particle of desire for a salute of the kind; but, as I determined, all my life, to shut my doors against Mr. Wallace, the idea just flitted across my brain, that one kiss, merely to satisfy my curiosity, as to there being, actually, no magic in it, to set poor young maidens a madding, this would do me no

harm, since the man was in the habit of cleaning his beautiful teeth, of course, and I should never see him again. In his manner, there was much originality, which amused me, *malgré moi*, and, as he continued by my side, I had not courage to ring my bell, on my arrival at home. Such a moustache would surely have frightened my servant, from opening the gate!

Pray leave me, before I ring, said I.

Certainly, if you insist on it; but it is such a fine night that you may as well take another turn.

Another, and another followed, until the watchman called out one o'clock, and a moonlight morning.

I was alarmed, and began to think a little hypocrisy was quite necessary, in order to rid myself, at once, of my beau.

I am really in want of rest, and I should not like my servant to see you, Mr. Wallace; therefore I am sure you will do me the kind-

ness to leave me, immediately, and I shall be happy to see you, some other day.

Will you really ? said Moustache, with a tone and manner not eager, nor passionate ; but rather expressing gratitude, for a kindness intended, than for one, he much cared to avail himself of.

Immediately afterwards, the gentleman took his leave of me ; but not till the kiss had been tried, and found wanting, in magic, to me !

I do not mean to deny that the kiss was a very good kiss, that it was all, a kiss ought to be, of sweet, and ardent, and thrilling ; but still it was Mr. Wallace's kiss, et s'en étoit trop de bonheur pour lui ; and so, lest I should forget it, I, on entering my bed-chamber, immediately addressed my maid, after this fashion, while she was unlacing my stays.

Elizabeth.

Madam ?

A gentleman of the name of Wallace will, probably, call on me, to-morrow, or next day, and---But how you hurt me with the tag of my stays. It is really very disagreeable. Who has called, in my absence?

The Marquess of Graham, Madam, in his tilbury.

Who else?

That sly-looking, middle-aged gentleman, Ma'am, Lord——Oh dear me! I forget his name, it is such a very difficult, odd name. The gentleman, who wears leather breeches, goes a hunting, and prays a good deal, and is always so afraid of being seen.

How am I to guess who your hunting, praying-man is?

Oh! I wish I could inform you! and yet I have opened the door to him often enough, and know he has got a son at Eton, and that he is much marked with the small pox, and a very severe father indeed.

No matter what blockhead it was: but

listen to me. A Mr. Wallace, I say, will most likely, call here to-morrow.

What shall I know the gentleman by, Ma'am ?

His moustache, which is tremendous. Tell him, the moment you set eyes on it, and, without the smallest hesitation, that I am gone out of town, for several weeks.

The next day, I did not once approach my window, being in full expectation of seeing Don Moustache enter my garden-gate.

There was no cause of alarm ! He will be here, to-morrow, thought I, without doubt. Wallace is a gay deceiver, and would not miss making the acquaintance of a lady, in his present, melancholy situation ; for I had learnt, from somebody or other, by mere accident, that this gentleman was in confinement, some where, for debt ; and so I refreshed my maid's memory, about being denied to him.

Alas ! the gentleman, it should seem, had

been less impressed with my agreeable qualities than, as a man of taste, he ought to have been. More than three weeks rolled away, and I heard no more of him. At the expiration of that time, I had really forgotten the adventure altogether.

Lord Ponsonby used to say that, though the run of lords were, generally speaking, sillyish, it was just possible to be the owner of a coronet, and also of a very small portion of sense, at the same time : but, he would add, with his bright, arch smile, the Sir Johns, really are a very hopeless race, without any variation. The moment a man finds he is born to a Sir Joshnship, he had better retire, at once, into the country, where he will find sufficient pleasant company, with four legs. Above all, he must not forget to take his gun with him.

Ponsonby was right. Lords are certainly the better race of the two, and yet there runs

amongst them, a vast breed à la Rodney : civil, smiling, bowing, well-mannered, condescending, nothing-saying gentleman, who wear white waistcoats, and look very neat, at a party. Then they are not likely to get into quarrels ! that's one advantage ; secondly, if they do, they can fight !

Ah ! pour cela, oui : et, tout, aussi bien suas moustaches.

By the bye, Lord Rodney had a long, straight brother, who used to say an odd thing, now and then, and which odd thing usually lasted him for, at least, a week. One night, at my house, I remember he sate on the corner of my sofa, for more than an hour, listening to my and Fanny's attempts, to draw out his brother, without uttering a single syllable. At last, somebody in the room, speaking of his new lodging, in Park Street, declared that the drawing-room was ridiculously small, and added, there is not room to swing a cat in it !

Perhaps, said young Rodney, with the gravest face in the world, looking up, and sticking out his back, while he, with the gravity of a judge, delivered his answer, Perhaps you may never want to swing a cat, Sir !

Sometimes, nonsense excites as much laughter as real wit, or humour. This, however, was not meant for either the one or the other, but as a mere, dry, matter of fact-remark it was infinitely ridiculous, and excited a hearty laugh, among us. Rodney blushed, as though he had made a mistake, instead of joining in our mirth.

To proceed, in form, with this fag-end of my history, or fagging end, if you will, for I am really fagged, as they call it, and tired of it; and besides, ill-health, which affects my nerves, and my memory, I have just, thanks to my gentle readers, purchased the whole of Sir Walter Scott's works for fifteen pounds

fifteen shillings and sixpence, and I want to read them again.

But then, Madame Rochfort, said a certain guards-man, the other day to me, when I met him sur les Boulevards Italiens; but then, I beg you will continue your Memoirs to the end of time. In the first place, they are excessively amusing. I never heard two opinions on that subject. In the second, if you were to miss making your fortune by them, you would be a lost woman.

But the pirates! Would you have me scribble, when I would rather be taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, or reading my new edition of dear Sir Walter Scott, merely to enrich the pirates?

Ah! true, those pirates are the d——l. I am told that it is the wise decree of the most upright Lord Chancellor, that a certain number of his Majesty's loyal subjects shall be plundered, and robbed, as the law directs.

Because?

VOL. VI

C

Because they are not correct people, and do not set forth, in their acts, or their memoirs, a good example.

Are all mauvais sujets, then, to be robbed?

No. The Lord Chancellor, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, only just chooses a certain half dozen out of millions of naughty, incorrect people, who act, speak, or write, without due regard to forms, or proper sense of decorum, and the said half dozen shall be well robbed says the Lord Chancellor, and pilfered of their property, a cause de—de—eufin, may not a king occasionally, do as he likes, as to condemning or pardoning certain culprits à volonté ?

But what says justice to this ?

Oh ! Justice is as blind as a bat, and will know nothing about it.

But with what excuse could his lordship make, or under what pretence could the Lord Chancellor patronise and protect a dead rob-

bery, seeing that the law of God says we may not even covet our neighbour's goods ?

Why, the Lord Chancellor, you know, is so respectable a man, that he ranks next to St. Peter ; therefore, it were presumption in us to doubt, much less call in question the perfect purity of his intention, when he decrees that.

Thou shalt steal, as well as covet thy neighbour's goods.

And, if such should be his wise decree, let us bow our heads, taking it for granted, as in duty, bound, *qu'il est nécessaire de permettre et d'encourager, de temps, en temps les vols pour décourager les autres !!*

All this is very prosy. What does the public care whether I am pirated or not ? Yes, but the public is deceived, by the piracies into a belief that they have my genuine Memoirs at a low price, when, in fact, the pirated editors are not only inaccurate, but

leave out whole pages together. However, I will, once more, attempt to proceed.

I said that my Moustache, never once availed himself of my condescending permission to visit me, during three, long weeks, and that I had entirely forgotten him, by that time. I was ill, one night, and my physician advised me to lose a little blood, for a cough. The dread of debts had been my motive for laying down my carriage, and reducing my little establishment to one solitary, female domestic, whom I had requested to sit with me, as I reclined on the sofa, in my little parlour, faint and exhausted by the said operation, of blood-losing. It was nearly ten o'clock, at night, when somebody rang at my gate.

I am a poor, nervous creature, particularly after losing blood ; so I requested my woman to take her street-door-key, in her hand, and shut the house-door, after her, before she opened the garden-gate, to enquire who

might be on the outside of it. For my part, I crawled to the window, in a tremour, which, almost, amounted to a fit of the ague, on observing that my Abigail was, vainly, trying to get rid of a man, who appeared, to me, as I caught a mere side glimpse of his black face, through the trees, to be one of the most alarming of his kind. At first, I thought it was a coal or dustman; and then, the light just falling on his moustache, I guessed it might be Wallace:

This guess somewhat calmed my agitation. He is, at least, a man of education, and gentlemanly manners, thought I. I heard him intreat to be allowed to say a few words to me; and, being annoyed at the idea that my neighbours might be listening to this harangue between my maid and a stranger, I requested him, from my window, to come into the garden.

He obeyed me.

You have called too late, Mr. Wallace, said

I, to be admitted to-night. Any other time, I shall be most happy to see you. Excuse me, to-night, as I give you my word I am seriously indisposed.

I regret much, answered the stranger, in a plaintive voice, I am really sorry to return, without being allowed to shake hands with you; and, indeed, if I am permitted to do so, no part of my conduct shall make you repent it.

I felt re-assured, by this civility, and, in spite of all my prejudices against Wallace, I could not fancy this man meant to use me ill; besides, I was annoyed at the idea of being overheard, and so, though I would much rather have remained alone, I desired my maid to let in the moustache. He did not mistake me for a widow, nor attempt to brusquer l'affaire, which was what I dreaded, as the very thing I most abhor; but, on the contrary, his manners were of a peculiar, manly, and interesting cast; his voice, too,

was sweet, and he appeared to consider his fine person as nothing, if it were unaccompanied by such respectful modesty, as alone, can make its charm irresistible. I was really obliged to say to myself, every five minutes,

After all, I am sitting with Mr. Wallace, to check my sensation of a sort of growing regard for him. It was not love. I know not why; but I could not help thinking how early, such a man, must have been beloved, by many of my sex.

There was a fearless sort of indifference, in his manner, which occasionally, made me fancy him a sailor; but, when he hastily and accidentally recited a few rhymes, on auroit dit qu'il étoit né poète.

The softness of his manners formed an excellent contrast to his desperate, black moustaches. His eyes were blue, and sometimes, their bright expression would change to one, which ladies like, though they may

not all, choose to confess it, nor can any of us, I believe, account for its effect. There is, however, a certain expression, in certain dark blue eyes, which puts naughty ideas into our heads. No matter. All this I felt, and, unlike Lady Frederick Bentinck, knew why, and wherefore ; but then, alas ! Wallace was the cause of it ; and so the said wicked idea, which else had thrilled at my heart, I know very well how, only just flitted across my brain, and was dissipated !

After all, thought I, observing the moustache, as he reclined his head, on his hand, while he appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflections, after all, *et malgré tout ce qu'on m'a dit*, it is surely, just possible that the world may have been unjust ; for, certainly I do abhor cold-blooded, heartless characters ; and yet I wish this man was what he seems : that is to say, a careless rake, evidently and unquestionably. Surely I should have given him credit, but that he

bore his appalling name, for extreme warmth of heart !

I wish, said I, and I then paused. The moustache, however, did not encourage me to proceed.

I sincerely wish, Mr. Wallace, that——

What do you wish, fair lady ? interrupted the moustache, raising his eyes to my face, and rousing himself, with an ill-disguised effort, to seem attentive.

Mr. Wallace, I continued, you have made no mystery as to your being a ruined man, in point of fortune. I will frankly own to you, that I cannot bring myself to respect such a man, as you have been : but if ever you have the courage to find out some honest profession, and I learn that you are leading the life of an honest man, I, though almost a stranger, will prove myself, with earnestness, your friend, if you will point out to me any possible means of assisting you, in what is right, and honourable.

The Moustache fixed his eyes on my face, in evident surprise.

I speak from the very bottom of my heart, I answered, extending to him my hand, which he pressed, while still examining my features, with an expression of earnestness which I interpreted thus:—If I thought it possible that you really did feel thus interested, for my real welfare, I should be truly sensible of your goodness.

You have a father, Mr. Wallace, can you not return to him? Pray do, and I will always write to you, and endeavour to amuse you, and encourage you in what may be for your real good.

I shall be delighted to receive, and answer your letters; but I cannot return to my father, answered the Moustache, and he abruptly changed the subject, which he did not again permit me to renew.

I hope very soon, said he, taking up his hat, at last, to depart, at my repeated request,

I hope very soon, to have the pleasure of seeing you again : to-morrow, probably.

I cannot say I was very anxious on the subject ; although his beauty, joined to his unaffected, gentlemanly manners, and the very pleasing tones of his fine voice, had so far interested me, that I should have rejoiced in his welfare. I could not satisfy myself how it happened that, even with far, very far higher accomplishments, I had learned to consider Mr. Wallace without repugnance, while I still remained ignorant whether he was ignorant, or guilty of all the disgusting imputations, with which, I had heard respectable men charge him.

I slept calmly, after he had left me, and, though my vanity assured me that my Moustache would renew his visit, on the following day, yet I certainly took no more pains, than usual, with my toilette. Nay, I was not at all unhappy, when a long week had passed away, without my receiving a second visit from Mr.

Moustache. I did, it is true, once say, to somebody, that it was very odd, and very rude. I think it was to little Mr. Livius.

Oh ! it is Wallace's way, answered Livius. The women have spoiled him, and he acknowledges himself to be as cold as a stone.

Impossible, answered I. That, I never will believe. I am certainly a better judge of physiognomy than to be so widely mistaken, in my guess, as that comes to.

Captain Livius assured me, he had known Wallace long, and well (I think he had been his brother officer ; but am not quite certain of this fact) ; and that he was acquainted with several ladies, who all, unanimously, declared him to be as cold as marble. But his beauty is very, very striking !

A fine, curly moustache, even when contrasted with teeth of pearly white, would never make me amends for such defects in the blood, I remarked.

Livius expressed the greatest astonishment ;

wondered where Wallace had found the tremendous moustache, I described; and declared that, during the time he had seen so much of that gentleman, he knew him to have vainly endeavoured to coax even a whisker, spite of all the virtue of Russian Oil.

Since that, I observed, Mr. Wallace has been a prisoner, in France, where the atmosphere, I suppose, rains moustaches, from the number one meets at every corner, it should seem.

Livius said he should have been surprised if I had not greatly admired Wallace, although, when he last saw him, that worthy personage might certainly have boasted of the most unprolific chin, in England; but then, added Livius, I know there are oils, for every thing, in France, *jus qu'à l'huile de parfait amour*—and then the little Captain changed the subject, took out an embroidered pocket handkerchief, which perfumed the whole room, and declared himself half dead with

hard study of the French horn. He then threw himself into a chair, and lightly flourishing upon the keys of my piano forte, suddenly made a pause in his harmony, and abruptly addressed me in his hurried, affected style, with—

Who is your master? When shall we have a little music here? My friend Pulzci will be most happy, any evening you like, except to-morrow. I am told we are engaged to Lady Salisbury's to-morrow. Had not the most remote recollection of the circumstance. I am quite lame, and my knee is very painful. Not that I mind pain—don't know that it is an evil, at all. The Spartans said not; but the Spaniards dislike it so excessively, they can't endure it. I, however, am no Spaniard, upon honour. More of an Italian.

Apropos! in Italy, I forgot my own language, and could speak nothing but Italian; because I am the creature of impulse. No matter, 'tis not the pain in my knee that I

find fault with ; but only conceive the disgrace of an old Dragoon tumbling off his horse !— Being thrown rather—the same thing—very distressing—don't know how I managed it— Have you seen Elliston lately ?

No ; but the last time, we met, he assured me that, to oblige you, he had run your little musical piece far beyond discretion, as a first rater, for three whole weeks : and what return did you make ? You fathered, on him, all your cast-off mistresses, and not only the young, but the old ones too ; wives, widows, and not a maid among them all. *Voila qui el désespéroit !*

Quite the contrary, returned Livius. Mr. Elliston treated me extremely ill, as he does every body else. He fascinated me, at first ; but it was all nonsense—mere fudge-leather and prunella, as Pope says. What shocking creatures the Italians are ! I could tell you such an adventure ; only it is too bad. Do you know I mean to cut music. I am quite

tired of scribbling, and was thinking of the tight-rope ! You are the pleasantest creature in nature ! I wonder you don't write a book. My poor, amiable friend, Sir Lumley Skeffington, was so enraptured with the wit of that note, you sent me, one day, when we were to meet at Drury Lane, that he has, ever since, been dying for the honour of making your acquaintance ! Will you have any objection to meet the once tip-top, fashionable baronet, at my house, some day ?

Tout à fait au contraire. I always thought he looked pleasant, and obliging, in spite of his eccentricities, which, since they appear perfectly harmless, as to all, except himself, I am not inclined to criticise.

Alas ! poor man ! he is enduring every possible privation, imaginable.

Surely the King might be interested in the fate of this unfortunate baronet, of ancient descent, if a proper application were made to him ; for, in spite of Tommy Moore's severe

satires on his Majesty's want of heart, I am quite sure that, if it were possible for any single individual, even a king, to comply with the request of all his friends, acquaintances, or deserving subjects, George IV. is the man. This, however, happens to be quite out of the question; and so that nasty, cold-blooded rhyme, without reason, being ready cut, and dried, lascivious, ugly, fat, rosy Tom, the poet, must add to the already lacerated feelings of his Majesty! The King's, or more properly speaking, the man's, and not the king's, regrets, have no doubt, been deep. If a donation, from him, offered with his whole warm heart, did arrive too late to serve poor Sheridan, although it was that gentleman's own extravagance and debaucheries which had made a beggar of him, yet his errors were weighed in the balance, against some virtues, and vast talents, and I cannot admire even the return of the gift; but, as to Master Tommy'

uncourteous retort, it far from raises him, in my poor opinion.

I remember having once expressed a desire to see Tommy Moore, not on his own account, Heaven knows ! for there was, to me, something very nauseous, and lack-a-daisical, in his well-rounded periods, and regular, studied lewdness, made up of head, not heart. As Lord Byron says—

“ Thy love is lust, thy friendship, all a cheat,
Thy tongue, hypocrisy, thy heart, deceit,
By nature vile, ennobled, but by name
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.”

He was a poet by nature : that was no less clear to me, than that he could write good rhymes, on any subject : aye, and mix a spice of reason up with them too : but my conviction of this, served only to excite, in my mind, the greater disgust. When I invited the modern Anacreon to my house, he had just returned from paying Lord Byron a visit,

in Italy, and I anticipated, therefore, that he might speak to me of his lordship's health, and spirits.

Tommy Moore was, I believe, an acquaintance of my sister Paragon, and her husband, when they resided in Dublin. The little fright entered my room, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, close to the Rue de la Paix, in vile, dirty, muddy boots, and, in his hand (for he had not deposited it, at the entry), an umbrella, from which the rain was pouring, in torrents. My drawing-room had been recently, and gaily furnished, with yellow silk chair-covers, and draperies; *le tout ensemble, à la mode Parisienne.*

I expected to see some sort of expression, in the countenance of the man, who wrote "Fanny of Timmol," and various other romantic sonnets, in which he really seems to have been identified. Fancy then, my surprise, while I took a survey of a little, unmeaning, chubby-cheeked man, in corded

breeches, all over mud, standing before me, leaning on his umbrella, which he wriggled about, thereby sprinkling, without refreshing, my smart room, with the unwelcome element, and not deigning to offer the slightest apology for what was really, an indecorous want of ceremony: and which was not diminished, from his having been obliged to pass through my anti-room, where he could have left his umbrella, at any rate.

I, eagerly enquired of Lord Byron, in order to have done with the little fright, as soon as possible.

His lordship was looking very well, said the poet, but his digestion is bad, and he eats only once, in three days. Speaking of Don Juan, he observed—Lord Byron, after abusing me, for treating such subjects, now takes up my faults, just as I have laid them down, and discarded them for ever.

As I did not consider the great poet's, and the man's society worth a new chair-cover,

I waived any invitation to him, to sit down, in his present, very dirty costume, and he, soon afterwards, took his leave.

Lord ! said an elderly lady, one day, at an English rout, while little, fat Tom, the poet, was in the act of warbling his soul-subduing, sickening, melting melodies, in favour of mere fornication, and adultery, simple and compound, and the like—

Really, and truly, if any body, except a *thing*, were to sing such songs, it would be altogether indecent to bear with, and he must be turned out of one's room ! But one could not fancy that sort of animal, a man : at the best, it is only a minikin. This lady was none of your drapery-Misses, your pretty untochered virginities, supplied by a fashionable milliner, with a splendid wardrobe, not on creditable speculation, but on speculative credit, to be paid, by the fortunate husband, within six weeks after marriage, or being taken into keeping !

Now I have, at the worst, only ventured to hint that my sins did not weigh, very heavily on my conscience, seeing that I had, hitherto, been more my own enemy, than that of any body else, and, having no children, I could not have been rendered a bad mother; but, if I have not said that I felt as if Heaven forbid it, I never went so far as to say—

“’Twas Heaven that did it!”

On the contrary, I have both confessed and suffered for my faults, Heaven knows---particularly in the case of Lord Ponsonby, who caused the most heinous sin of all! Yes, I felt degraded. I was degraded, in my own eyes, and I do not hesitate to confess my humiliation. I had sunk even to the bare hope, the miserable wish that he might still remain in my sight---bare in my sight, though lost to my hopes, for ever! Let me, I exclaimed, in the poignancy of my despair, be placed

where I may but see him, merely see him ! Let me but catch the shadow of his passing figure, on the wall,---that figure, which contains all perfection ! Let me but hear the sound of his voice, though never addressed to me ! Let me but kiss the earth, where his steps have been impressed ! Let me but stay, where I may see him, have I repeated, in wildest agony, and convulsive agitation, and I can be resigned. Let him return to his beautiful, cold wife, and I will crouch in some shadowy corner to gaze on her too ; and, if she bear him a child, how I would idolize it ! I would be a mother to it. Alas ! I might have been its mother ! I cannot longer dwell on this refinement of misery.

However, in common justice, to a most excellent, brilliant, and too fascinating poet, I must add that, if Tommy Moore have not repented of his former folly, and imprudence, in writing what was most calculated to lead such foolish, romantic, young, untochered

virginities, as the once innocent Julia Storer, astray, he has been much belied, to his respectability's, and morality's advantage.

As to Julia, well I remember having, at our first acquaintance, found her fire-screens, thickly ornamented with extracts, from the most amorous of that poet's songs, written in her own, beautiful characters; and these selections, she would often recite, with such rapturous feelings, as they were best calculated to excite, in a heart, where passion, mere passion revelled and reigned, with uncontrolled sway. If, I say, the poet have not repented of this, he is a liar; for, most seriously did he assure, me that he would sin no more, at least in that way. Therefore, if he come to Paris, and will treat himself to a cabriolet, in case it should rain torrents of wet cats and dogs, which might be still worse than wet poets, in order to present himself decently, without destroying my chairs, I am ready, nay, should be proud to hold out the

imagine the effects, which it has produced, abroad, and, henceforth, we can make no imputations on the productions of any other country, since we have tolerated the publication of the avowed adventures of a woman of ill-fame.

Mr. Brougham now applied to his lordship, to save a point, upon the evidence, as to publication, in order to moving, hereafter, to set aside the nonsuit.

The Lord Chief Justice said, he never saved points ; but the learned counsel had a right to move to set aside the nonsuit, hereafter.

Call the plaintiff.

Verdict—Nonsuit.

On the next day but one, the same erudite and sagacious editor, in his leading article, compared me to the celebrated Bishop Warburton, in the following weak, and wicked effusion, on which I shall only observe that a printer must, necessarily, be his own

reader, or hire a literary man to read for him, and, as every letter is, singly, selected, and the whole work read over, word by word, a printer must know the contents of what he publishes, whilst, most publishers, perhaps all, except myself, refer their manuscripts to the decision of others ; so that a publisher, generally, does not know the contents of what he publishes, while a printer, almost always, must ; as the editor of the Morning Herald especially knows, as well as that my own defence was not retorted upon me ; but that defence, which Sergeant Wilde, to curry favour with the great, treacherously substituted for my own.

“ The author of a letter to the celebrated Bishop Warburton addressed it simply—“ to the most impudent man alive.” If a letter for Mr. John Joseph Stockdale were directed in the same terms at the present day, there can be little doubt of its reaching its destination. Not long since ~~John~~ Joseph succeeded

in nonsuiting a printer, who sought to recover for labour done in printing the trash under the name of "Memoirs," which has obtained such notoriety. The ground of the nonsuit was the immorality of the publication upon which the labour was performed. Who could suppose that the same John Joseph, defendant in the Common Pleas, would have the effrontery to become plaintiff in the King's Bench, in an action for piracy of the same publication? His own defence was retorted upon him, and he was of course nonsuited. The case, as against the printer, however clear in law, was not without its hardship, inasmuch as a printer is not presumed, in fact, cognizant of the tendency and character of every work which he prints. He may even innocently, and in the course of his business, print an immoral work in a foreign language, of which he is wholly ignorant and unsuspecting. This undoubtedly would be a hardship. But the question between the original

publisher and the pirate is widely different, and comes clearly to the plain sense of every body within the illustration conveyed on this subject by Lord Kenyon, when he asked, "was he to order an account between two robbers sharing their spoil on Hounslow Heath." This scandalous trash is really a disgrace to the age and the country, and has gone some way in strengthening an opinion which has been gaining ground for some time, that we are not the most moral people upon earth."

It will be scarcely credited that the following paper, on the law of libel, was ostentatiously set forth in the same journal, almost immediately on the heels of the preceding, whether from a sense that their anxiety to run me down, might, on a future occasion affect their personal safety, or that the wisdom of one of their correspondents, was permitted to illumine their dark columns, time only will discover : but I can tell them that most immi-

nent danger impends, and that they themselves have primarily produced it: but, to our text—

“The perfection of law should be, we should think, the perfection of reason; and that on which the liberty, the property, and the life of every man depends, should be governed by principles which admit of no dispute, and such as are at once apparent to the common sense and understandings of mankind. Such ought law to be in the abstract; and such, we doubt not, it would have been, had it not, like religion, been made to bend to the crafty, interested designs of its professors, as the other has to that of its priests. Instead of remaining plain and intelligible, the law has been rendered an obscure jargon, so full of subtleties, refinements, and contradictions, that a plain, unsophisticated mind must look upon more than half its dogmas rather as the results of lunacy than of legislation. One instance of the

nonsense and sophistry with which it abounds, and in the extremes of which its professors, both high and low, seem to rival each other, appears in a paper of Sunday last, in which it is stated that some magistrates had refused to grant a warrant to search for stolen bills and papers, as not being of that description of property which they had the power to recover or bring to light. The case, we understand, was this :—the proprietor of a house of business had been robbed by his confidential clerk to a large amount, and, among other things, of various bills of exchange and other negociable securities not come to maturity ; and that on the apprehension of the supposed offender, the application in question was made and refused. Now, had he been accused of possessing the stockings, linen, or leather of his employer, the search-warrant would have issued as a matter of course, upon the necessary oath being taken ; but because it consists of another description of property

Just as plain, tangible, and easy of identity, by some precious conundrum, which they who broach it can neither define nor understand, an implied licence is held out to breaches of trust of the most heinous and extensive nature, and time is given to the supposed thief to dispose of or destroy property of the most valuable and important description. The idea of distinguishing between bills, notes, and other securities for money, and money itself, or any other kind of property, on such an occasion, is so manifestly absurd, that nothing but the crooked obliquity which special pleading gives to the vision of persons otherwise sensible and clear-sighted, can in any way account for it. Were such a doctrine seriously tenable, it would follow that bankers, stock and bill brokers, and indeed every dealer in and holder of paper currency, might be robbed with impunity; and which impunity would, of course, extend to money itself, as well as to the representatives of it. The rule

of common sense in such matters is this—that wherever the magistrate can issue his warrant for the arrest of the thief, he can authorize a search for the stolen property: and, on the other hand, it would follow, that if the property cannot be searched for, it cannot be the subject of felony, or the taker of it dealt with as a felon. We are aware that this is only one among a hundred similar absurdities with which modern lawyers insult and stultify reason and common sense. We wish we could see some great mind start up in the profession—some second Romilly, with independence and courage to shake off the shackles which he finds prepared for him, and with talent, industry, zeal, and decision, to expose, eradicate, and throw off abuses which deform and disgrace a profession, the science and practice of which would otherwise be, as they ought to be, the pride and admiration of the world.”

The refutation of the assertion of the judge,

and of the defendant's counsel, Mr. Scarlett, will be found in the sequel. It is only requisite, here, that I note having corrected a few of the editor's inelegancies, and point out his consummate ignorance, in spite of his mill-horse-like, daily experience, in having represented the verdict of the jury, to be a nonsuit, which, for his instruction, only, I will add, consists in there not having been, made out, in the presiding judge's opinion, at least, any case, on which a verdict could be given!!

It will be seen that the Lord Chief Justice's grounds for having taken the verdict out of the hands of the jury, by stopping the cause, ere it had reached them, for their decision, were not fully detailed in the above. Conformably, however, with the intimation which Mr. Brougham gave, at the time, of the trial, on the 27th of January, 1826, he moved to set aside the previous nonsuit.

For the reasons, which I have, already,

given, I shall, likewise, take my report of the proceedings, on this motion, from the same paper, subject to my former qualifications.

This was an action brought by the bookseller, in the Opera Colonnade, to recover compensation, in damages, from another bookseller, for having pirated the first number of that notorious publication, the "Memoirs of Harriette Wilson." The cause was tried at the last sitting for Middlesex, when the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Mr. Brougham now moved for a rule to show cause why the nonsuit should not be set aside, and a new trial had. The Court had directed the nonsuit upon two points—first that the copy-right had not been proved; and secondly, that the work was of a libellous and licentious tendency, and, therefore, the law could not recognise any property in it. There was, however, *primâ facie* evidence that the copy-right was, originally, vested in the plaintiff, for he was in possession of the

manuscript, and had made alterations in it. Then, with respect to the second point, the doctrine of there being no property, in works of a libellous or immoral tendency was quite new, in law, and founded, solely, on the *dictum* of Lord Chief Justice Eyre, in a trial at Warwick.

This *dictum* was referred to, in the case of Walcott and Waller, 7th Vesey, and, also, in that of Southey and Sherwood. Had there been any authority, there was no doubt, Lord Eldon, from his great, legal research, would have discovered it, at the time when he was called upon to grant an injunction, in the case of Southey and Sherwood.

At the hearing of the cause, a very accurate account of the *dictum* in question was given, by the late Sir Samuel Romilly, from 2d Merival, 435. It appeared that Dr. Priestley claimed compensation, for the value of certain books, which had been destroyed, during the riots, at Birmingham, and it was said that

he was in the habit of publishing works of "a tendency injurious to the government." Lord Chief Justice Eyre, however, said that there was no evidence of his being in the habit of publishing any such works; but, if there had been, he would admit that it must operate against the justice of the plaintiff's claim.

This doctrine, could not, in Mr. Brougham's opinion, be sustained. There was another case, not referred to in the case of Southey and Sherwood; It was that of Fores and Johns, 4th Espinasse, 97. That was an action, brought, by a printseller, against Mr. Johns, to recover the value of certain prints. The defendant had given a general order for the purchase of caricatures, and the plaintiff had sent him some of a libellous, and immoral description. The question was, whether the order extended to the purchase of prints of this kind? But no decision was come to, in Court, the case being referred.

It was material to observe upon what ground it was asserted that right to property, in works of a libellous, or immoral tendency, could not be maintained. Suppose a man was guilty of larceny, and had stolen a book, could it be asserted that the party, stealing it, was not liable to punishment, if it could be proved that the contents of the book were of an immoral tendency ?

Mr. Justice Littledale—The larceny, in that case would amount only to the value of the paper ; the contents must be considered only of ideal value.

Mr. Brougham—I will suppose that the paper might not be worth one shilling, yet the value of the property, in the contents, might be worth a great deal.

Mr. Justice Bayley—That is a *petitio principii*. It is the duty of the party not to be found in possession of an immoral book.

Mr. Brougham submitted that this argument would equally apply to the property in the

paper, inasmuch as paper ought not to be used for an immoral purpose. In his opinion, the most effectual way to give currency to libellous and licentious works, was to enable every one to sell them, at a low price. The work in question, was, originally, sold at 7s. 6d., but the pirated edition was published at half price. If it was to be maintained, that no person could claim property, in a book, any part of which might be of an immoral tendency, the maxim, *ubi plura nitent* must go for nothing in law.

Mr. Justice Bayley—Before you can have property you must take out all the maculæ.

Mr. Justice Holroyd---Is not the ground of action an injury done ? But how can any injury be done, if it is criminal to publish the work ?

Mr. Brougham—Then a man cannot, by law, publish a book, any one passage of which may be libellous or immoral, any more than he can the whole book, supposing

the whole to be of that character, or, if he does, that passage must involve his whole property ! The learned counsel then referred to the case of Hayne and Dale v. Campbell, which was an action, involving the property in a single song. At the trial, Mr. Garrow (now Mr. Baron Garrow) said, that one of the stanzas was a libel on the ministers of justice, as it accused them of taking bribes.

Mr. Justice Bayley asked if the accusation applied to particular individuals ?

Mr. Brougham said it was general ; and that Mr. Justice Lawrence gave it as his opinion that the objection would, equally apply to “ The Beggars’ Opera,” many parts of which were of an immoral description : but not only did that learned judge hold that no one objectionable passage could destroy the author’s right to the property in the whole work, but that it was absurd to suppose such passage could destroy it.

“ The Beggars’ Opera” was by no means

a work of a moral character ; for it was a description of the lowest women of the town ; yet it was not held to be unlawful to publish it, and had never been prohibited. Another work came out shortly after the publication of "The Beggars' Opera;" it was called "Polly," and "Polly" was prohibited by the Chamberlain ; but protected by Lord Chancellor Talbot.

Mr. Justice Bayley—Perhaps he thought that the worse the work was, the more likely would it be that granting the injunction would have the effect of preventing its circulation, more than by refusing it, and thereby placing the parties on equal terms.

Mr. Brougham then referred to the case of *Bell v. Walker*, which was to be found in 1st Browne's Chancery Cases. There, Lord Kenyon granted an injunction to restrain the piracy of a work, which was of an immoral tendency, as appeared on the very face of the title page. "The Memoirs of George Ann

Bellamy, including her intrigues, &c.” On one occasion, Lord Ellenborough had said, that if a publication was so gross as to effect public morals, it would, in his opinion, be advisable, supposing the copy-right proved, to give no damages; but Mr. Brougham contended that the learned judge meant by “no damages,” nominal damages, whence he inferred that the publisher’s copy-right ought, still to be protected, even though the work might be of an immoral tendency.

Mr. Justice Holroyd—I don’t see how a right of action arises out of the publication of a work, which the law declares to be criminal.

Mr. Brougham—The object of the statute of Anne is not to protect property; but to prevent piracy of all kinds. Piracy is punishable in two ways, either by compelling the defendant to give up the sheets, to the original proprietor, or, by an action, for loss, at so much per sheet. In a subsequent clause of the Act, it is provided that an action will not lie, nor can the sheets be recovered, un-

less the real owner shall do something to prove his property.

The Lord Chief Justice then proceeded to give judgment, and read over his notes of the trial. At the trial, it was proved that the work, in question, professed to be the history of the amours of a courtesan. It was also proved that it contained matter of a libellous and slanderous description, concerning persons of the highest rank and character, mentioned by name. The question then is, whether the plaintiff can come into a court of law, and claim compensation for loss of profit, on such a work ? To do this, he must show that he has a right to sell, for it is an injury, to this right, of which he complains ; and, if he has no such right, he can have no ground of action. Can any lawyer say he has a right to publish such a work as this, when the act of issuing every copy, to the world, is an offence, against the law, for which he may be punished by the law ? No : every lawyer,

and every man of sense must say at once, that no such right exists. Are we, then to afford security to a claim of right, which cannot be exerted, in a single instance, without the commission of a crime? I am of opinion, on the first and plainest principles of the common law of England, that such security cannot be given. Those principles are the principles of common sense and common justice; common sense, and common justice prove, that no property can exist in such a work and I desire no precedent, no authority, to warrant me in pronouncing my judicial opinion that no such property can be recognised by law. I will say a few words on the decisions which have been referred to in courts of equity, though they are no authorities to bind us. It seems that one learned and exalted person thought it was better to restrain the pirate from diffusing a mischievous work; while another person of equal

rank, and equal learning conceived it better to recognize no property in such a work, and thus to discourage men from publishing, by the easy defeat of their uniform object—gain. The object of both was the same—the suppression of pernicious books; and it is unnecessary for us to determine which course was most likely to produce that object. It is enough for us to say that we cannot enforce a right to such a work; and that it would be a great disgrace to a court of law if it could, for a moment, regard it as within its protection.

Mr. Justice Bayley—I agree in every thing said by his Lordship. I will only say, that, in causes, before the Lord Chancellor, that Court has decided upon a right in a literary property; but in libels there is no distinct right of property.

Perhaps it might be desirable that a Court of equity should restrain a party from pub-

lishing a libellous or licentious work, on the undertaking of the author not to publish it himself.

Mr. Justice Holroyd—It would be a most dangerous thing for a Court to decide that the law establishes a legal right, in that, which the law punishes criminally.

Mr. Justice Littledale—I am of the same opinion. The Statute of Anne protects copyright: but states that protection is to be extended to works for the encouragement of learning. How could this book be considered a work for the encouragement of learning?

Rule refused.

As the Morning Post, which I daily receive, contained a most unfair, and, in appearance, wilfully incorrect report of the trial, I wrote to the editor, as follows:

MEMOIRS OF HARRIETTE WILSON.

To the Editor of

The Morning Post.

SIR,

I beg you to rectify some gross errors which prevail in your report of the cause, Stockdale v. Onwhyn ; and I take this opportunity to mention that, in a chancery-cause, Stockdale v. Ladbroke, in which I requested your correction of a mis-statement, you omitted to do so. In the chancery cause, it was asserted that it did not appear by whose attorney the draft of agreement was drawn ; whereas it did appear that it was drawn by Ladbroke's solicitors, Smith and Richards, by whom it was sworn that the rough draft, had been lost or destroyed !!!

Subjoined is my son's statement as to the cause, Stockdale v. Onwhyn. If Mr. Scarlett said, I will not do as Mr. Stockdale has done: invent a falsehood, and attach a name to it, in order to give it circulation, I say that such assertion is a wilful and malicious falsehood.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

24, Opera Colonnade,
12th of January, 1826.

STATEMENT ALLUDED TO.

So far from saying that "his father on that occasion, set up a defence that the work was immoral," I distinctly stated that such defence was not only, not authorized by my father; but contrary to his instructions, and, I believe, done with a view to injure him. I did not say that my father had not paid Poplett's bill,

for I know that he paid Poplett the younger, very large sums of money, and that Poplett, in whose name the action was brought, was quite a stranger to my father, and never employed by him.

Edward Thomas neither printed the work of the plaintiff, nor was his name attached to it.

JEREMIAH BOX STOCKDALE.

My dear Sir,

On Thursday last, the 12th inst., I addressed a letter to the editor of the Morning Post, for the purpose of correcting the injurious misstatements of his reporter of the cause, Stockdale v. Onwhyn.

As my letter was neither inserted, nor noticed, though signed by my own name, and that of the witness, who was misrepresented,

I am compelled to call your attention to the subject.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Your truly sincere,

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

Winter House, Acton,

15th January, 1826.

N. BYRNE, ESQ.

Lancaster Place, Strand.

This produced the following:

Dear Sir,

My law reporter is a barrister, and he is decidedly of opinion that the insertion of your article will be productive of inconvenience to the paper. He adds that he softened down his report as much as possible ; and that those

in the other papers were given in language infinitely stronger.

Yours, very truly,

N. BYRNE.

J. J. STOCKDALE, ESQ.

Opera Colonnade, Charles Street,

St. James's.

ANSWER.

My dear Sir,

For the intention of your friend, in softening any matter down, I feel much obliged; but, what I complain of, is, however unintentionally, false statements. I was not present; but, independently of my own son, I have appealed to others, as well as to the contemporary papers, and, therefore it is that I, again beg you to insert my contradiction. As to what Scarlett said, that is wholly personal,

between him and me, and, I doubt not that he will be as ready to give, as I shall be to receive his answer; at least, if he is not a rank bully, and coward.

With every good wish, believe me,

My dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

17th January, 1826.

N. BYRNE, ESQ.

This misstatement passed without correction. The influence of the barrister was stronger than mine. It is another confirmation of, what I have been repeatedly told of, the hostility of the bar, to me. I am sure that the worthy editor felt great pain, in being obliged to withhold justice, from so old a friend, and I must say that it is the first instance I ever knew; for his heart is so kind that he is, generally, anxious to step out of

his way, to do a kindness, to a stranger, much more to redress an injury, which he has, himself done, to a friend.

It is really strange, and lamentable, to see how understrappers, ape the inconsistencies of their big-wigged superiors.

Recently, at Bow Street, Sir Richard Birnie, very properly dismissed a charge of theft, the article appearing to have been a donation, with the words nothing can be freer than a gift; while the same, or following week, at Hatton Garden, Mr. Laing decided the reverse, and compelled the restoration of a miniature, saying, the donor might reclaim it!!

While on the subject of police magistrates, I must express my general admiration of the conduct of Mr. Rawlinson, of the Mary le bone Office. I only judge from the diurnal reports, whence I infer that he is equally humane, judicious, and constitutional, and an invaluable magisterial acquisition, to the government, and to the people.

On the occasion of my premises being broken into, at Acton and robbed a second time on the 9th of December, 1825, having been broken into and robbed on the 24th of November, I sent my servant to Mr. Hanson, at Hammersmith, for a search-warrant against parties, whom I suspected ; but it was refused, unless I came in person ; before I could do which the parties had decamped.

On the 22d of February following, a repetition of the felony took place, and the servant, in whose care the property which was stolen, had been, was again sent to Mr. Hanson, with a letter, requesting a search-warrant, and stating that he could swear to the property stolen, and state all the circumstances ; but was again refused, and, with another day, the property was again irrecoverably lost. On applying to Mr. Minshull, at Bow Street, he said, Oh ! you can have an officer, if you like, certainly ; but it will cost you a great deal of money : it is verv

expensive. Their charge is a guinea a day!

That it was expensive to employ officers, I practically knew, no less than that it was, very often useless; but I am yet to learn that such was a fit reception, by a magistrate, of a man, who was endeavouring to bring glaring offenders to justice; and I have no doubt that, had I not been the publisher of Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, my reception would have been very different. That such was the influence on Mr. Hanson's mind, could not possibly be disputed, that magistrate having himself named it to me, after, I suppose, from our short conversation, a change might have been effected in his sentiments of my real character. He then began to be communicative, and assured me that he had nothing but clerk's fees for all his magisterial labours, so that he could only accept 7s. 6d. for what he had done for me!

How is it possible that the poor can obtain

equal justice, if, in addition to their lost time, as well as property, they are also subjected to such heavy demands, for justices', as well as officers' fees, even from independent gentlemen !

However, we shall come right at last. The press, and those connected with it, at least deserve to find themselves, and it will not be their fault if they do not, in the situation of the horse which requested the man to bestride his back, and destroy the offending stag. The object was effected as to the stag ; but the horse was, thenceforth, the slave of his rider. I speak only to the deserts of these gentlemen of the press, who are now bestriding certain asinine booksellers and publishers, for whom, and for the liberties of this country, it is a happy chance, that the battle has fallen on such an one as me, however humble ; all others, excepting Mr. Power, the music-seller of the Strand, having proved

themselves as treacherous to their own interests, as to those of the British constitution.

The whole weight of the press being thrown into the scale of the pirates, may be accounted for, on the score of interest, as, if I had succeeded against Onwhyn, I must, also, have succeeded against the proprietors of the newspapers, every one of which had pirated the Memoirs, however they might abuse them, and me.

Much has been written and said on the causes of the great increase of business, in the courts of law, and it has been generally attributed to increase of wealth, prosperity, and trade. There is no doubt that extensive dealings may have produced considerable effect in that way ; but, when distress, rather than prosperity occurs, it forces parties into law-suits. Were the laws clearly defined, there would be little inducement to appeal to a legal tribunal ; but, what increases these

matters, is, that now-a-days, judges take upon themselves to declare the law, from their own lips, forgetting that their only duty is to administer the laws, which have been previously enacted, and not to administer justice, according to their individual sentiments of what the law ought to be.

It is this glorious uncertainty of the law, which impels such overwhelming crowds, to the ruin of themselves, their families, and their connections, into those unfathomable abysses. Mr. Justice Best expressed great indignation, from the bench, at the expression of a barrister, who avowed his reliance, for his client, on the proverbial uncertainty of the law, and appealed, for his accuracy, to another sergeant, who, however, sided with his learned brother; but many lawyers, as sound as Judge Best, have avowed the opinion, which he considers so libellous.

I heard a knowing attorney assert that he would rather go into court with a bad cause,

than with a good one ; considering the chances, in the former case, as most favourable. The late Rev. Dr. Hudson, whose legal knowledge and application won the great cause, and property, which might be almost called the making of the late Duke of Portland, being asked, by my late father, his cousin, what was the law of so and so, pettishly, but too truly answered, I tell thee no man knows the law. The late Horne Tooke, when I was quite a child, I remember, telling my father, that no one could say what might not be decided to be a libel ; but his advice, as a lawyer, was, that nothing was meant, by the law, to be a libel, but what injured a man in his profession or trade ; therefore, that a clergyman must not be charged with irreligion, or a physician or lawyer, with ignorance ; that they were, indeed, too often, complete blockheads ; but you must be very careful, in publishing such damning facts ! Were they mere blockheads, I should pity

them ; but it is their knavish, and sneaking subserviency to the higher powers, which I deprecate.

I shall now advert to such instance, of what, I regard, abuses, as have occurred, wholly, in my own person, and I trust I shall show that the actual security of the subject, in person and property, imperatively demands a prompt remedy for these crying and injurious defects. The law says, to the very lowest culprit, who pleads his ignorance, in extenuation, that it is the duty of every man, to know the laws of the country, in which he chances to be, and even the foreigner, who cannot understand one word of the language, is not exempt, while the very law-makers themselves, are hourly proved as ignorant of the laws, which they have, themselves, framed and enacted, as others. Well might the poet exclaim,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,

And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me

The gravamen of my complaints, however, is of a power beyond the law, not of unintentional error, but of its corrupt, and wilful perversion and exercise to destroy an obnoxious individual. As the Rev. R. C. Maturin says, in his interesting romance, the *Albigenses*—

Ye know me not—ye know me not—none of ye know me now. Be it so ; but ye will all, all, spurn and buffet me as ye will, ye will all—at mortal peril of your lives, and to your soul's eternal bale, ye shall, all know me hereafter !

Thou knewest me, once ; but, perchance, those, in lofty state, cannot brook a saucy consciousness of their pleasant vices, in an inferior, which they deem like a rebuke.

In making the necessary observations on the recent trials, in which I have, unfortunately, been a principal, I repeat the assertion, which I made on that of Blore, that they are all the result of a conspiracy, or interspiracy.

originating with the highest classes of society, and whose influence may have reached even the bench itself. It is impossible to say that influence, so extensive, may not have penetrated every where, however high, or however low. I cannot question that it occasioned my house to be broken open and robbed three times, in less than as many months, viz. on the 22d of November, 9th of December, and 22d of February, 1826. However, to analyze the legal injustice, I complain of, in Blore's case, of which the only correct version was published by me, the counsel were allowed, uninterruptedly, to indulge in personal invective against me: the first act of injustice, against which I remonstrate.

Secondly, if Blore intended to urge his marriage, it ought to have formed part of his declaration.

Thirdly, his comfort, happiness, good name, character, and reputation should have

been established, by evidence, which I might have rebutted by cross-examination.

Fourthly, imputing ignorance, a low and vulgar mind, manners, and conversation, to a stone-mason, was not a libel.

Fifthly, Fanny, being spoken of by the name of Parker, instead of that of De Bouchet, was no proof, of the date of Blore's courtship, the various personages, throughout the Memoirs, being spoken of by their present titles, though the statements, essentially refer to periods when their rank was lower, as in the cases of the Dukes of Wellington and Argyll, Marquess of Hertford, and others, and the author, as Mr. Scarlett, Blore's counsel, stated, had disclaimed adhering to dates, throughout the whole work.

The principal cause of wrong, however, which I sustained, was the Lord Chief Justice Abbott. He refused to permit any evidence of the general accuracy of the Memoirs, which

I contend was an exercise of a power beyond the law, as well as his arguments to the jury, to enhance the damages, dwelling on Fanny being, at the time of Blore's proposals, a kept woman, which the following affidavit proves to have been contrary to fact; and he ought not to have appealed to the jury, whether this did not tend to lower Blore in the estimation of his associates, in the absence of all proof of it; and his concluding that my line of defence was an aggravation, his lordship not having, as is usual, and as was his duty, interfered to caution me against pursuing such a course.

Affidavit.—Having, in consequence of the trial, Blore v. Stockdale, re-considered the statement, I made, in part sixth of my Memoirs, on the subject of Mr. Blore, I here

but I perceive the mistake, I have made, with regard to the period when Mr Blore paid his

addresses or made court to Fanny ; which, in fact, occurred, when she was living with her parents, and not with Captain Parker, and her age must have been about fifteen to seventeen, and that Fanny related the circumstance to myself, and to several of our sisters, who must recollect it, perfectly, and not to Captain Parker.

I saw Mr. Blore, one night, following, and talking to Fanny, pinching her arm, and playing with her elbow. The person of Mr. Blore, was first pointed out to me, by my sister, Fanny, who informed me that he was a stone-mason. Latterly, I have occasionally, seen the same man, standing at the door of a stone-mason's shop, in Piccadilly, between Hyde Park, and Half-moon Street, with the name of "Blore" over the door.

Until the trial, I knew not that Mr. Blore was a married man, and I have no doubt that

he was single, when he courted Fanny.

HARRIETTE ROCHFORD.

Sworn before me, at Calais,

6th day of July, 1825.

SAM MARSHALL.

H. B. M. Consul at Calais, &c.

On the 14th of November---but the documents shall speak for themselves.

Gentlemen,

A verdict was obtained against me, last term, at the suit of Robert Blore, stone-mason and statuary, of Piccadilly, for a libel, contained in Harriette Wilson's Memoirs. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th inst. I moved for a new trial, which was refused, and my solicitor, Mr. Henry Neele, when he apprised me of that result, at the same time stated that he should take out a rule to be present at the taxation of costs. Had a summons, for that purpose, been served before the motion for a new trial, I now find that

it would have been a bar to that motion ; and, not having been done, Blore's attorney, Mr. Robinson, respectably sued out an execution against me !

My shop, as is well known, is at No. 24, Opera Colonnade. The residence of my family, as was not so well known, is at Acton, between five and six miles, on the Uxbridge Road. On Monday morning, the 14th, at about half past eight o'clock, being on my way to town, accompanied by my son, we observed all the neighbourhood, outside their doors, as in expectation of a scene, and my carriage had proceeded only a few yards, when it was stopped by two men and a boy. One of the men, Levy, an officer, of your own, residing at 88, Newman Street, pulled open my carriage-door, and thrust himself inside, desiring my son to make room for him, as he had taken me in execution. I told him I was going to town, and he might get into the seat, behind, and go with me. He

would not go behind. I told him that he might sit on the box then, with the coachman. This he did, and desired a little boy to get into the hinder seat. The officer told my coachman, as I learnt afterwards, he must no longer mind my orders, but drive whither the officer, directed. When I found that my repeated orders, to my servant, were disobeyed, and I had passed Regent Street, in Oxford Street, I desired to know the reason of this. Levy said I must go with him. I replied that I would walk; for, if he had taken me in execution, he had neither right over my son, nor my coachman, my carriage, nor my horses. I then demanded what his claim was, and I would pay it. He said 379/ 8s. I asked whether, if that were paid, I should be released. He replied in the negative. I insisted on knowing the whole sum, for which he held me prisoner. He said he could not tell. I exclaimed, in astonishment, What, an officer of justice make a

British subject prisoner for debt, and not be able to tell the amount of his demand ! He said he must calculate it, and he could not do it in the streets. After telling him that it was his duty to have ascertained that, before he seized me, I quitted the carriage, and he took me to No. 88, Newman Street. There he, after some time, informed me that his demand was £391 8s. I sent my son for that amount. While my son was gone, Levy demanded 5s. to search the office. I said that I should pay nothing without a witness, before whom, it was immaterial to me whether he demanded 5s. or £500, he should equally have it. He then offered to take 3s. but I declined paying any money, without a witness. On my son's return, I rang the bell, and a female who, I found, was Mrs. Levy, informed me that Levy was out. I tendered the £391 8s. to her ; but she refused to take it, on which I again demanded my liberty. She wished me to wait, and pay

it to Mr. Robinson. I told her I had to do with the sheriff, and with him, only, and he must be responsible to me for the conduct of his officers. I then dismissed my son to his business.

At ten minutes before twelve o'clock, Levy, and two genteel, young men entered the room. The former, observed how fortunate it was for me, that he had gone to the office himself, as he had thereby saved me nearly £20. I stated that it was of no consequence, I was not obliged to him, and was prepared to satisfy any demands he might please to make; but he must be careful not to exceed his powers. He said that, if I chose to be so obstinate I must: his demand was reduced to £378 10s. I laid down £390, and one of the young men went out to get me the change. While he was gone, Levy said, that, what I called my ill-usage, was all my own fault. It was in revenge for the letter, I had written to Robinson. I replied, in amaze

I did not understand him, that I had never written to Robinson, not even, though I confessed my want of courtesy, in answer to his letter to me. He said that Blore told him I had written Robinson a letter, signed by my own hand, stating that he was a damned infernal scoundrel, and might get the money how he could ! I returned that I now began to see through it. Robinson wanted an excuse for his own conduct, and had trumped up this letter, which I had now, for the first time, had any intimation of, direct or indirect ; that Robinson knew that I was not capable of it, and he did not believe it was either written by me, or with my privity, and that, if Robinson retained one spark of gentlemanly feeling, he would place the letter in my hands, or, at least, let me see and copy it. Robinson's clerk told me that he knew Mr. Robinson had the letter, and he promised to tell Robinson what I said, and give him notice that I expected such letter to be produced to

me, and, especially, to caution him against its destruction. Three shillings and sixpence were required, for the room, and I paid it, and was released about five minutes before twelve o'clock.

Thus, far, Gentlemen, on that day. I was naturally anxious to ascertain what legal redress I could have, for, what I conceived, a flagrant and violent abuse of power; but, on reflection, I chose to allow some time to intervene, that my sense of personal irritation might subside. Every hour, however, which has elapsed, to this time, has been pregnant with additional motives for anger. The pains taken to give publicity to the unexplained fact that I was taken in execution, for a large sum of money, brought upon me, as was intended, all my creditors, who, I thank God, were as speedily paid.

Recollecting that I had taken no receipt, from your officer, I, this morning demanded

it from him, in person, and he placed in my hands, an acquittance, signed John Robinson, for £378 10s. (£78 10s. costs on one side !!) Levy, now, expressed his regret at what had occurred, adding, that he had done all he could to prevent Blore's interference; but Blore insisted on taking the officer, in his own gig, to execute the warrant, and, by way of excuse, urged that he had undoubted information, which he could rely on, that I was going to be off to France. Levy, therefore, placed himself, wholly under the management of Blore, who actually stopped my horses, with his own hand, and directed Levy which door of my carriage he should open. I certainly thought that the carriage was stopped by one, whose face I knew, but till this moment I had no idea of the actual fact.

Now, Gentlemen, it remains to be seen whether, under cover of the authority of the high office of the sheriff of the county of

Middlesex, private revenge can be so far gratified, that a low plaintiff, in a lower cause, shall, with impunity, be permitted to stop three of his Majesty's subjects, on the king's highway, assume a right over the conveyance, in which they are peaceably travelling, and finally imprison one of them, for three hours and a half, besides the injury which that person's credit, or business, must sustain from such a shock.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most respectful servant,

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

London, 22d November, 1825.

To the High Sheriff of the
County of Middlesex.

Gentlemen,

On the 22d inst. I troubled you with a

letter, which, not having been acknowledged, I beg to call your attention to it.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most respectful servant,

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

24, Opera Colonnade,
28th November, 1825.

To the High Sheriff for the

County of Middlesex,

&c. &c. &c.

One was superscribed

To Mr. Sheriff Kelly.

And another to Mr. Sheriff Crowder,

Paternoster Row.

On the 1st of December, Mr Under-Sheriff Smith called, from Mr. Sheriff Kelly, and apologized for not having sooner acknowledged my letter, owing to his having been out of town.

He said that Levy was legally justified in doing what I charged him with ; but that Levy denied some part of my letter ; and promised to send me a statement, in writing, of what Levy denied.

Mr, J. J. Stockdale's compliments to Mr. Under-Sheriff Smith. Begs to remind him that he has not yet had Levy's written answer to every part of the letter, which Mr. Stockdale had the honour to address to the High Sheriff of Middlesex on the 22nd ult. as Mr. Smith, promised, this day week ; neither has Mr. Stockdale received that letter, which Levy asserted to be the cause of those revengful proceedings, of which Mr. Stockdale complains, and which Levy volunteered, unasked, to procure from Mr. John Robinson.

24, Opera Colonnade,
8th Dec. 1825.

Sir,

Another week having elapsed without your promised communication from Levy, the Sheriff's officer, notwithstanding that I troubled you with a note, on the 8th inst. to remind you of your promise, I shall, only, further, express my hope that you will not, for the purpose of giving countenance to any undue exercise of power, break your word, gratuitously pledged to me.

I have the honour to be

Sir, your obedient servant.

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

24, Opera Colonnade

15th Dec. 1825

MR. UNDER SHERIFF SMITH.

&c. &c. &c.

Sir,

I should 'ere this have attended to your letters, but that I have been much engaged at

the sittings at Westminster and at the Old Bailey during the sessions. I have written to Mr. Levy requiring him to call upon you upon the subject of your letter to the sheriff.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES SMITH.

Cooper's Hall,
16th Dec. 1825.

Sir,

In consequence of your letter of the 16th ult. Levy called on me, on the 22nd.; he denied having told you that my statement was incorrect, in many parts. I, however, read over that letter, to him, and he said that my only error was in supposing that Levy had opened my carriage-door; for that Blore did it, with his own hands, after he had stopped my horses!

Levy repeated his surprise that Mr. Robin-

son had not sent me the forged letter, and again promised to see Robinson, himself, and procure it for me, if he could, with another of the same kind !!

Blore told him what an early man, I was, in my business, and that, if they were not speedy, I should be in town, before they could take me ; to do which, they had set off, at six o'clock, in the morning—That it was very absurd of Blore, to take him fifteen or sixteen miles, to execute the writ on me, when my house of business was little more than five minutes walk from him—He need not have been so hungry after his money ; but, though he had friends, on the jury, he never expected more than 50*l.* and got 300*l.*!!!

Blore gave a dinner, on the occasion, to Robinson, and others, and Levy thought he might as well have been invited to it, with the rest, for the part he took : not that he

wanted his dinner : but he should have gone, too, if he had been asked !

As I have not yet seen the forged letters, as promised, and I have relieved you from the former trouble, while you volunteered to transmit me a written statement, from Levy's own lips, I hope you will induce him to procure the promised forgeries, or copies of them, when I shall not trouble you further.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN JOS. STOCKDALE.

P. S. Levy acknowledged having taken my coachman into his own service !! On my asking him if he was in the habit of taking servants, without characters, he said that he got his character from a livery stable.

The decided language of the judges, having worked Mr. under sheriff Smith's courage up, to the sticking point, he now vouchsafed me

no answer ; therefore, on the 22nd of January, having heard no more of the promised forged letters, I called on Levy, my premises having been again robbed, to ascertain whether my late coachman could have been present on the occasion : and found that he had remained at home. I recalled the promise to Levy, who told me that he had seen Robinson, about a fortnight before, that he had and would produce the letters, on legal summons, or I might see them ; but he would not copy, or let them out of his hands : so that here this part of the affair stands.

Not having been able to procure the names of those who composed the jury, on Blore's trial, I requested my respected friend, and solicitor, Mr. Henry Neele No. 20 Blenheim Street, Great Malborough Street, to write to Mr. Robinson for it ; but though he tells me, he wrote twice, he received no answer to his letters.

Not having succeeded in procuring any

other satisfaction, as to the pretended letters, which Mr. Robinson asserted that he held, signed by me, I also wrote to him, and saw my son deliver, at his residence, the note which I subjoin.

John Robinson Esq.

Half-Moon Street

Mr. Stockdale, finding, from Mr. Levy, that Mr. Robinson will let S—— see the forged letters, in his possession, to which Mr. Stockdale's signature professes to be attached, begs to know, what day and hour will suit Mr. Robinson, to submit them to Mr. Stockdale's inspection.

24, Opera Colonnade

7th, March, 1826.

The stubborn fact, that this, also, brought no answer, speaks volumes to my mind, not

merely as to these forgeries ; but likewise, as to the communication, to the editor of the British Lion, which he swore to having had neither knowledge of, nor concern with ! !

In a cause, where I was plaintiff, against Turley, a cow-keeper, a cause, aggravated by my having had a verdict against him, which had not operated as a check on conduct, which now, therefore, had become contemptuous to the Court itself, evidence being given, on my behalf, that the defendant and his servants made a point of leaving my gates open, so that I was injured by the inroads of cattle, and various nuisances, from the highways, the Lord Chief Justice Abbott struck it out, observing that leaving open gates, formed no part of my declaration. It is remarkable that this second trial occurred in December 1824, consequently, just on the eve of my commencing the publication of the redoubtable Memoirs of Harriette Wilson ! Yet in the teeth of this interference, the same Lord Chief Justice, on

the 1st of July 1825, admitted evidence against me, that Blore was a married man with a family, notwithstanding, that his declaration did not contain a word of it !

A count was introduced into my declaration, stating that a flock of lambs, which Turley had taken in, for hire, were brought at mid-day, into my private road, and shrubbery, where they were all castrated, in the presence of a crowd of boys, who had collected close to my sitting room-windows, in view of the Uxbridge road, though the defendant had nearly two hundred acres of open ground, and spacious barns, and out-buildings, from which they had been brought, and the castrations were left upon the ground. Because Turley was not present at the transaction, the Judge would not let that fact go to the jury ! saying there was no proof, that he had any concern in it. Were not the sheep and their keepers his lodgers, if he had no other concern with them, and, coming in over night, and going to

market the next day, was he not responsible for their misconduct?

On the same trial, my fences having been destroyed by Turley, his cattle, and his men having carried, and trodden into a pond, many hundred feet of my garden, on which my fence was placed, it was held by the Lord Chief Justice Abbott to be of no consequence, and, I, therefore, only obtained 20s. damages, while, on the 18th of December following, in *Gibbon v. the London Dock Company*, the same judge considered that, if ground were removed, whatever its distance, and it affected an erection, due compensation should be given; and that plaintiff obtained damages 500*l.*! though his injury, was unaccompanied by the least offensive conduct, and my wife and children, had been, for above a year, subject to the most disgraceful, unmanly annoyances, of which the matters of trespass, were, by far the least important!! Added to this the clerk of the court, no doubt, see-

ing the bias of the judge, gratuitously proclaimed 20s. damages and 20s. costs, which, but for the interference of my counsel, Mr. Patteson, would have subjected, me, instead of the defendant, to pay all the costs, and the judge only observed, with the most perfect coolness, that he did not say a word about costs, though it was, obviously, owing to Mr. Patteson's interference that I had not been saddled with the whole.

In a subsequent cause against the same individual, for a repetition of his offensive conduct, application was made to Mr. Justice Holroyd, to compel me to enumerate each act of which I complained, with the date of its occurrence; but which, that judge having, indignantly rejected, an appeal was made to Lord Chief Justice Abbott, who likewise rejected the application, which he stated, in strong terms, to be unheard of.

A few days before the cause was to come on, it was found that one of my most essen-

tial witnesses, a labouring man, had broken his arm, by a fall, and was an in-patient of St. George's Hospital, the apothecary of which stated that it would be dangerous for him to be kept in attendance. Application was consequently, made to the court, to fix a day for the trial, so that this witness, who was suffering by a dispensation of providence, might not be unnecessarily, endangered. Is it, barely credible that the same Lord Chief Justice Abbott, who had so warmly expressed his opinion, before Blore's trial, now would only grant the favour to this unfortunate witness, on the conditions, proposed by Mr. Scarlett, that I would furnish the defendant Turley with all the dates and particulars, which he had formerly applied for; or in other words I was to lay open my whole case, before my opponent!! Such was the fact, and for the sake of humanity, I was compelled to accede to these terms.

On the day, preceding Blore's trial, I was

defendant against Bond and Hombuckle, who have, since, become bankrupts. My counsel was James Marryatt, Esq. to whom my attorney presented his affidavit, of the absence of my only witness, whose return from abroad was very shortly expected, as a ground for deferring the trial. Mr. Marryatt refused to make the application. The cause came on, when it was found that the plaintiff had omitted to set forth an essential part of the bill of exchange, for which the action was brought: but, at the suggestion of my own counsel, who adverted to the omission, at my desire, the judge overruled it, and a verdict was recorded against me: and my application for a new trial was refused, as I had anticipated it would be.

On the 1st December 1825. I was defendant in an action, brought by Poplett, a printer, before the Lord Chief Justice Best, in the common pleas. Of this trial, no correct detail was given by any newspaper, which I could find; for the simple reason that it must

have been highly favourable to me. The son, the actual printer, swore that his father was the printer, and himself a journeyman, to enable him to be a witness, and he swore so extravagantly that, after being repeatedly cautioned on his contradictions, the Judge himself exclaimed young man, young man mind that you are on your oath, and if you are not more careful, I shall order you to be prosecuted myself; or words to that effect. In fact, he literally swore his father out of court, and established my defence. Notwithstanding this, my counsel, Serjeant Wilde, declared that he had not opened nor would open his brief; but chose to adopt the most disgraceful course, for the purpose of injuring my character, of adopting the plea of the immorality of the work printed; though in the teeth of every thing I had, at any time, said, or written, directly or indirectly, and flatly contradicting that defence,

which, I had, personally, made, in the Court of Kings Bench, and, afterwards printed and published!

I observe, by Serjeant Wilde's brief, that he had a consultation-fee, and I have ascertained that a consultation took place, and what passed there gives the lie to his assertion, that he did not know what my instructions were. Was it not much more probable that he chose his own course, with the view to defeat my action for copy-right? Such was Mr. Scarlett's sole defence in that cause, the judge having assisted him, with that other, on which he directed me to be nonsuited.

Serjeant Wilde might well say—Nor did he forget that he was Mr. Stockdale's advocate, as, but for such an assertion, no one could have known it! It was a fact, that many persons doubted whether he was not speaking for the plaintiff.

I cannot omit, here, to make honorable

mention of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Curwood, on a trial at Oxford, the 2nd March 1826. Some gentlemen rather preferred shrinking from employment, in certain cases ; but he, for one, thought it would evince a degree of professional pusillanimity, if he shrunk from upholding any client, be he who he might. He was bound by a solemn oath to do his duty in all cases, and he would discharge it fearlessly, and regardless of consequences.

One observation of Lord Chief Justice Best was curious enough. He said that he could not allow a man to recover damages for a work which would subject him to fine and imprisonment. Indeed ! I should like to know whether, in England, any man, in such a case, can be fined and imprisoned upon the mere dictum of a judge, or whether his alleged offence must not be tried and investigated by twelve of his peers ? But what greater right has a judge to deprive a

man of his copy-right than to send him to jail!

In this cause, the Lord Chief Justice, like his other learned brethren, was anxious to protest that he had not read a word of the *Memoirs*, beyond what had been, on this trial, put into his hands; while, to the great, and unrepressed diversion of his auditors, he quoted a circumstance, which, they, having all read the work, were well aware, was only contained in a subsequent volume, which had not been handed up to him!

In a case, similar to that of *Poplett*, in which one *Bernard* was plaintiff, against me, the Lord Chief Justice *Abbott*, told *Mr. Denman*, that he would prove his client out of court, and recommended a reference (I had proposed it in the first instance) naming *Edward Ryan, Esq.* referee. *Mr. Ryan* decided, contrary to *Best* and *Abbott*, and to the evidence; because it would mulct me. In

the course of the examination, a witness having been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, I requested Mr. Ryan to take down his words, for the avowed purpose of enabling me to prosecute. He readily acquiesced; and I, therefore, relied on his notes. It is scarcely to be credited, and not very creditable, that, to my repeated applications, through my attorney, he has positively refused to let me have a copy of them !

Of minor matters, I could produce endless instances.

In the county-court of Middlesex, where a counsellor, named Boyce, presided, the same influence prevailed. I was summoned by a man, whom I had paid before-hand, and took his receipt; but he, having sworn to his bill, and dated it the week following, I was told that no account could be re-opened ! I then stated that the roof, which he had been paid for, and for which he again made a demand,

let water, like a sieve. The counsel stated that no man could be answerable that his roof should keep out weather! but, afterwards, recollecting himself, he directed that the roof should be made good, but that the money must not be kept back, beyond a certain day, for the chance of the work being water-tight, when re-done. The builder never even came to look at it, and, when I protested against the money being handed over, was told, by the officer of the court, that the order was unconditional, and I had only to pay it. Having done so, I presented the following letter, which was treated with contempt.

Sir,

On Thursday last you made an order for my payment of £1 17s. into the county-court of Middlesex, conditionally, that Joseph Rose had made good a certain roof. That has not been done, and, on my payment of the money, the registrar stated that no condition was

entered. I, therefore, protest against the money being given up, until that condition be performed.

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

Acton, 9th of February, 1826.

——— Boyce, Esq.

Here then is something very like conspiracy, or acting together, or connivance, or concert, or any thing, but the honest uprightness of those who, having received their wages, stood, pledged to perform their engagements, to their utmost ability.

In July, 1825, the Lord Chancellor decided against me, on a motion, by which my whole family was turned out of their house, without a moment's notice. His lordship's declared ground was, that I could not prove Thomas Allason, of Percy Street, Rathbone Place, (whose perjury was recorded in his own,

written testimony), an agent of my landlord, the Lord Chancellor not having perused the pleadings. Lord Gifford, the master of the Rolls, who had perused all the pleadings, which were fully argued before him, had previously declared that agency to have been sufficiently established! It was also sworn that there was neither agreement, nor draft of agreement with me ; but a fair copy of one, which had been made out by Allason's own directions to my adversary's attorneys, Smith, Rickards, and Bayly, having been brought to light, and, even that, not improbably, manufactured for the occasion, I demanded the rough draft. Strange to say, it was sworn to be lost or destroyed!! Yet, with all these suspicious facts, in writing, and on oath, the Lord Chancellor, without looking into the proceedings, decided against me !

As the detail of this cause, must have produced a sensation, in my favour, I could only find it noticed in one single newspaper, the

Morning Post. The reporter had completely misrepresented the facts, and especially stated that it did not appear, by whose attorney, the draft of agreement had been made. Yet the editor did not comply with my written request, for the correction of his error.

It is true, as I have before observed, that the Lord Chancellor had been grossly abused for delays in his decisions. Is it not probable that I have been made a martyr, to his lordship's anxiety to redeem his character from such charges? for, though the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, and the boldness of her publisher were in every one's mouth, I cannot persuade myself that even they would affect the Lord Chancellor's administration of justice!

Another instance, and I shall enter upon a consideration of the trials. Hugh Evans Fisher, an attorney of Bath, but who dated his proceedings from Lothbury, being anxious to identify himself as the Charles Frederick

Fisher mentioned at p. 310, vol. 3. of the Memoirs, after a long correspondence, commenced an action of libel, against me, in the Common Pleas. I placed his writ in the hands of my attorney, from whom, in due course, I received the following letter :

My dear Sir,

Yourself and Fisher.

My time would have been out for pleading on Saturday morning. Knowing that you could not get answers to your letters to Paris, by that time, I took out a summons on Thursday for time to plead, and attended Mr. Justice Burrough upon it, on Friday. I stated to him that I was instructed you could justify the alleged libel; for that the original documents were in existence in Paris, and that you had written for them, and until I obtained those documents, I could not safely proceed

to plead to the declaration. The plaintiff's attorney immediately said it was an action for libel against the publisher of Harriette Wilson. The learned judge then said I could not justify a libel, and that it was a most infamous work, or infamous book, I don't remember which. I then stated that the action was for publishing letters, the originals of which were in being, as I was instructed, and that I humbly conceived, if we could obtain those originals, we might justify the publication. The judge, however, refused me an order, unless I would take it for so short a time as would preclude the possibility of getting an answer from Paris, and referred me to the court. I had not then time to apply to the court, having, by the rules of pleading, only until Saturday (the next day) one o'clock, to plead. I could not have moved till the sitting of the court on Saturday, and could not have obtained my rule nisi, until the evening, before which (namely, at

one o'clock) the plaintiff might have signed judgment by default, for want of a plea. I was, therefore, obliged to take the order, which was for time to plead, until this day, undertaking to go to trial at the sittings after the present term. The action being brought in a superior court, as the courts at Westminster all are, it cannot be removed.

Yours, very truly,

W. C. HUMPHREYS.

7, Broadway, Ludgate Hill,

7th Feb. 1826.

J. J. STOCKDALE, Esq.

By this, it will be seen, that I was compelled to plead, at the greatest disadvantage, and which appears the more glaring, from Fisher having, nearly at the last possible moment of the last day, which the law permitted, sent to Mr. Humphreys, a notice that he had countermanded the trial of the cause. I shall not discuss Judge Burrough's conduct, here;

but merely observe that, in libel, as in every other case, the law of this kingdom presumes every man to be innocent, until the verdict of his peers, has pronounced him guilty, and that a justification may be pleaded, to such an action !

On Onwhyn's trial, the first thing, which strikes me, is, that the Lord Chief Justice, instead of interrupting Scarlett when he asked so irrelevant a question of my son, as whether I was a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which could have nothing to do with the question of copy-right, actually expressed surprise that my son should not have remembered to have heard me say that I either was, or was not a member, when, I dare say, that many societies exist, of which I have never even heard the name. For the gratification of his lordship, and of Mr. Scarlett, I will now confess that I have been repeatedly solicited to subscribe to it, and particularly on the occasion of its desire to put down gaming-

houses. I then offered my annual guinea, on condition that they would begin with White's or Brookes's ; but, as they only aimed at the minor places, I declined. I considered it like punishing poor fruit-women, for selling oranges on a Sunday, and permitting the greater offenders to go free, and, therefore, not consistent with the equal distribution of justice. The least Sir Charles Abbott and Mr. Scarlett can now, do, will be to acquit me of that hypocrisy, which they meant, by their examination, to attach to my name, and I hope, very humbly indeed, that they will place it on the heads, which are honestly, entitled to wear it. Of course, they are members of it!

When Mr. Scarlett stated, as I observed in my letter to the editor of the Morning Post, already given, that I first invented the most disgusting scenes, and then invented names to give my book currency, he knew that he was stating a palpable lie. Had I been per-

mitted, as I ought to have been, to call the Hon. Frederick Lamb, on Blore's trial, he would have proved the truth of what Scarlett said I invented, he having, in the presence of a friend of his own, admitted it to me, in my own shop, when he called to endeavour to intimidate me from continuing the work.

As to Scarlett's remarks on Harriette Wilson's degradation, should not they rather fall on the royal, noble, right honourable, and honourable persons who were the authors and panders, and sharers of it? As to her confession, it is the first step to amendment, and which, every inmate of the Magdalen, must, of necessity, take. The Rev. Mr. Maturin, truly observes, that

Unsexed men make women forget their sex, also. When the protector turns the oppressor, the unprotected forget aught but their safety, and thou shalt feel that woman is mightier than man!

Had Shakespeare been a cotemporary of the

barrister, he might have had him, in his eye when, he drew the prince's jester ; a very dull fool ! only his gift is in devising impossible slanders.

This squeamishness of exposure of vice results from a lower tone of the moral sense, and is foreign to the majestic and confident virtue of the golden age of our country. Is not prevention better than punishment ? All is now cant. Shame flies from the heart, and takes refuge on the lips.

An artful, and experienced quack, habited in Scarlet, and fine linen, no sooner gives the signal by throwing up his caster, than a ring is instantly formed, by the second class forensic luminaries of the day. He takes due care to season his unblushing effronteries with a quantum sufficit of assumed decorum and morality, and, under the emanation of judicial light, which forms a halo of dazzling brightness, about his full blown cheeks, while it veils

his unblushing, hardy brow, from profane and vulgar ken, he becomes an infallible, walking, talking system of moral, and even religious ethics, and the inconsistencies of the hired pleader, are forgotten, even by the judge himself, in that masquerade garb of sanctity, which he disgraces.

If this morbid pueriency of imagination be not only tolerated, but encouraged and anticipated by our law-givers, from their judgment-seats, its ascendancy will, very soon prevail, over our most sacred rites. Who shall say what feelings may be excited by that beautiful and solemn prayer of our church litany—

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort, and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall, and, finally, to beat down Satan, under our feet; we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!

Our prayers for kings, princes, governors, and magistrates too, may suggest doubts that

their misconduct have made the prayers necessary, till Mr. Justice Bayley's discriminating powers will have ample employ in discriminating between the maculæ and immaculæ.

Mr. Scarlett's sensitiveness reminds me of a legend of a Polish, popish saint, who infallibly swooned, if an indecent expression were uttered in his presence, when in his nurse's arms ! The delicacy of Mr. Scarlett, may be appreciated from his observation, in defence of Turley, a cow-keeper, for a gross nuisance, that there was no more indecency in bulls, publicly bulling cows, than in cocks treading hens : and this remark was addressed, unproved, to Lord Chief Justice Abbott !

Well might Mr. Adolphus retort Scarlett's sneer, Remember, you are not at the Old Bailey, now, by the cool and biting sarcasm, No, for a judge presides there ! This also, with much better taste, was permitted to pass, without reproof, if not without notice.

The case is, now changed : it is the justice's bull ; but, whence originates all this virulence of special pleading, this grovelling malignity, this zeal, beyond the advocate, against an individual, whom he professes not to have the slightest knowledge of.

I might say with the poet,

Not to know me, argues thyself unknown.

However, there are some who pretend to solve the mystery, by the following anecdote.

It is now, well known, that Harriette Wilson is the wife of William Henry Rochfort, Esq., who claims the Earldom of Belvidere. About six years past, Mr. Rochfort, being at Cheltenham, was powerfully wooed by a Miss Scarlett, who was said to have an immense property, in her own right, besides £1700 per annum after the death of her mother. It was proposed that Rochfort should marry the young heiress ; but his love,

on that occasion, not proving so violent as to outstrip his prudence, he posted up to London, to satisfy himself that all which glittered was sterling gold, and not mere scarlet and moonshine. Learning that there was the 1700*l.* a year, only, and that, dependent on mamma, he declared off. If this slighted lady were one of the counsellor's family, perhaps, to that, we may trace the *hinc illæ lachrymæ* ! Others, however, persist in it, that his sole aim, was the notoriety of a niche, in Harriette's Memoirs, to which he has moret han one title.

To do full justice to Mr. Scarlett, I must call attention to his words—"the jury may judge whether or not this is a work of a licentious and immoral tendency." Even he had no hope, then, that it was not to go, for decision, to the jury ; but the judge well knew that, if it did, I must have a verdict, and, therefore, he assumed the tremendous responsibility, which his coadjutors, on the motion for a

new trial, kindly consented to divide with him, and directed a non-suit !

The waiving of Thomas's evidence was also no trivial stretch of power. He was not called to prove that he printed the work ; but to speak, from his own knowledge, however obtained, to the number of copies, which had been printed, and to whose hands they had been consigned for sale !

As Pope says,

Even in a counsel, I can see desert.

Mr. Scarlett gained himself great honour, by his zeal for Mrs. Mather, on the 11th of March, 1826, at Lancaster, though she was, somewhat à l'Harriette ! He concluded an eloquent appeal by imploring the jury, as Englishmen, and lovers of liberty, to give such damages as should not only compensate his client for the injury she had sustained, but also teach men, dressed in a little, brief authority, that, if they stepped beyond that authority, they could not do it with impunity.

I hope that all, not excepting my lords the King's Justices, the King's Sergeants, and even the learned orator himself, will apply the lesson !

It cannot be forgotten that, in the case of the gaming-houses, and those who frequented them, Mr. Justice Bayley, repeatedly declared the exposure of names, to be the best, if not only the means of suppressing such pernicious haunts. Lord Kenyon was so strong, and direct, in his expression on that head, that he felt it incumbent on himself to explain, that he meant no allusion to the throne! Yet Lord Chief Justice Abbott aggravates the burthen of my offence, with the kindest deference to Mr. Scarlett, on account of my having denounced offenders, by name: their being of the highest rank should have added no weight, in their side of the scales of justice, and, after the exposure, which has been made, the less said of their claims to the highest character, the better.

Pre-eminence, in rank, ought ever to be accompanied by pre-eminence in well-doing; for ensample, in one, either emulates to honor, or toils in the witchery of guilt.

I should hope the laws of England will, not be strained to verify the Poet's idea—

————— Plate sin, with gold,
And the strongest lance of Justice, hurtless
breaks.

I can scarcely believe the Judge to have stated that the plaintiff Poplett, must have proved his case, before an objection could be taken. In the first place, no such necessity exists, in the practice of the courts, and in the second, he happened to have proved the case of the defendant.

It was indecent, immoral, and criminal, in the Honourable Frederick Lamb to assault Harriette Wilson, with an intention, which was too evident. Look at every day's journals for the detailed cases of rapes, and seduc-

tions, the frequent precursors of murder. The crimes lie in the perpetrators. Were an author to collect all the criminal acts, which have ever been perpetrated, on earth, it would be a tremendous, condensed picture of human atrocity, nor without its moral ; but, the statute, which render its author or publisher criminal, if it exist, even in embryo, which I doubt, will, probably, never be brought forth. Its enactment would be a libel on the Scriptures themselves, as well as on almost every author, of whatever age, of whatever country.

The author of the life, writings, opinions and times of Lord Byron, well observes—

The exposition of vice is the best means to exterminate it :

By publickly exposing drunkards, and debauches, the Spartan youths learnt soberness and chastity.

Family consideration is but of trivial and secondary consideration to public claims.

This will remain, to the latest posterity, an

MEMOIRS OF

indelible stain upon the probity, candour, and character of the self-constituted judges, who, to screen their characters, magnanimously determined upon the destruction of the work, which, fairly, and honestly criticised them.

Scarcely any thing can be more interesting or indeed more useful and instructive, than a knowledge of the traits of the characters of our contemporaries. It is thus we gain a knowledge how to live; it is thus we study human nature from life itself; it is thus one generation improves another, and pays its debt to posterity, by publishing its knowledge—the whole world, indeed, is ever anxious after this knowledge.

What is matter of history, is matter of instruction. Nothing, to me, (Lord Byron wrote) is so entertaining as private biography; it is the man himself, who speaks. Hamilton's Memoirs, for instance, were the origin of Voltaire's style. Madame de Stael used to

say that de Grammont was a book, containing more interest than any she knew.

Petronius Arbiter, and Juvenal, the most licentious satirists of the antient Romans were never charged, by their contemporaries, with the vices, which they lashed in Nero, and his profligate court : but the tyrant himself, made the first expiate his temerity, with his life, and the last, by banishment. Suetonius drew the biography of the Cæsars, with licentiousness, from the life ; but the antients had more sense than to attach, to the biographer, the vices of those who occupied his pen. What name should be given to William Gifford, the Quarterly Reviewer, for his metrical translation of Juvenal ? Still worse must be said of Good, for his notes to Lucretius !

It would have only consisted with the equal distribution of justice, to have pointed out those parts of the Memoirs, on which, indecency was charged. It was a positive duty of the court, which ought to have permitted no

morbid affectation of delicacy to interfere with it. I heard Mr. Justice Parke, whom I regard as a pattern of religion and propriety, declare, on a trial for rape, that there could be no indecency, in a court of justice. Ought then justice, in the highest law-court, to resort to inferences and inuendoes? I am not aware of an expression, throughout the work, which could offend a really pure mind: though much may be inferred, from what is stated by one, practised in the lore and habits of modern society.

I have read of maculæ, of the worst description, not only among the bar, but on the bench, and even in the seats of bishops, aye of archbishops, lord chancellors, princes, vice-roys, and kings. I have read of a king's serjeant, who was tried, for a rape, I have heard of a Lord Chief Justice, who, clad in his robes, committed a rape on one of his own house-maids, for whom, with a speech, which, even I think, partook too much of maculæ,

to quote, though I have heard, a barrister repeat it, as a good joke, went, directly, to his seat on the bench, where it might have been his duty to consign a fellow-creature to the gallows, for an offence, similar to that, from the effects of which the flush had not yet left his cheek ! We all remember the dismissal of a chaplain of the Asylum for female orphans. He had preached, pathetically, on the horrors of seducing the helpless, and went immediately from the pulpit, to the unhappy girl, who was present at his sermon, and became his victim. Look at the case of Miss Lynch, pag. 275 vol. 3. Beauty and Marriage Ceremonies. I do not wish to tread too sharply on the heels of kings, princes and governors, and shall therefore, avoid further allusions to living characters ; but it may be found by the time this question is put to rest, that an honest, upright man is the worst implement, designing and corrupt hands, ever meddled with, to work their foul and secret purposes !

MEMOIRS OF

How beautiful, how characteristic was our Saviour's remark, respecting the woman taken in adultery. He that is without sin among you, let him, first cast, a stone at her !

Well might the apostle exclaim against spiritual wickedness, in high places ! and say, who made thee a judge ?

The omission of the editor's advertisement, in the pirated editions, was an aggravation of their offence, which ought to have met the most severe reprobation of every judge. The quo animo of the original editor, is therein manifest, as he properly remarks, if we have the bane, the antidote presents itself no less readily : but the pirate wholly pandered to the basest passions : for he omitted that part which gave a specific moral to the sting : yet he is protected and I am punished.

The Reverend Mr. Maturin, is not the only writer who complains that, by a mode of criticism, equally false, and unjust, the worst sentiments of his worst characters, have been

represented as his own: but the feeling is far from general. It often happens that the minority makes the greatest noise.

The weakest of all weak conduct, I ever remember, in the bench, was the Lord Chief Justice's endeavour to justify the defendant, and deprive me of my copy-right, because of the typographical inaccuracies of the defendant's printer. No judge, except the Lord Chief Justice Abbott, had, up to that day, presumed to countenance such an evasion. His Lordship should have known better what has passed on this head, when the right to make abridgments, has been discussed before Lord Chancellors.

Lord Eldon, then Mr. Scott, argued against George Nicol's motion for an injunction on an abridgement of Cook's voyages, of which my father was a proprietor, before Lord Thurlow. That great lawyer refused the motion, because it was a fair, and not a colorable abridgment. The language of the original

was not used, the substance of the work, only being given, in the words of the condenser. Now the pirates do not even plead to act colorably.

Lord Erskine granted an injunction against my father's East India Calendar, notwithstanding I had, with my own hand, made several thousand additions and alterations in it; because it was, in all other respects, copied from the same work, compiled by Mathison and Mason. This was a very strong case, they having, in the first instance, compiled the early editions of their work, for my father, who employed and paid them for correcting that, of which he was, himself, the original publisher, in England.

Even extracts, in the case of reviews, have been declared to be infringements of the author's rights, if they were calculated to satisfy the reader's curiosity, and so prevent their purchase of the original.

Henceforth, says Mr. Scarlett, we can

make no imputations on the productions of any other country, since we have tolerated the publication of the avowed adventures of a woman of ill-fame. Wonderful ! Was lord Lord Kenyon the only magistrate who ever declared that even a woman of ill-fame, could not be robbed with impunity ? Does not Mr. Scarlett know that a woman of ill-fame is not out of the protection of the law, in any respect ? Is not a rape, on the person of a woman of ill-fame, equally criminal, as if perpetrated on a vestal ? Yet all this passes to the world as law, without a comment from the Lord Chief Justice !

In one of the few, rational novels of our own, moral day, Hardenbrass and Haverill, which contains a delicate example of the folly of bringing up girls, in utter ignorance of every-day evils, and to which I could have added another, were it not for the maculæ which must have pervaded the story, I met with the subjoined song. I hope that it did

not contemplate an attack either on a Scarlet counsellor, or on a Scarlet w—; and that the maculæ of such impressions, subsist, wholly, in the mind of the maculate reader.

Come, my pretty maid,
Come, and, with me, revel,
Do not be afraid:
I'm a funny devil.

SCARLET, is my cloak,
Like your blushes, glowing,
Come, and wear the yoke,
With a dog, so knowing.

If your peepers, bright,
Wish to shine and twinkle,
Satan's phosphor light,
On your eye-balls, sprinkle.

Would you, smiles, display,
Should shine in future story,
Catch, from me, a ray,
To fix your simper's glory.

Horns are no disgrace,
In a land of freedom :
Blessed be the face,
Shall smile, and never heed 'em.

Mine, aloft, shall move,
While the ladies revel,
I'm the god of love,
Though a simple devil.

I have always thought that young people should be taught to disrelish and avoid evil ; but how that is to be effected, if they are brought up, on the new system of not knowing, even the name of evil, I am at a loss to imagine. At any rate they are intended, I suppose to live in the world, and, I should imagine it more useful for them to read works which describe the world and human nature, as they are, than modern novels, which serve only to mislead the inexperienced, and give them false ideas. I think the old proverb of forewarned, forearmed very significant ; and

I have never had reason to repent the system of education, I pursued.

I did think of introducing some anecdotes from Carlton Palace, Windsor, and Brighton ; but as they might produce very maculate effects, were Mr. Justice Burrough to change his opinion on that course, and permit me to plead a justification of such an alleged libel, I shall take more time to consider of the expediency of so entertaining a disclosure.

Nine times out of ten, those females, who fall a prey to the passionate schemes of men, are the simple and the ignorant. Knowledge is one means of creating mental purity. At all events, there can be no merit, in any purity, which consists in mere ignorance.

In the case of Power v. Clowes, and the same v. Walker, for the piracy of Thomas Moore's songs, which were peculiarly amorous and immoral, the plaintiff was not refused redress on the ground of their licentious tendency ; but on that of not having proved his title, to the copy-right of them.

He afterwards made out his legal title, and the defendants, in consequence of what had fallen from the judges, stopped their publications.

The injunction-case, *Sherwood and Co. v. Pierce Egan* is very conclusive. The plaintiff had purchased the copy-right of some volumes of a work, which detailed particulars of what is denominated prize-fighting, and prize-fighters. This practice it should be observed, is wholly illegal, as consisting in manifest breaches of the peace, and which have, but too often, ended in the death of the parties, and the practice is daily put down by the strong arm of the law.

The author continued this work, which was originally published under the title of *Boxiana*, of which he advertised a new volume, having differed with his former publisher. The defendant pleaded his own cause, before the Lord Chancellor Eldon, urging that he did not wish to interfere with what he had sold to the plaintiff. Notwithstand-

ing the declared and undoubted illegality of prize-fighting, the Lord Chancellor stated that the title-page of the work, formed part of the plaintiff's copy-right ; therefore, he must grant an injunction, against the use of such title ; but, at the same time, condescendingly offered to draw up another title, for the defendant, if he wished it !

There cannot be a case more parallel to the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson. Is fornication, is prostitution, is adultery criminal ? So is Boxing. Is, therefore, detail of the same criminal ? So must be that of boxing ? Yet is protection afforded to Boxiana, not only as to its contents ; but even as to the single word, which forms its title-page, while the judges of the Kings Bench and Common Pleas, declare the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson infamous, without a trial, and refuse to countenance even the title-page of it : or, in plainer English, proclaim, from their judgment-seats, that it is lawful to rob and plunder John

Joseph Stockdale, though he has always been a good subject, and, as such, has submitted to the operation of the law, however unjust, while he denied its legal application to his case, strictly confining himself for redress, to the means which the constitution authorises, namely appeal to the higher powers of those, who make the laws.

The effect of this stretch of the law, and the denouncements trumpeted forth against him, have been manifest, in their influence, even on the lowest ranks of society, from the singular fact of his premises having been broken into and robbed, three times between the 22nd November and 22nd February, and the disinclination shewn even by magistrates, to afford him any protection, which they can possibly avoid!!

I was not aware that my immediate neighbour, more probably related to those who passed on the other side, than to the good Samaritan, keeps a watchman, during

the winter months. The man, who filled the situation on the night of the 21st of February, having told some incongruous tales of the burglars, who robbed my coach-house, I addressed a note to his master, as follows; and which was, on the 27th, delivered into his own hands.

Mr. Stockdale takes the liberty to inform Mr. Mansfield that, in consequence of various contradictory accounts of Mr. Mansfield's watchman having seen the villains, who last broke into, and robbed Mr. Stockdale's coach-house and stables, and suffered them to escape with their booty, he, this evening, requested an interview with him, and thinks his whole conduct so suspicious, that it requires judicial investigation. Mr. Stockdale, however, would not, as a neighbour, take this step, until he had apprised Mr. Mansfield, who might probably choose to speak to the watchman, on the subject, and desire him to meet Mr. S.

at some appointed time, at the Public Office,
Bow Street.

Winter House, Acton,

Sunday Evening.

——MANSFIELD, ESQ.

This having passed unnoticed, I brought his watchman, John Malony, by summons, before Sir Richard Birnie, at the Public Office, Bow Street, on Monday, 6th of March.

He stated, on oath, that his dog had, at twelve o'clock, on the night of the robbery, found a man, between two hay-stacks, on his master's premises ; he caught the dog in his arms to prevent his barking. The man went, quickly, down a shrubbery, and joined two others, in Mr. Stockdale's coach-house, which was little more than the width of two carriages, from the shrubbery ; they had a light, and he saw them moving about, till two o'clock ; thought they might be a watchman

MEMOIRS OF

and coachman, but could not account for the third. The moon was very bright; but he could not give any description of their persons, or even the colour of their clothes. Had a gun, and brace of pistols, but must never discharge them, or give any alarm, or let his dog bark, his mistress was so nervous-like. Had told his master of the robbery; so far from blaming, Mr. Mansfield told him that if he saw the premises in flames, as well as robbed, he should lose his place if he raised any alarm.

Sir Richard Birnie warmly reprobated the conduct, attributed to Mr. Mansfield, by his watchman, who was suffered to depart, with a recommendation to be careful how he conducted himself.

I stated that Mr. Mansfield was an utter stranger to me. I had only been resident at Acton six months, and did not know him, even by sight.

The singularity of these circumstances, in-

...es me to mention that the former burglary, 8th of December, 1825, must also have occupied a long time, the robber having entered by the roof, on which he must have sate, with nothing to intercept the then watchman's discovery of his figure, while he cut, with a common hack-knife, through a rafter, to permit his descent !

I have been told that Mrs. Mansfield was at a ladies' school, where I acquired the first rudiments of my own tongue, and which produced an intimacy between her, her sister, my sister, and me. Mr. Mansfield may have imbibed some prejudice to my propinquity. Be this as it may, I soon received an introduction disjunctive, which I subjoin, together with my answer ; the latter regulated, rather by my disposition towards the husband of my early companion, Miss Martha Pilkington.

West Cottage, Acton, Octob. 27th, 1825.

Mr. G. Mansfield acquaints Mr. Stockdale,

his fowls are troublesome to Mr. G. M., by coming into the shrubbery, and lawn, therefore desires they may be prevented from coming in, in future.

Mr. STOCKDALE.

Winter House, Acton,

October 28th, 1825.

Mr. J. J. Stockdale acquaints Mr. G. Mansfield that although S.'s fowls can do no injury to his shrubbery, and S. believes have never been on Mr. Mansfield's lawn, yet, agreeably to Mr. Mansfield's desire, has endeavoured to prevent their being troublesome to him.

Mr. J. J. S. will not, in return, desire Mr. Mansfield to prevent Mr. S. being, henceforth, troubled with Mr. Mansfield's pigeons, though they have been very injurious to S.'s land and gardens; but submits the circumstance to Mr. G. Mansfield's reasonable, and gentlemanly consideration.

Mr. J. J. Stockdale will always have pleasure in attending to suggestions for the convenience and comfort of any neighbour, properly expressed.

G. MANSFIELD, Esq.

West Cottage, Acton.

It is singular that all my poultry were stolen in a month after the date of this correspondence; it is more singular that Mr. Mansfield then, as now, had watchmen, who appear either to have known nothing of the burglaries, or to have kept their secrets, better; and most singular, that Mr. Mansfield should commit his character, to such keeping!

I am not aware that this examination was noticed in any of the papers, though their reporters were present, as usual!!

On the subject of newspapers I must, not-

withstanding its irrelevancy, advert to a mode of raising the wind, for the Representative, government-paper. On the 21st of January, my son paid, at Murray's house 17s. for the insertion of two advertisements. A long time having elapsed without their appearance, I sent a person to Murray's, to complain. He was, there, referred to Fleet Street; then, to Clowes's printing-office, where he saw the editor, who sent him to Great George Street, having first endeavoured to prevail on him to give up the two receipts, which he said were of no use to him; but which he refused! Some days afterwards he applied at Murray's, by whose shopman he was told that Mr. Murray had no more to do with it, than Adam! He has soon backed out of it. He was thence referred, as usual, to the other offices, when after repeatedly calling, at various times, he was sent from Clowes's to the Temple, and thence to Fleet Street, and, on the 15th of March, an interval of two months,

he received 9s. for one advertisement, which was acknowledged not to have been inserted; but was told he must call again respecting the other, which would take further enquiry. Mr. Murray may well be rich, on these terms! Had I not been vigilant, I should not only have been defrauded of the money, which I paid him, and of which 8s. are yet unaccounted for, but government would have been defrauded of its stamp-duty. Had the fraud not been premeditated, Mr. Murray would have been anxious to repair his error, after these incessant enquiries, by sending the money back.

It is curious to observe how quietly my adversaries are coming round. What follows is from my old libeller the Morning Herald, to the office of which, I sent the note, and have appended it to the paragraph, which I subjoin.

That the coxcomb, and the drunkard, and the swindler, should object to have themselves painted at full length, with all their faults and

blemishes, is not at all to be wondered at. Like most other characters, they seldom see themselves as other men see them, and consequently are offended with the true picture. The coxcomb is provoked that the qualities on which he piques himself should be treated with levity, and that the multitude should laugh at those airs of self-importance which his fond imagination regards as the first of acquirements. The drunkard is disposed to view himself as an open, generous and fascinating companion—as a man to be sought after and admired—and is grieved to find that when painted in the true light, all men of sense and virtue look upon him with disgust and abhorrence. The swindler, too, has his pretensions to merit: he piques himself on his superior dexterity and abilities, can see no harm in obtaining a little money from the rich and simple, and of course, exclaims against us for exposing him to the gaze of the multitude. That these persons, and others of

a similar description, should complain, is natural enough; but that it should be regarded as an evil that business is decreasing day by day, as stated at some of the offices, on account of what appears in the *Morning Herald* is to us quite astonishing. Is not this the object, that worthy magistrates ought to have in view—to diminish the number of assaults, of riotous and mischievous brawls, and of fraudulent and disgraceful transactions? Is not this a proof that the district over which they preside is more peaceable and virtuous than formerly; and ought they not to rejoice at such a happy change, however it may be accomplished? Ridicule has often given the death-blow to follies and vices which resisted all the attacks of the moralist and divine. Cervantes by the adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho, put an end to knight-errantry in Spain; Butler's *Hudibras* contributed more to the advancement of the royal cause, and the downfall of the pretended Saints, than all the

arguments and eloquence of their opponents; and what could have been so fatal to cant and hypocrisy, in Scotland, as the Holy Fair of Burns? If we are not mistaken, in our time too, ridicule has still its effect, and many a family quarrel and drunken brawl are hushed up for fear of exposure. No magistrate can certainly regret, though his name may not appear so often in the newspapers, or fewer fines go to the king, or fewer fees to his office, that disputes should be amicably arranged at home without his intervention. Nor can he suppose, that because business decreases at his office, it must increase elsewhere.

We have all along been convinced of the beneficial effects of exposing vice, and turning into ridicule the foibles of the coxcomb, the reckless conduct of the drunkard, and the shifts and deceits of the impostor and swindler. Such exposure no doubt creates enemies, but these shall never deter us from pursuing a course which cannot fail to be beneficial to

the community at large. If we were to endeavour to please all those most interested in the charges brought before a magistrate, not a word of police would appear in our paper. This, however, is not our object. Our object is to expose folly and vice in the most effectual manner, and though this may not be agreeable to criminals, or to a few individuals prejudiced against the system, we are convinced that all the virtuous and disinterested part of mankind are on our side.

To J. G. Thwaites Esq.

Editor of the Morning Herald.

24, Opera Colonnade 21st. March 1826,

Mr. J. J. Stockdale, the proprietor and publisher of Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, congratulates the readers and the Editor of the Morning Herald, on the new lights, which have shewn, in the columns of that paper, since the judicial proceedings, respecting those Memoirs. The unequivocal adoption of the

sentiments of the editor and publisher of Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, in the leading article of yesterday's paper, which a lady has just placed in Mr. Stockdale's hands, is creditable to the writer's more comprehensive moral views ; but Mr. Stockdale anticipates that the recantation will be consummated by a public amende honorable for the series of attacks which Mr. Stockdale has sustained from that editor, during the many years before the pressure on himself, caused the removal of the film, which had previously obscured the editor's sight.

The proprietors' object, in both cases, is to make money, *by the exposure of folly and vice, in the most effectual manner*, and, though *this may not be agreeable to criminals, or to a few individuals, prejudiced against the system*, we are convinced that *all the virtuous and disinterested part of mankind are on our side.*

Could there be more unconstitutional

doctrine than that of Eyre? A man has been habitually doing wrong, to another, who, be it observed, either does not feel, or waives his right to punish that wrong: therefore, when that man does right, he shall have no protection. It is not only monstrous in law, but blasphemous against that religion of Christ, which is the basis of that law. When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive, saith Ezekiel, and it is placed at the head of our liturgy. Aye, but he shall neither save his body, nor his goods, adds Judge Eyre!!

I differ from Mr. Brougham's assertion that the question of right is open. Where a statute exists, those who are invested with judicial powers, have only to administer the statute, as it stands, and their authority is limited to that alone—thus far shall ye go, and no farther. The judges' opinions are

wholly out of place, and all, without exception, calculated to divert the argument, from its direct, and only legitimate channel. It would be very well to talk of common sense being the foundation of common law, abstractedly ; but it is altogether misapplied, in regard to existing statutes, which, even when they run counter to common sense, until repealed, must be acted upon ; but, in the present case, common sense lies altogether on the side of the statute, and, by deviating from it, the most positive encouragement is given to theft, the character of which is not improved, according to the arguments used on the other side, by such thefts disseminating poison, in the widest, and the most objectionable possible manner. By the present decision, the legal proprietor not only sustains an injury, but the thief is, actually protected, and encouraged to proceed, in his vicious course.

If I keep pigs, and other foul and dangerous

animals, in such a state as to be a nuisance to the neighbourhood, which does not, however, choose to put it down, will the law authorise a parcel of vagabonds, the scum of the earth, who presume on their contemptible situations in life, not only to break in and steal these alleged nuisances, but, actually diffuse them still wider, by multiplying, and keeping them for their private advantage?

It is exercising a power beyond the law to pronounce the *Memoirs* libellous. Why do not the parties, said to be libelled, prosecute? Simply, because they know that they have not been libelled. That part of the work, which a jury, however erroneously, decided to be a libel, having been expunged, or according to Mr. Justice Bayley, its *maculæ* having been taken away, what remains unpugned consists of the *immaculæ*, and which, therefore, has a right to the protection of the law, under every copy-right act.

I contend, still further, that *maculæ* or im-

maculæ, it still maintains its property. If I am legally liable for the offence, you may convict me of publishing the maculæ; but, when another steals the work and publishes it, he ought to be punished, first, for the theft, and afterwards for the maculate libel: while, strange to say, he is legally justified in his theft, and not punished even for the recorded libel, which he continues to publish!

If I have French lace, or any other contraband article, say even the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, can a pickpocket be justified for stealing it from my person? Will he not be punishable for having committed the crime of picking my pocket, of whatever it might happen to contain? The crime depends on the act, and *quo animo*, not on any value, real or supposed!

I can tell Mr. Justice Holroyd that it is infinitely less dangerous to suffer anomalies in the statute-laws, than to permit even the judges to throw the whole code into confusion

by substituting their very, very fallible, and possibly not unbiassed opinions, for the statute-law.

It is ludicrous to see the decisions of a Talbot, a Thurlow, a Kenyon, an Ellenborough and an Eldon, set aside by an *Abbot*, or even by the *Best* of this day! Perhaps, consistency with themselves, were more essential to their judicial fame, than the attempt to wield the power of Archimedes, without, like him, previously obtaining a foundation, whereon to fix it! It is clear that even judges may be influenced by clamour, by party, or private feelings, or by a disposition to curry favour, especially if, by so doing, they afford protection to themselves and their connections at the same time, or by undiscovered circumstances. In the present case, every thing may be supposed, from the wide extent of what they term mischievous immorality; but which I consider the most effective and beneficial morality.

The Bishop of Clogher was guilty of a tremendous crime, of the worst description. Is it immoral to hold up even him, as an example to the rest of my countrymen? Should we not rather say the higher the rank of the criminal, the blacker his offences, and the more conspicuous his example? Are these times when we must not speak of Hell, to ears polite?

Were there indecencies in some part of the work, how it could affect those parts, which were the reverse, unless a special statute enacted that forfeiture, as in the case of contraband articles, the carriage and horses, conveying them, become the property of the captors, I am yet to learn.

If smuggled silks be discovered in my warehouse, they may be seized; but I am not to be deprived of the lawful contents of my warehouse, on the dicta of the judges: and even, were it so, smuggling is interdicted, by a special statute, from which no analogy of

reasoning is countenanced by the law, as, from a most proper jealousy, it always assigns to it a mere, literal construction, which makes, informations so liable to be quashed, owing to the slightest deviations.

On the indecent and immoral subjects of prostitution, fornication, and perhaps adultery, or all three, aggravated into one, with parental pandership to boot, let me ask a question : On the 1st of March, at the Marylebone Police Office, Mr. Rawlinson thus addressed a captain in the navy—And do you conceive it to be creditable, to one, holding his Majesty's commission, to enter a court of justice, and publicly avow that he has been keeping a young woman, in prostitution, in the same house with her father and mother ? The captain did not conceive he had done any thing wrong. Yet it does not appear that the invaluable magistrate, Mr. Rawlinson, felt authorized to take any step, under even these aggravated circumstances, and the parties

withdrew together. The magistrate clearly wanted the power, rather than the will to punish this flagrant depravity. If there is no legal punishment assigned for this extreme case, what reliance ought to be placed on, sanctified, judicial vapouring respecting Harriette Wilson's Memoirs?

George Price, Esq. barrister of the Temple, was charged, at Bow Street, with having, at twelve o'clock, on Thursday night, 10th of March, behaved indecently to two ladies, in Maiden Lane.

Mr. Minshull, after turning to the Vagrant-Act, observed that the offence, therein referred to, was distinctly stated to be, with intent to insult a female. I only instance this for the sake of making an observation. The offender was discharged; he having been intoxicated, at the time; though no mention is made of his being fined for that lesser offence!

The Vagrant-Act seems only to have contemplated the feelings of the female, in this

part of it. I would ask whether the indecent exposure of a man's person, were not more revolting to a male than to a female? How happened Mr. Minshull not to make a common law, on the basis of common sense, and common justice, on this occasion, particularly as he had the dicta of the Lord Chief Justice and judges of the King's Bench, to back him!

Mr. Justice Littledale resorts to a most paltry, and special-pleading subterfuge to justify his concurrence with his learned brothers in law, by asserting that the statute of Anne qualifies the protection of copy-right as applying only to works for the encouragement of learning. That and every other statute, on that head, is unqualified, and not only extends to works for the encouragement of learning; but specifies the mode of such encouragement, which the learned judge wholly omits, to be, by securing the copies and copy-right of printed books, to the authors of

books, or their assigns. It should also be observed that the act is peremptory, in securing copy-rights, without any qualification, whatever, as to their contents being good or bad, moral or immoral! Were not this the case, the legislature must have constituted the judges, if not the jury, a conclave of reviewers, which would hold a perpetual star-chamber censorship, over the press, in the very teeth of the statute-law of the land. Suppose I were to publish a new grammar, wholly different in plan, and in contents, to all which have preceded it, and, professedly, to facilitate learning: are the judges to say that this work, being ignorant, and calculated to impede learning, shall not have its copy-right protected? The author, of course, thinks his bantling better than others. If the public differ from him, his book will sink into oblivion, or contempt: but not even the king's justices, nor king's sergeants will be so hardy as to deny the author's property to

his grammar ! Besides, when it comes to the test, the stupid, prosing grammar, may discourage learning, for want of amusement to entice learners on, while the Memoirs, the redoubted, historical Memoirs enable their readers to acquire knowledge of the society of the day, at smaller expense, and little comparative risk, with the certainty that no one, from natural anxiety to ascertain how the precepts agree with the examples of mammas, papas, and other relations and friends, and acquaintances, will lay down the book, from its dulness, when it have, once, been taken up.

If I have no property in this copy-right, how can the Lord Chancellor, grant an injunction to suppress letters, which, being of an immoral tendency, cannot be property ? Yet it is only on the ground that they are the sworn property of the complainant, that injunctions have ever been granted. What is

to come of all the former injunctions of the Court of Chancery ?

As to the principle of omission, the remainder of the sentence might have been to dance. Now, suppose books were printed to teach dancing, the waltz, and shawl and pillow dances, which are far from equivocal in their intimations, or the Christmas gambols of blind man's buff, and hunt the slipper, which have sometimes been productive of funny situations, would the waltz, and shawl-dance-parts, being practised by the higher orders, be protected, and the other, being more among the lower ranks, denounced ? It would, indeed, accord with the morbid disposition, which prevails, to restrict the amusements of the bulk of the people ; but it might neither be legal, nor equitable.

Dancing, generally, partakes of an amatory character ; but, as for the waltz, it is, most unequivocally, Cyprian, Paphyian, or Venereal.

I would further ask which person, morally, is most deserving of legal protection, he who, insidiously, introduces occasional, offensive passages, into works, from whose ostensible nature, no such suspicion could enter any one's mind, or he who selects the maculæ of all, and honestly announces the real character of his publication? The one is silently, and jesuitically furthering the objects of the illuminati, and the most dangerous sects, which have embroiled and demoralized nations, and the other will be encouraged only by the most hardened of sinners!

How fraught with morality, religion, and legal originality, is the dictum of the learned Lord Chief Justice, that indecency, immorality, and irreligion, scattered through works which profess the reverse, do not vitiate their copy-right, while this, because it professes to be the **Memoirs** of Harriette Wilson, shall not be protected! The first instil poison, under the guise of, perhaps, sacred instruc-

tion ; the latter, at the worst, can only delude to what is good, all the reverse being anticipated by the reader. It reminds me of a young Irish lady, who, wishing to hear some details, which the narrator thought too prurient, for a delicate female, exclaimed, you may say any thing to me, if you wrap it up !

Are the medicinal properties of reptiles, insects, and plants rejected, because they also contain poison ? Do we not, on the contrary, extract the sanative, and discard the deleterious particles, or possibly, by the very process of extracting the antidote, destroy the bane ? Do not the wasp and the spider draw poison, from the very flowers, whence bees derive their honey ? So is it with man. The mind of one is bent on mischief, and, in such a frame of mind, as that, with which the devil quotes Scripture, he will produce mischief from every thing.

Impurity, like jealousy, makes the very meat it feeds on, and, as I have already shewn,

the most sacred matters may become impure, to a depraved mind. Again, for instance, the notices at some seminaries, viz. the use of the globes, by the first masters ! Medio tuissimus, ibis.—But it would be endless to adduce examples.

Those who give themselves up to open indulgences, and open disregard of character, are not the person, whose example is most mischievous, in corrupting society. The poison, without antidote, is communicated, under the veil of delicacy, propriety, tenderness, affection, beauty, sanctity, and all the charms of loveliness. This is the germ, this the fermenter of the corruption of religion, morality, and virtue. The spear of Ithuriel, the irresistible power of truth, alone can pierce the gloom. The sun of light dispels the illusive charm ; the mist dissolves, and the spots appear confessed, in all their ugliness. The mere hope of deception expires ; and the

consciousness that the machinations of the wicked are known, destroys their ability to continue to practise them. Yet this radiant light of truth, is what the judges themselves are stretching their powers, to extinguish.

Whether Judge Bayley be the original, or the plagiarist, respecting the discourse on the maculæ, and immaculæ, I know not; but I know that a long time since Mr. Bowdler published an edition of Shakespeare, deprived of its maculæ, and is now engaged in an edition of the sad, but amusing and witty Rabelais, without its maculæ, which, by the bye, the learned and worthy Mr. Archdeacon Nares proposed to me, by letter, about fifteen years ago. Had the pirates, following these praise-worthy examples, republished Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, thus shorn, or distilled, or castrated, maculate as is the latter expression, they might have pleaded purity of motive; though I am so old fashioned as to think that there is very little virtue in stealing my neigh-

bour's property, even though I build churches with its produce !

The judges were completely staggered by the powerful manner, in which Mr. Brougham argued that, if a literary work is not entitled to the protection of the law, because it contains occasional passages of an immoral, or irreligious tendency, there is scarcely a work, in the whole range, either of ancient, or modern, especially of ancient literature, which could claim that protection. The bench, finally gave up this position, as untenable ; but then, says my Lord Chief Justice Abbott, this work, not merely contains occasional examples of irreligion and indecency ; but it professes to be, and it is the Memoirs of a common courtesan.

Well, most learned Theban, and are there not many works, similarly circumstanced, on which, even thou darest not fix thy Gothic paw, for their destruction ?

To begin with the Scriptures, which, the

second collect in advent says, were written for our learning, the history of Sarai and Hagar, Ruth, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Sodom and Gomorrah, Lot and his daughters, Jezabel, Solomon, David and Bathsheba, Sampson and Dalilah, Susannah and the elders, Herodias, the discourse on being born again, and the woman taken in adultery, may now be questioned as to their effects.

Leaving untouched, the Fathers, not because they are without their vulnerable parts, I will mention, *en passant*, that the heathen mythology, with Homer, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Terence, and indeed nearly all the classics of the dead languages, taught in our universities and schools, public and private, cannot stand before these righteous judges, these very Daniels come to judgment, for an instant!

As to travellers, I cannot do better than refer to the specimens, premising for the maculacy of many details, to Little's Beauty, Marriage Ceremonies, and Intercourse of the

Sexes, in all Nations. Yet I must particularise Bruce, for his Abyssinian Feast ; Cook, whose voyages were published at the expense of our own most moral, of all moral governments ; Dr. Clarke, for his researches sacred, and, alas ! profane too, in the Holy Land and other parts ; and, for the sake of special example, the late Missionary Voyages to the South Seas !

Poets, dramatists, and novelists are gone out of the way altogether : from Chaucer, to Byron, there is none good, no not one. Of the first, I shall only instance, from our early favourite Spenser, Helenore's Delicious Nights, with the Satyrs, and the poet laureate, Southey's blasphemous and obscene prueriency, on the Incarnation. A propos, he wrote Memoirs of that glory of our country, Nelson ; and, if he were a faithful biographer, which I do not pretend to say, it must contain some rich scenes with Lady Hamilton : and even

the methodist, and other sectarian hymn-books, must all be, hermetically sealed.

On the second class, I scarcely dare touch. They are too bad. Farewell Shakspeare, and alack ! for the London prentices, George Barnwell must be enacted no more. How extraordinary ! George Barnwell, the Beggars' Opera, Bishop Hoadley's son, Otway, Sheridan, and even Shakspeare keep the stage, and Harriette Wilson is proscribed by the judges ! The best judges, in course ! !

Novelists take their stations, at least, passibus equis. What is that master-piece of wit and humour, Gil Blas, but the history of a notorious rogue and vagabond ; one, who begins by swindling his relations ; who, next joins a band of robbers ; who, afterwards, by the basest cringing and servility, arrives at political importance, and makes all the offices, in the state, a matter of mercenary barter ; and, at length, is punished for his

crimes by obtaining a patent of nobility, and being settled in opulence and happiness!

It is not my present intention to enquire into the causes of the rise of a Jersey, a McMahon, a Knighton, a Conyngham, or even a Perceval, the purest and ablest of ministers and men, though I believe that one only lives, who knows so well:

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up the soul;

but I will yet ask is Harriette Wilson a less meritorious person than the author of *Gil Blas*? Again, did the learned judges ever read the adventures of Guzman d'Alfranche, the Spanish rogue? Did they ever read *Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, the master-piece of Smollett, at least in serious writing? A common gamester and impostor, whose crimes are too many to enumerate, and who is punished for them, in a way very similar to *Gil Blas*? Does the detail of such atrocities, necessarily imply

approbation of them? Is not the effect of Gil Blas to expose the profligacy of the state of society, in all ranks, in Spain, during the period to which it refers; and is not that of Harriette Wilson, in like manner, to show the cold-blooded licentiousness, the debauchery, and the meanness of the higher ranks, in England, at this moment?

The Liliputians, it will be recollected, were one of those highly refined races, who would have been more duly appreciated, by our justices of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, than by our Lord Chancellor, abuse him who may!

The palace was on fire, and poor Gulliver brought himself into jeopardy, by bringing into play, the only engine, he could lay his hands upon, to extinguish the flames. *Maculæ* again, by Jupiter! Aye, and from the pen of a dean, and of such a dean, as does not grace these degenerate days. I caution every young, female reader, who may

chance to get a sight of this passage, not to look into Gulliver's Travels, for its explanation, lest their delicacy should sustain a shock.

Few readers, of either sex, will blush to acknowledge their acquaintance with Marmontel, Sterne, and Richardson: Yet there is not one of them who does not leave Harriette Wilson very far behind. *Clarissa*, *Pamela*, and *Miss Byron*, as to the details of their situations, are far worse than Harriette; and *Fielding*, who, by the bye, was a justice of the peace, beats her hollow, in his scenes with *Molly Seagrim*, *Lady Bellaston*, and *Amelia*, and, *exempli gratiâ*, I must quote the Scotch novelist, because he obtained a baronetcy in honour of his works.

Peveril of the Peak, vol. 1. p. 179. *Mistress Deborah* has been pleased to carry the children, every morning, to that place; and it has so happened that she has often met the major, as they call him, there, in his walks; for he

can walk about now, like other folks ; and I warrant you, she hath not been the worse of the meeting ; one way, at least, for she hath bought a new hood, might serve yourself, Madam ; but, whether she hath had any thing in hand, besides a piece of money, no doubt your ladyship is best judge.

Don Quixotte is as bad, or worse than Tom Jones ! A lady told me, the other day, that she was sure it was written with no other intention than to teach young men to make fools of themselves ; and, as to women, it was not fit for them to read !

I have neither time nor space to enlarge more on these, only therefore, after naming Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the Rev. Mr. Maturin's Garter-Scene, at Werke Castle, between Edward and the Countess of Salisbury, I shall conclude with Letitia Matilda Hawkins, who says that she would pit Harriot Stuart, by Dr. Johnson's favourite Charlotte Lennox, against any she has known !

The life of Catharine II. employed the pens of the Reverends Dr. Hunter and Mr. Tooke, who, with Archdeacon Coxe, should surely be unfrocked, and all such histories and historians be prohibited! The Count de Grammont's celebrated Memoirs, to illustrate which, our collectors have gone to such expense, for illustrative portraits, reminds me that, in a pension-list of Charles II. it appears that Sir Thomas Williams, king's chemist, and member of Weobley, has got £40,000 by making provocatives, &c.!!! It is not my intention to investigate our present pension-list too closely. Indeed, however great the drawback to posterity, it will be most particularly unsafe for any historian to undertake the histories of George III. and IV. unless they either do so, under the immediate superintendence of the judges, or sacrifice their own fame, by suppressing the most instructive occurrences of those eventful times.

Who shall be historian of Louis XIV. if he must suppress all mention of the titled pimps, and harlots, who followed the train of that chariot, in which the monarch personified the god of day, emulated, if not surpassed by the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, under the Third and Fourth Georges ?

Gibbon, and some others have resorted to the learned languages for the concealment of too pruiient facts ; but, if Dryden, Pope, Moore, or even William Gifford give translations, where is the use of the veil ? I dare say that the Irish girl, before mentioned, had been tutored by Gibbon, or one of his ancestors or descendants. The dear girl thirsted for knowledge, and, when that is the case, it will be acquired, by hook or by crook, if it exist, any where, so that the judges' plan of prevention, by crushing it, in embryo, is the only safe one. What is embryo, some inquisitive descendant of Eve, will ask • so down

with all dictionaries, I say ! What a judge the incendiary of the library of Alexandria, or even Thais herself, if she did not survive to become an old woman, might have made !

The Harleian Miscellany, and Transactions of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies must be declared superlatively infamous, and the study of botany, the delight of females, must be prohibited by the heaviest penalties of the law—no trials for crim. con., adultery, and impotency, nor for any other crime, must be divulged from all our courts of law, which, from the proceedings of Mary Ann Clarke, Queen Caroline, Earl of Portsmouth, Long Wellesley, the Marquess of Westmeath, and hundreds more, are infinitely more meretricious, and one main stay of our constitution must be subverted.

Painting, statuary, and almost all our arts and sciences must be subjected to a star-chamber investigation, or, who shall dare to estimate their consequences, on legal minds?

Milton indeed says, but he is too bold and daring,

Evil, into the mind of God, or man,
May go and come, so unapproved, and leave
No stain behind—

Still, should the imagination run riot, who shall say that it may not deposit its eggs, though invisible to our opaque view. Now suppose an enquiry is made after the health of some interesting infants, and thoughts should intrude, as to the process of generation! Aye, there's the rub. Yet Sir Joshua Reynolds wished that every child were taught to draw, till the human figure might be as familiar, as the letter A, and Letitia Matilda Hawkins says the wish does him infinite honour! Oh! fye, Miss, fye!!

One point has, hitherto, been overlooked by our magistrates, which I think far, in importance, surpassing the destruction of the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, or even of her publisher himself, that is the maculæ of

gazetteers, and of the places which furnish some of the names. I had only intended to mention one, for the sake of example. Maidenhead Bridge, Maidenhead thicket, and then, as a sequitur, Maidenhead itself! but really Middlesex might as well be called hermaprodite, unless it be another name for the former.

This again reminds me of a queer sign, in the New Road, at the top of Gray's Inn Lane. It is the Maidenhead, a public house, or tavern, which must, once in every year, be regularly before an assembly of magistrates, and, year after year, it exists, with their approbation, and, in defiance of the same Society for the Suppression of Vice, of which Sir Charles Abbott and Mr. Scarlett are, doubtless, members, which wrote to Sir Charles Cockerell to take down the alto relievo, from the front of his house, at Hyde Park Corner, in Piccadilly! Hence again arises another thought—how is it that the most

notorious brothels, have regular, annual licences, the Key, of course, in point of fashion, at their head?

Where will a chain of ideas, once excited, an equivocal word that, end! The Key-brothel, was probably so named, from the patients it sends to the Lock; or, still more probably, the Lock was originated from the Key! Reforms are dangerous; but, the foot once set in them, they must proceed, though the king and heir apparent be concerned. The Lock, Foundling, Asylums, Refuges, Magdalen, and Philanthropic, are all hospitals, filled, or nearly so, by fornication, adultery, and other crimes: down with them all! Lay the axe to the root! Rejoice, ye Burdetts, and Waithmans, and Woods, and Cobbetts, and Hunts, and all reformers! See the consequences of a Whig-counsellor getting the ear of a judge! What has never succeeded, since the era of the glorious Revolution of 1688, in spite of long

pulls, and strong pulls, and pulls altogether, has been effected by a bye-blow, from James Scarlett, Esq. M. P. though a king's counsel, and a Whig! A peaceable man too, unless when he stands on privileged ground, and then he fires away, as if our army and navy were all cowards, and fools to him!

To recur to an old argument, if the object of the judges is to suppress the book, then, as has been abundantly proved, in this instance, they take exactly that course, which is certain not to effect their purpose. A forbidden book, says Lord Bacon, is thought to be a certain spark of truth, which flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.

The ancient censorship of the press was not more odious and intolerable than the power now exercised by the judges—men whose duty it is only to expound the law to the jury; but who have usurped the authority of the latter, and taken upon themselves to decide upon the facts. Why not allow the

case to go to the jury, to say whether the work is of the nature asserted. Are twelve intelligent and impartial persons more likely to support the cause of indecency or impiety, than Sir Charles Abbott or Sir William Draper Best ?

If it come to prohibitorying, says Milton in his speech on the liberty of the press, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself, whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors ? And what do they vainly tell us of new opinions, when this very opinion, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at a distance.

This is the opinion of Milton ; and was Milton, whom a living poet has emphatically termed the holiest of men likely to advo-

cate a principle, which would tend to the propagation of immorality or irreligion? or granting, as I suppose will be granted, that his intentions were good, was he more likely to be mistaken in his views of the subject than my lords the kings justices?

It is enough for me to say, humbly adopting the language of the Lord Chief Justice Abbott, that a right, even to such a work, if legal, and legally demanded, ought to be legally protected, and that it would be a great disgrace to a court of law, if it could, for a moment, hesitate to grant such protection!

A man, like a nation, is never certain of his rights, until he can command them, and that such is my case, I trust that I shall soon be able to convince the most sceptical.

There is an ideal dignity, however painful in being of sufficient importance, to be an object of oppression, to those who may have the power,

In Kyd's Spanish tragedy, is a dialogue not quite inapposite to my situation. It runs thus :—

Isabella. What would you have good fellow ?

Painter. Justice, Madam.

Hieronimo. Oh ! ambitious fellow !

Wouldst thou have that, that lives not in in the world ?

Why all the undelved mines can never buy an ounce of Justice ;

It is a jewel so inestimable.

I tell thee

God has engross'd all justice, in his hand,

And there is none but what doth come from him.

The equal distribution of justice has long been the boast of the constitution. Has justice been equally distributed to me ? If not, What has occurred to prevent it ?

Look on this picture, and on this, and then, as Horne Tooke says, if one should be allowed

to hang in your library, declare, on your honour, where the other should be hung?

I am,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most undeferential servant,

JOHN JOS. STOCKDALE

All fools day, 1st April 1826.

P. S. Confident that you will all take the earliest opportunity of making me every practicable reparation, for wrongs, of which, you have, unwittingly been the instruments, I beg to intimate that opportunity offers in affording, at the same time, me, and the fine arts, your individual patronage.

The magnificent, national picture, of the Redemption of Coventry, by Godiva, Countess of Leicester, is now exhibiting, at No. 24, Royal Arcade, Pall Mall. The price of Admission is only one shilling each, and, to accommodate your time, which is

wholly occupied throughout the day, the exhibition will not be closed till ten o'clock, at night.

HARRIETTE WILSON'S

MEMOIRS

OF HERSELF AND OTHERS.

Before I enter on this, my fifth volume, it would, perhaps, be no more than *selon les règles* to thank the public for kind patronage: but then I am a woman of very irregular habits, to say the best of me. Still, one must bless something, when one gets money, it is such a scarce commodity. I will, therefore, e'en thank, and bless my stars, that I am such an entertaining little woman; or rather that my quondam friends have afforded me such excellent materials to work upon; and if, among my kind enemies, for they, now, pay

better than my friends, I can get my new carriage out, I shall be ten fold gayer, and more lively, than ever.

However, it is to that dear sagacious doctorial editor, of The New Times, or whoever he may be, possibly indoctorial, who, in his flaming paragraph, so tickled up the young ladies' curiosity, that I owe my best acknowledgments. Perhaps, those delicate, and sweetly interesting creatures never ought to have read my book ; and, most probably, but for him, would not have dreamed of doing so. I am certainly indebted to him, for the sale of, at least, four editions. The Lord have mercy on his soul ! as that most gentlemanly sensible, impressive-looking youth, the Recorder, says, at the old Bailey. After all, now I think on it, Denman is not recorder : he is only common serjeant. Aye, but he will be, some day, though, if he outlives Mr. Knowleys, so that will do. I cannot keep too nicely, to such trifles.

But, seriously, reading my book, or Gil Blas, or any other work, if such there be, of the like amusing, and authentic nature, can, I presume, injure the morals of no young lady; because there can be little, or no morality left, in her composition, when she peruses a forbidden work, and all mammas forbid mine, of course, though they cannot do other than read it themselves, if it be only, for the purpose of ascertaining that its perusal should be prohibited to their darling daughters! *Jamais, fille chaste, n'a lu de Romans*, says Jean Jacques Rousseau, *et mon ouvrage, comme la nouvelle Héloïse, a un titre assez décidé.* Celle qui, malgré tout ce qu'on en dit, en osera lire, une, seule page, est une fille perdue; mais, qu'elle n'impute point sa perte, à ce livre! Le mal était fait d'avance.

These editors are tremendous, in their morality, and their abuse of our sex hath nerve in it. I remember, the editor of the Morning Post was eloquent, *comme on est, à Billins-*

gate, in his abuse of her late majesty, queen Caroline. Judge not, lest ye be judged!

This passage, in Scripture, must have made a deep impression on the good man, who loaded a poor, foolish, weak queen, the tender, the beloved mother of his Majesty's lost, only daughter, with the coarsest, and most degrading epithets, such as a gentleman would scorn to make use of, towards the lowest menial, male or female, and this, from the mistaken idea that, by assisting to break the heart of her Majesty, he should obtain favour from a certain party, whose minion he is! Was it just or fair to fill whole columns with exaggerated censure of a fellow creature's failings, without bringing forward, to weigh in the ballance, her generous charities, kind, benevolent attention to her servants, affection for her daughter, and various other virtues, for which she was beloved?

I am not, as some of my readers will, I know, remark, for some of them are very ill-

natured, to me, the advocate of her late Majesty, from sympathy ; for all, who know any thing about me, must admit that I abhor low society, and that, instead of being satisfied with that of my equals, I have ever sought the highest and best ; and, when that was not to be obtained, I have submitted to pass days, weeks, and months, in perfect solitude.

I hated, and condemned the queen's taste for low society ; but, still, I were less than woman, had I not felt, and expressed, at the time, my disgust and abhorrence of the editor of such unmanly, and cruel abuse of a defenceless female, and a foreigner to boot, in spite of Stockdale's opinion of his *bon hommie*. But any man of letters may be the editor of a newspaper ! Nothing is required, besides a certain flow of language. With that Probert might have turned editor, and, as to the murderer, Thurtell, he would : but that there was, perhaps, a degree of independent candour, about the ruffian's character, which

made him just as much too good, to undertake that trade. It is a hireling sort of employment. I know two men, who took it up, at last, when every other trick had been exhausted. I remember, too, what Lord Lowther said to me, one day, about the editor of some paper, The Courier, I think it was, to whom he often made an early visit, on his way to the Treasury, of a morning. It was, most probably his friend Street; but, as Lowther dabbles with all the editors, of all the papers, *et pour cause*, as Amy says, so it is impossible to state whether it was the Times-serving man, or The Post, Post obit-man, rather, for the pith and cogency of his eloquence is all to come, or some other. One of them, however, his lordship surprised, hard at work with his pen, at eight o'clock in the morning.

For the love of heaven, my lord, exclaimed the editor, in question, interrupting his lordship, who was beginning to chatter to him, as

usual, and, without his raising his head, from his manuscript, For the love of heaven, my lord, don't interrupt me, at this critical moment. I am, you see, obliged to come it strong, just here. Morality, my lord! Two whole columns of it must come in, to morrow. I had a long string of palaver, in my head, and should have come it stronger than ever, I did, in my life, before, if you had not interrupted me. Can you oblige me with any thing moral, to whip in, just here? Virtue you know, my lord, is what takes on these occasions!

Lord Lowther denied having any knowledge, whatever, about such matters, had not time to study human nature; so wished him good morning.

Here is another of Harriette Wilson's lies, exclaim Londonderry, and his chère amie, in a breath, and the utmost, I can do, in my own defence, is to refer them to that excellent,

high bred nobleman, with the dirty combs, and brushes, Lord Lowther.

Perhaps, there does not exist a more immoral, profligate set of men than the editors, and connections of London newspapers: To peruse their high flown sentiments of religion, morality, and propriety, they might be thought angels ; but, raise the veil, and they will be found incarnate devils, of which astounding proofs may be adduced, when they least expect it.

Now, to proceed with something like regularity ; for really the polite editor of John Bull, does me no more than justice, when he accuses me of sad, and woeful negligences, such as miscalling knights of the Bath, dukes, &c. But those mushrooms, or toadstools, a much better name than toad-eaters, shoot up so very fast, that the changes would have puzzled both me and my readers. After all, what is there, in a name ? Arthur Wellesley,

Lord Wellington, Marquis of ditto, Duke of ditto, I find exactly the same thing, for nothing could be worse than he was, from the beginning, to the end of the chapter.

I know not how it happened that I did not break my heart, when Londonderry married Lady Emily Vane Tempest. I strove to be pathetic too, and was most successful, one rainy Sunday. On that occasion, I declared, to my old friend, Lord Headfort, who always came to me on the Sabbath day, to avoid Mrs. Massey's weekly sermon, that I was overcome with despair, and must go to the masquerade, the next evening, to raise my spirits.

Do, my dear, said Headfort; although I can't say you look at all ill.

Oh! that's nothing. My grief, for elderly gentlemen, is always inward. I was so bad, last night, I was afraid, I should have been obliged to have had recourse to a little of Amy's woe-stuff, as she calls it.

What is that pray? a little geneva

Oh no. That, Amy calls, light as air. Cogniac is her woe-stuff!

You don't mean to say that Amy gets tipsy? said Headfort, laughing.

Oh no! She has none of Doctor Bain's signs on her.

What were they?

Why, he, always said there were two things, a drunken woman could do, which a mere occasional dabbler, in woe-stuff, never, by any single chance, accomplished.

Go on.

First, swallowing spirits before dinner. Secondly, swallowing them neat, at any time. This last, was a very masculine habit; but, as to Amy, she is contented with a large, warm tumbler, of woe-stuff, mixed with water and sugar, even, in such desperate cases, as when one of her lovers have admired me, or dared to accuse her of infidelity!

Apropos of Amy, although I was just going to tell all about the masquerade; but you

shall, hear, first, how barbarously Amy used the Honourable Berkeley Paget, with whom she lived, en famille, for several years, during which, she would often bring him, to visit me.

Is he not an adorable creature ? she would say, kissing him, and taking all sorts of liberties with him, before my face : and then she would, suddenly, snatch his portrait, from her bosom, where it was, suspended by a long, gold chain, and kiss it, for ten minutes together : or she would take solemn oaths, in the face of heaven, never to have another man, while she breathed ; but Amy's vows were such, as, Shakspeare would call, vows made in wine. Amy's, however, were generally, made in woe-stuff,

See how deliciously short-sighted he is !! would she add, in a phrenzy of delight, seeing Berkeley Paget stick his glass to his eye, and keep it there, without holding it, in order to distinguish my features, across the table.

We all have strange fancies, and Amy's caprice was for short-sightedness. Her first lover, Trench, could not distinguish persons across a street, or the Opera-house, without a glass. Sydenham, dear Sydenham ! was blinder still ; but Paget, next to that high order of being, who is stone blind, was nearest perfection ! Paget, openly, forsook his wife, to live with Amy ; and, if ever he happened to call on that lady, of a morning, merely to enquire after the health of his children, Amy was furious.

I cannot endure it, she would say. I am, continually, finding out this sly wretch, and I know, for a certain fact, though the deceiver denies it, that he was, in his wife's carriage, last Thursday morning, for nearly twenty minutes !

Where does such a man expect to go to ? I asked.

At last, a relation of Berkeley Paget's, his mother I think it was, happened to be on her

death-bed, when she, as Amy told me, extorted a solemn promise, from her son, never to visit that shocking woman Amy, again, as long as he lived; but leave her to her woe, and her woe-stuff. He promised: how then could he help himself? Having, with tearful eyes, mustered up courage, to acquaint Amy that their separation must immediately, take place, Amy flew into a horrible passion, and was seized with a desperate sort of a fit, or rather, all the blood, in her body, appeared to have taken a march towards her brain. She raved, and tore her hair, and her neck and head were much swollen. In short, she was past woe-stuff, and the Hon. Berkeley Paget sent off an express, to Doctor Bree, of Hanover Square.

Doctor Bree is the liver-doctor, who, contrary to Doctor Nevinson's opinion, would, once, have made me swallow much mercury, to cure my liver. He has been very handsome, and now, at sixty, possesses a fine, calm, sensible

countenance. He is not a warm-hearted man, perhaps ; but, I think him friendly, honorable, and gentlemanly, without saying, or shamming sentimental. He attended me, with steady perseverance, during several weeks, and exerted all his talents to be of use to me. He was in ill health, at the time, and he refused to take a single fee. Not, said Doctor Bree, that I am in love with you, not, either, that I think you too poor to pay me ; but I have pleasure in trying to prove my respect and friendship to you ; because you are such a good, affectionate creature, and I so highly, admire your talents.

This I repeat, not in praise of myself, but to do justice to Doctor Bree, whom I met, for the first time, at the death-bed of my dear mother.

Doctor Bree found Amy seriously ill, although she had been in perfect health, a few hours before.

This, said Paget, in confidence, to Doctor

Bree, is a case of mind. Medicine, I fear, can do but little.

Nevertheless, Dr. Bree, by bleeding, or opium, I forget which, did continue to be of service to Amy, whose cure was completed by Paget !

The blessed, good lady is at rest, said that honourable gentleman, and, since I see, your death will be the inevitable consequence of my leaving you, I hereby promise, and re-swear once more, to remain with you for ever, so re-help me God ! and then they signed and sealed, practically, and, the next morning, Doctor Bree found Amy just as gay, and as brilliant, as if nothing had been the matter.

The good man, fancying he should make himself, unusually, pleasing, and agreeable, to my sister, began talking, to her, about my being such an affectionate daughter, and spoke of the beautiful letter, I had written, to him, imploring that he would take care of my

mother, and which he had shown to his own daughters, as a model of what was most affecting, simple, and beautiful.

This was too much for Amy's nerves ! All her desire to appear amiable gave way ! Bree, in utter astonishment, at her sudden change of manner, hurried into his carriage, and, the next morning, received a note from gentle Amy, stating that his future visits might be dispensed with !

Harmony being, now, restored, Paget's devoted tenderness increased ; but Amy, one fine day, declared that he looked like a school-master of Athens, with his long nose, and his spectacles. A little while afterwards, her brother introduced her to a fat man, who was, at least, two degrees shorter sighted, than Paget ! So short, that he could not see, at all, in a strong light, and, I believe, one eye was blind, by day and by night : le moyen de lui resister ?

Amy, being dead-tired of Paget, resolved,

as Lowther's newspaper-man said, to come it strong, this time ; she, therefore, adopted the royal precedent of Henry VIII. and wrote to Paget, declaring that her conscience would, no longer, permit her to do the Hon. Mrs. Paget so much wrong ! Paget flew to her, on the wings of anxious, astonished, and disappointed love ; et, le lacquais lui ferma la porte, au nez.

Paget took to his bed, in a solitary, private lodging, at the bottom of Grosvenor Place, in Amy's neighbourhood, and, propping up his back, with two of his landlady's pillows, grasped the pen, with hysterical courage, like Lord Charles Bentinck, to declare that, he was just about to die ! !

It was, now, Amy's turn to sport virtue, and, for this purpose, she addressed a letter, to the Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget, full of pathos, to state that her conscience had been tormenting her, for the last six months, so terribly, that she could endure it no longer,

and that, therefore, painful, and heart-rending as was the sad idea of losing Berkeley Paget, she had resolved to resign him, to his lawful wife. She, further, stated that Paget was lying, on his back, dispatching plaintive ditties to her, every half-hour, in the day, which was the fact, couched in these sort of pathetic terms, some of them, highly poetical !

Ah ! darling Amy ! List to thy well wisher,
Or I'll away to deadly war, and list in the
militia !

He might have been, previously studying the history of Ireland, and hit upon the celebrated correspondence of the rival chieftains, Pay me my tribute, or—

Go to him, continued Amy, in her letter to Mrs. Paget, written in the presence of her bran-new, fat lover, go to him, for the love of mercy !

The Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget loved mercy

right well, and she loved her dear bud, as in duty, bound, still better; and, accordingly, on the wings of connubial love, she flew, and sent up her name, to her truant-lord.

I can't see her, said Paget, tossing, and knocking his landlady's pillows about, just as if they had cost nothing: worse even than Naper! It is impossible. My brain is on fire! I am determined to die, or to go into the militia directly, or I'll cut the treasury. Lowther's in the treasury! D——n the treasury!

Mrs. Paget hoped he would think better of it, and returned again, in the evening. In short, she was indefatigable, a very model for wives, and patience does wonders. Happening to send up her name for about the hundred and forty-seventh time, just at the very critical moment, when the amorous Paget had upset his....., and scalded his foot, with a pan of boiling water, which his valet had handed him, par ordinance, not

du roi, but du médecin, for the purpose of drawing the blood, out of his head, into his toes.

Let her come up, directly ! Desire Mrs. Paget to walk up stairs, said Berkeley, with his scalded foot, in the air, and his eyes turned towards the cieling. Send her up ! Any thing is preferable to this.

Mrs. Paget was in raptures ! She bathed his scalded foot, with rose-water, and cold cream, cut his corns, and superintended the warming of his bed, in which, Don Woeful, or Don Willow was no sooner, comfortably, placed, than, exhausted by Amy's late barbarity, he fell a snoring for his life.

Mrs. Paget, who, by the bye, brought her husband a good dowry, now, threw herself upon her knees, and, after, piously, returning thanks to God, sate down to address a letter, full of the most profoundly grateful thanks, to Amy, for the sacrifice, she had made, to restore to her, her long lost happiness.

The letter was delivered, to Amy, as she sate, most lovingly, on her new favourite, fat man's knee!

Who would not get settled in life, as poor Miss Eliza Higgins used to call matrimony!

Some time, after this, Berkeley Paget called on me.

I should never have left Amy, said he, to me, notwithstanding that, for her sweet sake, I was cut by the Duke of York, and all the world besides. For her, I lived the life of a hermit, and should have continued to do so for ever. However, it is better, as it has turned out. Every thing is for the best. I told the Duke of York that I had returned to Mrs. Paget, and his Royal Highness immediately, invited me to Oatlands.

I wished him joy of a safe, and good deliverance: but poor Amy was much the most to be pitied, she having cut Paget, for a fat gentleman of genius, and, having conceived that a

man of genius must be a man of parts, she was quite disgusted to find family-affairs go on, even worse than in Paget's time!

I am determined not to stand it, said Amy, to my sister Paragon, who repeated it to me. I hate such insignificant nonsense, and make-believe stuff; so I have got a nice, little bed, up stairs, which I mean to enjoy, all to myself: and she handed Paragon, into the room, to show it her. Paragon, though strictly virtuous, indulged in laughing, heartily, at Amy's disappointment.

One night, said Amy, at a concert, when I was, very elegantly, dressed, my new lover looked at me, avec des yeux de feu!

Amy, ma belle! said he, Amy, quelque chose arrivera ce soir!

A la bonne heure, answered Amy, brightening up, and, instead of retiring to her own, solitary, little bed-room, comme de coutume, she, on that hint, entered her lover's chamber,

equipped for conquest, in a beautiful, laced night-cap, avec des rubans, du couleur de rose.

Ah ! ma belle ! said her fat lover, ma charmante belle ! Pourquoi n'étiez vous point venu plus tôt ? Ca était si nice, five minute ago !

Bah ! said Amy, banging the door, after her, and returning back to her own, solitary room again.

I am, at this very moment, when I was going to tell all about the masquerade, interrupted by the arrival of a large packet of news-papers, from London !

Mercy on us ! How they do abuse me, and my valuable work ! Something, there may be, of truth, in what they say ; but, badinage à part, there is very little proof, and very much nonsense in these tirades against me, and they have so little knowledge of human nature !

One says, it is evidently written by a

man. I request this ass to apply to the publisher, for a sight of my manuscript, which he has, already, kindly shown to many, and, if that should not satisfy him, I will scribble a page or two, before his face, in the self-same, manly style, whenever he will honour me with a visit. He might also refer to what my editor says, in his prefatory notice contained in Part 6, or prefixed to the first Volume. Another describes it as too bad, even for a woman; that nouns waltz with substantives, in so little order, that it defies criticism, as it is actually beneath it: and he proceeds, forthwith, to criticise it, with all his might!

Another accuses me of being an ungrateful monster, for quizzing that most amiable man, Wellington, who was so kind to me!

In what pray, my good editor?

He gave you money.

Et vous, Monsieur l'editeur, don't you pay for your dinner, when you can find nobody disposed to invite you to partake of theirs

Did I seek Wellington? And, when he left his amiable wife, to go, sneaking about to old procuresses, to bribe them to seduce me from my retirement, was it not, at last, my poverty, rather than my will, which consented to the nauseous draught? Did, ever, I deceive him, or lead him to hope that I was not, even for him, a *simplesse du Canton de Berne*? and you know our motto, *n'est ce pas, mon aimable editeur*?

Point d'argent, point de Suisse; aye, and point de Suissesse, too, and yet, you say that the man, who, for the reluctant embraces of the poor female, whose circumstances oblige her, either to marry him she hates, or, in other words, to submit legally to what is, not less, the prostitution of her person, is entitled to the poor creature's gratitude, that he was kind enough, from mere selfish motives, to gratify himself, wholly at her expense!

Next, you accuse me of having blackened the character of Mr. Freeling, because I said that,

though very amiable, he was not fashionable. What an easy, charitable soul you are ! Why, I should not wonder if you were to expect me to call you, a fashionable, and elegant man next !

One of the editors declares that all, I write, about Lady Berwick, is a mere effusion of spite against her, for denying me the honour of, her very pleasant society, which was what my loose morals obliged her ladyship to do, 'ince she had, only, just happened to run away with a man, at the ripe age of thirteen and a half, and refused to live with Colonel Berkeley, without a settlement, and, subsequently, by my advice, and assistance, had been made a really virtuous, honest woman of, by Lord Berwick, after he had lived with her six months !

I, too, might have been made a really virtuous and an honest woman of, at the same period, and that by a young, and rather amiable sort of a marquess, with a pros-

pective dukedom, into the bargain, only I thought it wrong; but, since my desire for Lady Berwick's society was so very strong, at least, Mr. Editor, give me credit for downright, Roman virtue, in having refused the means, offered me, by the most Honourable the Marquess of Worcester, to become an equal match, for Sophia's respectability. Surely, I might have hoped, as Marchioness of Worcester, to have been, occasionally, allowed the honour of a seat, at the bottom of Lady Berwick's table, when I behaved myself!

Thus, my kind, editorial friends, you see you cannot have it all your own way, and that my case, like others, may have two sides, though it will be heart-rending to be forced to admit there is any good in me.

I do not dislike Lady Berwick, believe me, or not, *comme bon vous semble*; but, as she has forgotten me, I consider her the same as any other stranger, and choose to force my-

self upon her recollection ; besides, I must, and will live, as long as I can. This book would not have been written, if among all my relations, and noble, and ignoble friends, I could have raised one hundred pounds a year ! Hatred is an exotic to my nature : it is a passion, too feverish, and troublesome for me ; and I am sure that I love, most dearly love, the few, who love me. *Au reste, je m'en mocque bien, ou, je me mocque du reste, car ce sont les même choses.*

Wellington knew what was coming ; so did Fred Lamb ; had they, between them, given me but the means of existence, it might have been all the better for their honour, their good names, and their glory !

One fool of a newspaper-man says that I am spiteful, at finding lovers grow cold. Now it happens, and it is well known too, that the only man I love, and have loved, for the last four years, still loves me. dearly, and never leaves me, and that, so far from wanting

any other, I lead a most retired life, and I never, by any chance, receive male visitors. Why don't the editors stick to facts, themselves, before they accuse me of falsehood, so impertinently ?

Another, with very insignificant malice, declares that he has seen me, in my most youthful days, and, therefore, cannot be imposed upon, by stories, about my having been handsome !

This was a very funny editor, who must have ogled me, in vain, some time or other, else why prose on subjects so irrelevant, just as if the moral of my song were better or worse, from the beauty, or the deformity of my features ! By the bye, I, well, recollect, that the lower class of people was, never, prone to admire me ; in proof of which fact I must refer my readers to a former account of a country-lawyer, and a French dentist.

Smith, the haberdasher, was an exception, it is true ; but then, gratified vanity made him

blind ; because he was the only man, of low degree, with whom I ever made merry.

I, really, had believed, these sort of good folks possessed more sense. I forget which of them, it was, who protested that the letters I have inserted, as my lovers', were all evidently, of my own composition. To this consummate blockhead, I answer, and it is very condescending of me, to do so, by referring him, to the noble writers, themselves, who happen to be all alive and kicking : that is to say, supposing any should, by chance, by bows, or cringes, or abuse of the queen, or by any other dirty means, obtain an introduction to them. In the interim, if the silence of the noble, love-letter-writing lords should not give consent, I have no objection to hand over the originals, in the hope that they may teach these news-mongers a little humility. Really, their pert, pragmatical manner of laying down the law, and affirming such gross, and palpable falsehoods,

just as though they were the very senate, or some of the Forty!! Is twenty disgusting? I don't mean the Forty Thieves, mind. I hate scandal. Perhaps, after all, the style of my lovers' letters may resemble mine; for the noble lords did so doat on me, you know, Mr. Editors, and so sympathize in my tastes, my character, and my feelings, that time, no doubt, may have made them a part of myself!!!

Are not you very much obliged, to me, for getting you out of your scrape, so well?

Now, as to my threats, to extort money, which you complain of, or respecting my threats, as Will Halliday would have said, I can only say you follow a noble example, since the great Wellington, himself, has done as much, in two long, heavy, prosing, threatening letters, addressed to my publisher. All, I ask, is, and I think it is a very fair question, to ask, why don't you take the law? I have threatened a certain merchant, for £50, say

you, and, you should have said £200, and you threaten, yourself, to expose the said threat !

Wellington's threats, of the like nature, are now some months old. Half a dozen, or rather half a hundred more noble lords have threatened, at various dates, lately ; but, you know, I hate dates.

However, Wellington's impotent threats, about taking the law, I dare say, my bookseller will have no objection to show any of you, who will call on him, civilly, after wiping your shoes, and taking off your hats, particularly if you put on a pair of gloves, and try to make him mistake you for gentlemen ! There will be no harm in trying, you know. *N'est ce pas ?* Moreover, I am sure you will succeed, if you make it worth his while ; but, like mine, his motto is point d'argent, point de Suisse.

Now, my answer to every threat, I ever received, has been, irrevocably, another letter, full of much stronger expressions of the

identical kind, with which, they have been pleased to take offence, signed with my name, parish, full address, &c.; when lo! imaginez vous! the threats prove to be all smoke, and the tedious wretches will not prosecute me, for these bug-bear threats of mine, do what I will.

Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch
Only to stick it, in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time, the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd.

And so, gentlemen, are your decrees!
Further, I, hereby, do pledge myself to pay down, in Bank of England notes, the sum of twenty pounds (I cannot afford any more, because I have just bought a new carriage, horses, liveries, &c.), but, twenty pounds will I hand over to your merchant, to Wellington, or to any one of those, who threaten me, with prosecution, for having threatened them, on

the day, when they will deign to produce any threatening letter of mine, addressed to them, in a court of justice!

The merchant, alluded to, must be, I should rather imagine, one Mr. Ricardo, a stock-broker, with very dirty hands, and who bites his nails. Ricardo is a married man, and the father of a family. He, once, rented a furnished house of me, in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, while I went abroad; not for his wife, nor for his family, but for a young girl, under sixteen years of age, with her old mother, who sold, as I presume, her live-stock, in exchange for a comfortable home. I saw, both mother and daughter, safely installed, in my cottage, before I started for Dover; and, soon afterwards arrived, per city stage-coach, this same great Mr. Ricardo, with two pounds of loaf-sugar, under one arm, and a pound of black tea, under the other, to begin the ménage with.

I recalled this questionable occurrence, to the good merchant's mind, in a letter, and asked him if he would like to have it printed and published, or whether he would prefer paying me, for the loss of interest, my book must sustain, by omitting to show up so valuable a member of the community?

The editor states that this very letter, it must be this, I think; for I don't know any thing, like a merchant, besides, to the best of my recollection, that is to say, Edward Ellice, M. P. excepted, can be forthcoming. Do bring it into court, there's a dear, good editor! Prevail on the excellent Ricardo, or any one else, to hand it out! Don't let my residing on the continent be an obstacle; for I shall, probably, very soon again, visit London, which place I have just quitted. Nay, if Ricardo, or any other city-man, will enter into a written agreement to produce my letter, as evidence, in the Court of King's Bench, I will come, on purpose, for

the fun of seeing him cut such a pretty figure! However, in that case, as travelling is so expensive, and I have entertained such an abhorrence of sailing in boats, ever since Lord Craven gave me a surfeit of them, and I am so afraid of having Mrs. Nesbit, again, for a fellow-traveller, I trust the noble Wellington will condescend to fulfil his amazing threat of prosecuting me, for my letters, at the same time. Pray let us have it all under one, and kill two birds, with one stone. If the noble warrior will but consider how truly contemptible it is, to have issued mere, empty threats, to try to frighten a poor woman, and her bookseller, and which he dares not, now, put into execution, after being so earnestly called upon to do so, by me, his dearest Harriette, surely he will strain a point.

I was in town, nearly two months, after the Duke of Wellington's threats, and his Grace was perfectly aware of this fact; but it is all vanity and vexation of spirit! The nobles of our land, are a profligate set, say the

editors. The stock-brokers, and the players, are little, if at all, better, it should seem, and I am the model, whence all profligacy shines forth, I suppose. Since the only good folks, in our tight little island, are the newspaper-men, it would, surely, have been wiser, in the other poor sinners, to have taken due care to have made it worth my while to keep their secrets, out of respect for their wives and families. At all events, they need not, among them, have forced me to turn author; because, instead of requiring their bonds, which I might, easily, have obtained, I trusted to their honours. Mais que faire? Whenever I suggested to any of these wise-acres, especially to Frederick Lamb, and the Duke of Beaufort, that, supposing them to be quite callous to what might be my distress, ill as I was, and so very poor, yet, out of regard for their own comfort, and respect for the opinion of the world, they ought, among them, to provide for me, I was, invariably, menaced

with rigorous prosecutions, for having sent them threatening letters, to extort money! En voila assez.

Lest my readers should fall asleep, I will tell them something of a masquerade, I went to, one night, on the spur of the moment, disguised as a Normandy-peasant-girl, an *outré* costume, if you recollect, with a fly-flap sort of cap, a yard in height. Nobody knew what to make of me. I told them, all, I was fifty-six years, of age, and hideous! Truth, for once, said that gallant man, the editor of Heaven knows what paper!

It was a very stupid masquerade; but, I remember being highly flattered, by a proposal, which a very gentlemanly-looking man, made to me, with earnest seriousness. He declared, upon his honour, and upon his soul, he was ready, and anxious, to take charge of me, to Italy, without seeing my face. Nay, more, he would solemnly pledge himself to pay all my expenses, after having discovered me to

be the old hideous creature, I described myself, and that, only to be allowed to enjoy my conversation. Though I was flattered, I soon left him for dear variety, which was all the pleasure, I sought, at a masquerade.

My disguise was so complete, that I went down to the supper-room, without fear or trembling, although I was quite alone, and not quite so bold as my editors wish to make me appear. A thin youth, with straight hair, and no calves to his legs, dressed in silk stockings, to show where such things ought to have grown, happened to place himself by my side. He was not handsome; but he appeared intelligent, and gentlemanlike. He seemed to know every gay, young man, who passed us. To one, he paid a small bet, which he said he had like to have forgotten. He did not take the slightest notice of me, or my burlesque cap. My neighbour, on the left, was equally negligent. I coveted the

attentions of neither of them ; but I was wretchedly hungry, and wished that some one would have offered me any thing to eat. The table was crowded to excess, not a plate nor a glass could be had.

I need not have spoiled my mask, by enlarging the mouth, said I aloud, in the way of soliloquy : but nobody took my hint. I had flattered myself that I had but to unmask, in order to obtain more civility ; but I was not quite impudent enough to do that, at a public masquerade. I saw the last wing of the only chicken, within my reach, seized on, by a hungry shop-keeper, and I, involuntarily, sighed aloud.

What is the matter, Mrs. Fool's-cap ? said the lad, on my right, turning quickly round.

I am so very hungry.

Why don't you eat then ? enquired my neighbour, in French, believing me to be a foreigner.

Mon Dieu! answered I, impatiently, mon Dieu! je ne demande pas mieux; mais, ou trouver de quoi manger?

Here! Waiter! Ha! ha! Where do you come from, Mrs. Fly-cap?

De la Normandie, Monsieur.

I thought so. Here! Waiters! What will you have to eat and drink?

Some tongue, and some Burgundy; some chicken, and some salad.

Vive les Normandes! said the young man, as he loaded my plate with what I had asked for, or he ought to have said so. Then, turning to address a young gentleman, on his right, he asked him to look out for Madame estris, and a Mrs. Claggitt.

There they are, I observed, directing their attention to two black dominos, at the top of the table.

In a few minutes afterwards, one of the gentlemen wondered if Lord Hertford was at the masquerade?

That is Lord Hertford, said I, walking with the lady, in the costume of Queen Anne's day.

Pray, Mrs. Fool's-cap, how came you to know all the gay folks? enquired the young stripling, by my side. Do take off that ugly mask, and let me see what you are like.

Not I, indeed.

If you would take off that fool's cap too, I would offer you my arm.

Really?

Upon my honour, I will.

I never heard of any thing, half so benevolent! But listen to me, child! You shall not, only, walk about with me, cap and all; but you shall love me, mask and all.

How will you manage that?

Nous verrons.

Voyons donc! said the youth, offering me his arm.

Attendez donc. Who are you, pray?

The Earl of Clanricarde, whispered the youth, in my ear.

We were, I believe, mutually, pleased with each other's conversation. His lordship assured me that he must, that very night, return to Oxford, whence he had run up, to the masquerade, without consulting proctors, or doctors.

You will show me your face, before we part? said Clanricarde.

Not to night. Upon my word, you must love me, without a face, or with a pig's face, even I.

I'll tell you what I should like.

Dites donc.

To correspond with you.

And I, retorted Clanricarde, shall be delighted to answer your letters. There is something odd, and romantic, in the idea of corresponding with a woman, with whose features, one is unacquainted.

Agreed then, and, when I write, you shall have my address ; and so we parted.

A propos de bottes : I have just recollected a merchant, with whom I am acquainted, and this may be the identical merchant, my editor alludes to ; after all. If it be so, I beg pardon, Mr. Ricardo ; but I cannot afford to scratch out.

It is said that Shakspear, once, boasted that he had never scratched out a single line.

So much the worse for him, observed his friend, Ben Jonson. I wish he had erased a thousand.

Heavens forbid, that poor, humble I, whose wit, instead of setting the table in a roar, doth send out, to the world, my nouns and verbs a waltzing, should mean to boast of not scratching out ! I, humbly, beg pardon, that I am too indolent for it. As to nouns, and verbs, and substantives, I know, little, or nothing about them ; but any fool, I presume, could

write a book of some sort, who knew all these things!!

I tried, at such difficult matters, too, when I was at Salt Hill, one day ; but I was afraid my kind tutors, the paper-men, would be dissatisfied with my progress.

Pray, Mr. John Bull, will you attend to me while I repeat my lesson. ?

Lord Stair is an irregular verb.

To baste, an active verb.

Mr. Hart Davis, M. P. (P is for Pat.)
Who would have thought of his getting into parliament ; but this is a parenthesis, as well as the note of interrogation, whether he will be M. P. in another?

Mr. Hart Davis, I say, is a verb nullo.

Cash must be an adjective ; because it gives the quality to all live substantives, and, particularly, to the merchant, I have just alluded to ; a certain noun substantive, called brown stout, alias Mr. Hodgson, the brewer, to whom it is just possible, I may have written a few

lines. If I did, I am sure they were civil ones, for the good man was always civil, and obliging to me, and I do firmly believe that he sells real, genuine ale, made of malt and hops, judging from the good it has done him; but I have, in some things, such a wretched, bad memory, that I often begin, on a Tuesday morning, the second edition of the self-same anecdote, which I had put down, on the Monday night, without being, at all, aware of it.

If I did write, and offer to take out brown stout, for fifty pounds, the smallness of the sum, must have proved my regard for him. It really is very hard, upon me, as I said before, that, what I do, out of pure goodness, and, from a wish to spare the feelings of others, as far as I can, without becoming too mean myself, is, every now, and then, denominated a threat!

Looking over these stupid newspapers, again, I begin to be ashamed of myself, for

having taken the slightest notice of them : they are so very pointless, and vulgar ; but it shall be a lesson to me, to treat all their abuse, with proper contempt, hereafter.

One says I had a debauched way of devouring a chicken, for Argyle's amusement. What can he mean ? Has he had a bite, from poor Lady Caroline Lamb ? Do, pray Sir, explain, about the chicken ! It must be something, superlatively funny ! Entre nous, I am surprised his grace does not enforce some explanation.

Seriously, the only man among you, who deserved one moment of my attention, was John Bull.

Not satisfied, he says, with having injured the innocent wife, of her guilty paramours, she now stands forward, to hold those paramours up, to public ridicule, who have been her constant, and domestic associates.

Hard words these, Master Bull !

I plead guilty to much of this : but, when I suffered such people to be domesticated with

me, I believed them my friends, and, most steadily, did I return their friendship, until time convinced me that they had sought mere, selfish gratification, with me, and I might want bread, for any thing they cared about me, after their passion had subsided! Yet I must be grateful, to them; because I chanced to be to their taste!

Excuse me Sir! I, on the contrary, heartily despise, every man, who can become, wholly indifferent to the welfare of those he has loved, and, in whose society, he has, for years, made himself happy. Have not you, all, discarded servants, in whom you had, once, put faith, when you discovered their good-for-nothingness? I skip grammar, you know, or waltz it, which is the same thing.

Now, for the virtuous wives, you say, I have worked up to revengefulness, by my book, I must beg leave to ask you, to point them out to me. I have, before, stated, that Lady Ponsonby, was, fully acquainted with my

faults, many years ago, and that was the cause of my separation from her lord. For the sin of attaching myself, to a married man, I suffered enough to disarm any virtuous woman. Report however, has not been idle, with her Ladyship's fame lately, but report is a liar. As to Wellington, his good lady knows so much of his gentle slips, and, most potent peccadillos, that if she had not become accustomed to them, she would have been dead, before I ever saw the noble warrior; so that one infidelity, more or less, really and truly does not count with his Grace. Her Grace knows it does not.

I wish the good editors would publish a light, explanatory, sixpenny pamphlet, on unhappy wives, and debauched chickens, ready roasted, and refrain from calling me mercenary, or they will loose what little credit, they ever duped people to think them possessed of, as news-mongers.

My first letter delighted Lord Clanricarde;

Lord Clanricarde's answer charmed me : and we went on, scribbling to each other, till his Lordship came to town. Clanricarde and I, were, afterwards excellent friends, during a year or two, when we did not quarrel, which happened to be the case about twice a week.

Clanricarde accused me of not loving him : I used to get into a passion, with him, because he was not romantic. He is, however, a shrewd, clever, young man, possessing a good memory and much gentleness ; but he was in the habit of shewing my letters, to every body he met.

Did you never receive letters, from any woman, but myself, that you are so proud of them, you little figure of fun ? I used to enquire of him ; and, then, I would preach him lectures, on the necessity of prudence, in those, who would enjoy life. I might, as well, have talked to the wind !—Every other day, I used to meet somebody, who complimented me on my excellent letter writing.

What do you know about it? I would say.

I have had the pleasure of seeing your letter, addressed to Lord Clanricarde.

Oh the little reptile! I will cure him of this trick.

I, accordingly, sate down to address him, in three, long pages, composed, expressly to humble his vanity, and put him in a passion; but it was all of no use. Clanricarde possesses the true, genuine, Irish character, and will forgive you the worst, and most abusive thing, you can say to him, if there be but a little wit, and humour, in your manner of finding fault, which will raise a laugh with him. There is, in fact, no crime, against Clanricarde, I could commit, for which I could not buy his forgiveness, half an hour afterwards, if I thought it worth while to exercise my wit, for that purpose.

And so ma'am, observes the reader, you

really do imagine yourself to be a very witty sort of person ?

Not quite that neither. These things are, all, comparative. I am, always, surprised, when any body gives me credit for a more than usual share of talent, or of wit ; but one thing is certain : I am, often, thrown into utter astonishment, by meeting with learned men, who have studied their Latin and English grammars, more heavy, prosing and stupid, than I feel, I am, without any learning whatever, in every thing, which is not merely a book. I don't mean my own book. Apropos of that : let me tell you, in confidence, that it would have been much more witty, and amusing, had not the best of the wit been bought out, at so much a line, by certain dukes, lords, commoners, and ladies to keep their fair fames afloat.

I wish I could afford it, I would buy myself a character, if the New Times Doctor would be moderate, in his charges ; but I am

such a bad one at making a bargain, which is my reason, for not having, before, applied to him, or his locum tenens, Quis, or Quiz, or Quoz, or Quin, or some such quissical quizzical, quozical or quinzical name. If the price, for such a commodity, as a good character, were a fixed thing, like that of a pound of candles, or soap, it would save much trouble.

Foreign postage is expensive, since I have been so ill used, by my late Mary-le-bone Field's beau, the British Ambassador, at Paris, Lord Granville, who, refused me his bag, to be even with me, for having refused him mine. I beg leave, therefore, to offer, the following regulations, to such of the nobility and gentry, as may be disposed to purchase characters, from me, or to preserve the false reputations, they, at present enjoy : viz

Gentlemen, of nervous systems, shall be endowed with a certain degree of manliness for 200*l.*, or may be made desperate fighters for 400*l.*

Characters mended, by pleading on their right side, for 200*l*.

N. B. I have just received the sum, from a noble lord, for the very purpose. Persons furnished with profound learning and wisdom, though, perhaps, they may not know their A B C or be able to say boh, to a goose, for the small sum of five hundred pounds. Cheap as dirt, ladies and gentlemen ! Only five hundred pounds, for what is preferable to house and land !

The price of chastity is Oh, you may have chastity, for nothing, unless you are as notoriously the reverse as lady P—— and then I cannot confer that diploma under 100*l*.

To such people as Lord Dudley and Ward, I offer, modesty, for ten thousand pounds !

In order to prove my own genuine wit and humour, that is not intened for sale ; because it is invaluable.

Beauty is fifty pounds a head : and any

body, by directing a line to me; post paid, may be a good sort of person, for nothing; and, further, I will give Wilberforce his full measure of religion gratis; and, any noisy orator, who wants honor, or a warm hear, to correspond with the noise he makes, may be supplied for five hundred pounds.

The Duke of Devonshire may be an adequate man of intrigue, for two thousand pounds! and I will give, Mr. Luttrell, a good temper, on the same terms, which he and his friends must consider very cheap, seeing how much he stands in need of it! But in that case, he must not attempt to frighten poor Stockdale, with threats of prosecution any more!

I offer honor, at the same rate, namely, two thousand pounds, to the Dukes of Beaufort, and Richmond, the Marquis of Worcester, Viscount Deerhurst, Lord Stair, and his friend, the Rev. Mr. Ambrose, and I shall have no objection to shew up Hart Davis M. P.

as a most potent grave, and reverend seignior, for the same price.

Here's a sinner! Here is profligacy, exclaim the stupid, matter of fact-editors, who, I will lay my life, set all this incredible nonsense, of mine, down as sheer deliberate wickedness! However, I do not trouble myself about what these editors think or say, their thoughts and their writings rarely agree, because in spite of them all, I have, since the publication of my book, received the most friendly attention from some of the most respectable men, in England. Among these, I cannot, too strongly, express my gratitude to Lord Robert Manners and Mr. Brougham, who, without even having professed love, have been invariably kind, and friendly, and ready to render me any service in their power; but what makes me still more grateful, is the perfect confidence, many have proved, they yet place, in my veracity.

Who are they? the reader may enquire;

but I should ill deserve their goodness were I to satisfy this curiosity. I thank heaven, my shoulders are broad enough, to bear the load of every possible imputation, which is undeserved; while I should sink under the reproaches of those, who, having trusted me, had found me dishonourable.

To return to Clanricarde. No, we will return to Clanricarde by and bye: in the mean time let us take into our mighty consideration, the merits, and the demerits of the Marquis of Exeter. This is a sort of pocket Apollo, in form; calves, shoulders and all, neat, though, small, to match; one might be led to suppose a seven months production, of his mamma, but that his mouth had arrived at full maturity.

Exeter knows how to dress, and set his little person off, to the best, possible advantage. He is, in fact, take him altogether, with his fine eyes, his good hair, and his yellow skin, rather an interesting, little, misera-

ble being, who might be likely enough to inspire a kind-hearted woman, with the benevolent desire to make him warm, and comfortable, out of mere pity, were he half as modest, and as humble, as that very handsome Lord Mount Charles; but Exeter, never, once, blushed, in his life, and to wit, or talent, he has no pretensions.

A little tact or so, such as most boys obtain at a public school, is all he can boast of in that way.

Exeter is, naturally, honourable, unaffected, and spirited, but stingy. Not spoiled, either by rank, by riches, or by his mother's sweet cakes, with which, when at school, her ladyship supplied him abundantly, I do not allude to the school boys' usual notions, of hard plum-cake; but pound cakes, and ladies' fingers, as well as tea, chocolate, and cordials; because these immature delicate plants are so difficult to rear! No matter: the lad would hit out, just as hard, at the head of an offend-

ing school fellow, as his most slender abilities permitted, in spite of mamma, or her lectures, or her delicate fare. His lordship, some years ago, used to visit me, frequently, and he was just growing tender, when, unfortunately a provoking Dun, of mine, compelled me to make application, to his lordship, for a proof of his regard. To that, I received an answer, inclosing the sum, I required. His letter was to this effect ;

Dear Harriette,

I inclose you, what you require, although your application has entirely destroyed all the fine illusions, with which my mind was filled, by convincing me, you are not one bit in love with me.

Yours truly,

EXETER.

I replied,

Dear Lord Exeter,

I have received your kind donation, your illusions, it should seem, are ever, thus, destroyed, by the slightest allusion to your purse I beg you to accept the expression of my sincere regret, that you happen to be so susceptible, and remain.

Yours truly,

HARRIETTE WILSON.

Does any body know one Ann Rawlinson, who has, now, with her dame de compagnie, retired from business, and lives at No. 38, Manchester Street. It was Mrs. Porter, I think, who, some years ago, when she filled the high situation of prime procuress to his Grace of Wellington, mentioned to me that a pretty-looking, young creature had applied to her, for a little business, in a small way, and that she, Mrs. Porter, had invited her to pass her evenings there, and take her chance of any

chance-customer, which might happen to knock at the door. She is, evidently, new, to this line of life, continued Mrs. Porter, having been seduced, I believe, by a Colonel Eden, by whom she has a child. I fancy, it was distress alone, induced her to apply to me.

I begged to be made known to her, under the idea that, being acquainted with so many great folks, I might be the means of assisting her out of this very deplorable way of life. She was rather pretty, with a little *néz*, *re-troussé*, and black eyes. She assured me that nothing but actual want had induced her, thus, to offer her person for prostitution. I have a child, continued little Ann, as we will, hereafter, denominate her, following the example of the Duc De Guiche, and I am penniless.

I, afterwards, called on her, in her miserable lodging, over the umbrella-shop, at Knightsbridge, where I found her, eating a

few buns, for her breakfast. She had just obtained them, on credit, at the small pastry-cook's, next door.

Do not you prefer bread, for breakfast? I enquired: and, was answered that she had not one penny to buy a loaf, nor credit, for a single penny-worth, with any baker. I was greatly shocked, and I presented her to Lord Charles Bentinck, who, immediately, with his usual liberality, afforded her assistance, and, afterwards, falling in love with her, fitted up her rooms, over the umbrella-shop, with new carpets, china, flowers, and other decorations, till they looked quite smart. Little Ann called him her own Charles, began to wear rouge, dress gaily, and forget all about her poverty.

Thank Heaven, said I to her, there will, I trust, be, no longer, any necessity, for you to have recourse to the shockingly degrading life, you have, for a short time, been forced into. I was, indeed, most anxious to become

the means of placing little Ann above want, for the sake of her child, and because she, then, appeared, to me, to be naturally, of a quiet, domestic turn.

About this time, or just before Charles Bentinck, and little Ann began their ménage together, over the umbrella-shop, Lord Burgherst, our present ambassador, at Florence, and son of the peripatetic and equestrian Earl of Westmoreland, called upon her, one morning, to acquaint her that an Italian nobleman, a friend of his, having just arrived, from the continent, had applied to him for a temporary mistress.

He will book up well, and nobody will be the wiser, since he leaves England, in a few days.

Little Ann was poor, and somewhat callous too ; so, little Ann consented. The next day, the Italian nobleman lamented, to his friend, Lord Burgherst, the large sum, he had thrown away !

I caress, and I caress, an all for noting; because dis contree is great deal mush too cold, said the nobleman, to Burgherst, who, for months, after that, was always teasing, and joking poor little Ann, about the misfortune, which befel her beau. Whenever he saw her at the Opera, or in the street, he would whisper, audibly, in her ear, my dear Ann, pray do not expose the weaknesses of my friend: I, earnestly, intreat you to keep them a secret. I am afraid you were telling your companion, all about it, and I have only just come, in time to prevent the exposure of that respectable man.

Pray, Sir, Burgherst would enquire, turning to little Ann's companion, when he happened to be an acquaintance of his lordship, pray, Sir, was not little Ann telling you what happened to my friend, on the sixteenth of last May?

You tiresome, very impertinent creature, Ann would reply, reddening up to the ears,

with rage and dismay, you are the rudest, most disagreeable man, on earth, Lord Burgherst ; and you must have seen, long ago, that your acquaintance is, by no means, desirable to me, because you are, always, talking unintelligible nonsense, concerning some nasty, Italian singer, I suppose, like yourself.

I am no singer, Burgherst would reply, laughing.

Well, but you are a nasty music-man, which is just as bad. At all events, I wish you would not address me, you odious, provoking, insolent——

Fye ! fye ! don't get in a passion, interrupted Burgherst. I am, in fact, the person offended ; because you must remember, how earnestly, I cautioned you, at the time, against telling the story of my friend's mishap, on the sixteenth of last May.

Little Ann made such a face, at his lordship !! It was, almost, as bad as the one, by which, Amy used to open Hart Davis's purse—

strings ; but it had a very different effect on Burgherst. The Amy-face, which took so with members, was quite enough to frighten his lordship ; so he ran away from it.

Ann was not clever, and her society never afforded me the least amusement ; but, having found a young, and not, as I thought, naturally depraved mother, reduced to such actual want of dry bread, as to have been forced, by the cravings of hunger, to knock at Mrs. Porter's door, and offer her person, to any man, old or young, for the sum of two pounds, to be divided, afterwards, with the good abbess, I did pity her, from my soul, and, in my own mind, I vowed that I would stand by her, and endeavour, at least, to save her from such extreme degradation.

To proceed : Charles Bentinck got tired of little Ann, in due time, and it was, at that period, when his lordship's love began to take an inclination downwards, that a certain young man, I think it was John Coventry,

the good-natured, amiable brother of that nasty reptile, Viscount Deerhurst, who has again had to pay, and well too, as I am credibly informed, for seducing more young girls: it was the Honourable John Coventry, or it was somebody else, who, one fine morning, called on me, accompanied by the Duc de Guiche: he was then called Comte de Grammont.

May I introduce my friend De Grammont? enquired the youth, whoever he was. Little Ann happened to be present, and De Grammont had the vile, bad taste to ogle little Ann, instead of ogling me, Harriette Wilson!! the newspaper-men's pet! Wellington's love! the pretty damsel, who refused to marry the Marquess of Worcester! more, nay, much more, that wicked she, who refused to comply, when a king, aye, and such a dear king too! wanted to kiss her bluest veins!!

My dear, sweet, leetel Ane ! said De Guiche, will you loaf me ?

I lived in Hans Square, near Sloane Street, to which place, as, though it was not her name-sake, it sounded like it, and the house was large, I invited little Ann, not gratis, mind ; for, Ann, being now, in high feather, thanks to me, who made her known to that wise-acre, Lord Charles Bentinck, paid me half the rent.

Apropos of Charles Bentinck. I begin to like him, from all Stockdale tells me about him : information, which, really, tends to prove I have under-rated his talents, and he is, in fact, a sensible man, notwithstanding he did talk of death, to Lady Abdy, with the hot muffins in his mouth !

We are in for it, said his lordship, to Stockdale, one morning, in the early part of the publication of my valuable Memoirs ; my brother Frederick and I are in the book, up

to our necks ; but we shall only make bad worse by contending against it ; for it is not only true, every word of it, but it is excellently well written, and very amusing. If Lord Charles Bentinck did say this, it was, all things considered, such very liberal conduct, as I can never forget, nor cease to admire him for !

To proceed : De Guiche, who is naturally cold, really had an extra fit of sentiment for little Ann, to whom he addressed many interesting, tender effusions, in English ; but the handsome, noble, young Frenchman was, at that time, poor, and little Ann preferred a little cash, to a world of sentiment, so she closed with a proposal, made to her, by Lord Folkstone, to whom I happened to introduce her. Ann, after the manner of Miss Foote, as Colonel Berkeley has it, in his letter to me, cut De Guiche, without regret, for a better place, like a house-maid.

De Guiche wrote her a letter, full of

lamentations, which little Ann presented to her new lover.

Charming Ann! what sweet candour! My, confidence, in my own Ann, is, now, unlimited, said Folkstone, pressing his little, fat, dumpling mistress, close to his heart. Of course, you all know Lord Folkstone, the queen's friend, Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke's friend. He always had a predilection for Anns, and, when Mary Ann Clark was too ill, to attend the house, his lordship would sit by her bed-side, for hours together, and, after taking down all her words, in writing, he would sing her praise, to his other little Ann, by her own fire-side, in Ann's (Hans) Place, in his red slippers, and his stockings, hanging about his legs.

I was very glad, I had been the means of Ann becoming independent of the world, which, I was sure, would be the case, if she conducted herself, in a proper manner, with Lord Folkstone. I did not want her to thank

me. I, always, like to serve a woman, while I have the least reason to believe her amiable.

In a few weeks, Folkstone proposed, to Ann, to leave Hans Place, and inhabit a house, which he engaged to furnish for her.

Harriette and me only rent this house by the month, said Ann, and we may leave it next week; but it will put Harriette to inconvenience, as the rent is too heavy for her, alone, and, at this season of the year, furnished houses are extravagantly dear.

Never mind that, said the kind-hearted, benevolent Folkstone. I wish my delicate, innocent Ann to cut that loose woman, Harriette Wilson.

With all my heart, answered the affectionate, grateful Ann; so, having accompanied her ugly beau, to his new house, she wrote me a note, requesting me to leave Hans Place, and excuse her for declining my acquaintance.

With all my heart, too, said I; for little Ann was a little stupid, and I could not regret one, who proved herself thus heartless. Every body is not as ridiculously disinterested, as I have been, all my life, thought I, and, perhaps, Ann is quite excusable to cut me, rather than run the slightest risk of offending any man, who can pay her. I never spoke ill of her, nor wished her harm, and I was very glad, when I learned, some years afterwards, that Folkstone had settled two or three hundred a year on her. Meeting with her, lately, again, and hearing that she, with her daughter, led a retired life, I judged that, now there was no power to command her to cut a very old acquaintance, she would be right glad to shake hands with me; so, to prove that I bore her no ill-will, I sent her a line to say that I should see her, at any time, with pleasure: and, a second time, little, fat, dumpling Ann cut me dead!

All things considered, I have not had much

reason to like the world, with a very few exceptions. I really, had been kind to little Ann, from mere goodness of heart, because I found her in such a deplorable situation; for her society was, invariably, a bore to me, and so was that of her tiresome, spoiled, ugly, squinting, child, to whom I had, often, the patience to give lessons, on the piano forte. The fact is, I was never much amused in ladies' society. I ought not to confess this, perhaps; but I never happen to be so fortunate as to meet with pleasant women. Vainly do I try to draw them into conversation. It all comes to the same thing, from January to December. This is their line of chit-chat.

Suppose me seated, in my Opera-box *comme dans les beaux, vieux tems passés*, then fancy a certain dragoon-officer's, widow, one Mrs. Pearce, seated on my left, believing she did me honour, looking fair, and pretty, in a white frock, and pink body, a slight faint

touch of rouge, to pass for nature, and a wee patch, under the left eye, her locks curling, all right, and neat, just as the hair-dresser had placed them.

Now, says Mrs. Pearce, when we are tête à tête, you must know, I am fond of a little innocent flirtation ; but the worst of you clever women is this : you always engross the whole of the talk, to yourselves.

That, I answer, is what you all accuse me of, and such imputations annoy me, extremely. I don't want to converse at all to night. Get you into conversation, with any of my visitors, and I will take this opportunity of looking at the ballet, to which I often turn my back, out of pure civility towards a silent, dull man, by my side. I brought you here, to amuse you ; so pray chat, and flirt, while I remain in the back ground.

Agreed ! Enter a young man, with soft eyes. I have forgotten his name. I point to a seat, present my friend, and then affect to

be completely absorbed with the ballet, while listening to the following blessed conversation.

A poor house to night.

Rather so. Are you fond of the Opera?

Yes.

Tremazani is a sweet creature!

Were you here, on saturday?

No, this is my first appearance, this season.

Who is the lady to your left, with her long crane's neck?

Oh fye! You gentlemen are so shockingly censorious. I am quite afraid of you, you are so satirical! how do I know what you may say of me? I am growing quite afraid of you.

What can you, possibly, have to fear?

(yawning) Miss Wilson, turning towards me, what do you think of the Doge of Venice?

The most correctly beautiful poetry, that could be conceived. The subject would have

been uninteresting, treated by any, but Byron. Nothing of wild mystery, here, to strike and astonish, and trick us out of our applause. All is chaste, clear, harmonious, and perfect.

I never read plays, observes Mrs. Pearce, yet I am passionately fond of reading.

What pray ?

Oh I read so much, that I forget the names of all the books. My favourite author is dear Moore !

Why ?

Oh ! he writes such sweet things.

How do you mean, sweet ?

Oh ! they are divine !

And with such taste for poetry, do you mean to say that you dislike all plays, even Shakspeare's ?

Oh no ! Shakspeare's are exceptions, of course. We all admire him. The bard, you know, the immortal bard, as they call him.

What do you admire him for ?

Oh, for every thing, of course. Shakspeare is so celebrated, you know. What a sweet turban that lady wears! Is not that Lady Jane Paget? A fine, dashing girl! A sweet, dear creature! Is she not, Miss Wilson, a love?

I don't know what you mean by a love; but, for my part, I can love nothing that does not love me; and, if I could, it would not be Lady Jane Paget, but Lady Jersey, with whom I never exchanged a word, and with whom I never shall be permitted to exchange one. Were I a man, I would love her, and win her. Aye, though I were a mere tailor, she should doat upon me. Oh that I were a man! Not for a permanency. I should not like that; because the woman's place is nearest the fire, and I am a very poor, chilly, consumptive creature. If I had been, always, a man, I should not have had the front seat, when dear John Kemble took his congé of the stage: and then, as dear, good tempered

Luttrell used to say, what an amazing pull a woman has, over a man, in certain illegitimate situations ! The gentleman, we will suppose him a handsome, smart, young man, jumps out of bed, is turned into the streets, at an early hour, on a cold, bleak, December morning, minus his purse. His power is every thing. The lady, on the contrary, touches the bell, and her femme de chambre presents her with a hot cup of chocolate, while her housemaid lights her fire, and she is a hundred pounds better than ever. No, I would not be a man, for a permanency ; but only for six months, to show the world how easily women might be won, by those who, like myself, know them well, and their little weaknesses. I would begin with Lady Jersey. Not that I mean to reflect on her ; but, simply, because I am sure, were I a man, I should wish to begin with her.

I have just heard that a certain Edward Ellice, instead of being wise, like Charles

Bentinck, has published my circular ! Quel malheur ! It proves, however, that want of money only, induces me to write, and not revenge, nor a desire to sport my wit, since any body may buy themselves out of my book.

What an infamous, mercenary creature they cry ! Was it not honour, and happiness enough, for her to have contributed, by her lively society, to charm away our cares ? and, for this honour, ought she not to be proud to starve, in her old age ? and is she not a vile, heartless wretch, to presume to say she will not keep our secrets, for nothing ?

Allow me to enquire what great matter of heart, was discoverable in that great, black-headed, chuckle-headed Edward Ellice ? I know not, if I spell his name right ; but I allude to the Ellis or Ellice who made fierce love to me, used to visit me oftener than I liked, put off other engagements, to drive, in his carriage, to my house, after the Opera,

although I lived three miles from it, and then, while doing his best to attack me, and, no doubt, his vanity made him fancy himself successful, he is making proposals, to another lady, who condescends to accept him. Upon that, he dispatches, without further ceremony, a letter to me, to this effect. I will not swear to every little word in the letter; but this was the substance, let him deny it if he can, and, if he does, I will search for the said letter, which is, I have little doubt, among my papers.

There are certain good reasons for my declining to visit you again. Perhaps the reasons may soon declare themselves. I wish you happy, and remain

Yours, truly.

Could any woman, with a spark of vanity, who had been loved as I have been, avoid feeling the strongest disgust, at the heartless

affectation of this thick-headed, clumsy merchant, after all his show of energy and rapture !

I remember, once, he knocked me up, at three in the morning : I had expected him early in the evening. I went down, into the drawing-room, to him, in no very placid humour, and enquired why he disturbed me, at such an unusual hour ?

I was prevented visiting you, according to my appointment, answered Ellice, and I had written you a note ; but, just as the man was setting out with it, I thought it would be infinitely better to come to you ; better late than never. You would have imagined it all an excuse, and called me cold.

After all this tenderness, who would have thought that he would have published one of my effusions, my circular too, with my address, which made it worse than all the rest. I would have forgiven the circular but the address was immediately followed by

the following dun, from the great Peacock, shoe-maker to all the pretty women in London. This was delivered to me, with two other, double, anonymous epistles. Have a little mercy, gentlemen! Recollect my fortune is not yet made.

London, 15th of March, 1825.

Mr. Peacock was Quite disappointed in Mrs. Rochford's not calling or sending to Settle his Small Acount A few Weeks Agoe, when Mrs R was in London but I Suppose it must be Quite A forget as Mrs R was allwarys So verry Correct in her Payments but I Suppose the Frence Shoe Makers put Mrs R out of Mr P Head I Calld in New Ormond Street, th Week After you Left and th Lady of th House told me that I Should Shirrly be Paid if I had Calld the wile you had been there but Mr P will feel greatley oblidge if Mrs R will be So good as to Send him an

order on her Agent in London for the Amount
Mr. P. Shall feel grealy oblige

in your Humble Servant,

GEO PEACOCK

45 Gt Titchfield Street,
Porland Place

Amount of th Bill

£6 10

If not, A Gentlem will Call on Mrs R in
the Course of A few Weeks from London
but Mr P shall feel grealy oblige by an
Answer

it was, at Paris, that I was to have been
presented to Mr. Frank Hall Standish, some
six years ago, or more. He sent a friend of
his, one Mr. Barnard, a clergyman's son, who
knew how to make straight hair curl, a talent,
worth five hundred a year, selon my Lord
Deerhurst. He does it with a glass of sugar
and water, not de l'eau sucré, but de l'eau,
plein de sucre. The young hero, during
several long months, passed the whole of

every day in the week, in twisting and twirling his locks, and applying the sugar and water, to the part affected : disaffected rather, Mr. John Barnard can play at cricket too, et puis 0 0 0 0 0 0. This youth, de la part de Monsieur Standish, called on me, in Paris, as they were en route to Italy, to invite me to dinner ; but, as I had heard a great deal about Standish, which I disliked, I begged to decline accepting the honour, they proposed conferring on me.

Standish had hired a house, in Switzerland, whither he went, partly because there are celebrated baths for celebrated ladies, in that romantic country, ladies, of such extremely clean habits, as to receive the chief of their morning visits in a bath ! Some gentlemen, of more quiet habits, might consider it a bore to visit fair ladies, who were always in hot water ; but Standish found these baths a great délassement, after study. It was, I believe, in Switzerland, he wrote or finished his Life,

of Voltaire, a work in one volume, which had rather indifferent success ; although, in my humble opinion, it has much merit, particularly as coming from the pen of a lad, under age, and of large fortune. It was a laboured production, in which, might be some research. The style, however, is a good narrative-style of writing, which, I think, would not have disgraced Goldsmith himself: but then, I am a little fool, you know, Mr. Editors.

In London, Frank Standish visited me, often. He was not, in the least, in love with me ; but he appeared to like my society. I loved to hear him recite verses : and he, with his most excellent memory, and his real passion for rhymes, was never tired of the occupation.

Standish is a cold-blooded, and, I believe, as unprincipled a man, as ever lived : at least, I never knew, nor heard of his keeping his word, where we could not enforce the observance of it.

At that period, when Mr. Ball, the Golden Ball, flattered himself that Lady Jane Paget would have married him, by the bye, I can never forgive her ladyship, for having allowed him to flatter himself to that amount, Standish, one night, took it into his head that there might be some fun, in cutting that mass of pomatum, rouge, and ignorance, out of the field. For that purpose, he mentioned, to Lord Fife, his desire to be made known to the Duchess of Argyll, so as to gain access to her daughter, Lady Jane.

To be sure, to be sure, said the good-natured Lord Fife. I will take you with me, this evening, to Lady Heathcote's party.

Will the Duchess and Lady Jane be there ? enquired Standish.

To be sure, to be sure, they are every where, you know.

Then you be sure, and call for me, said Standish.

The Duchess of Argyll received Mr. Stan-

dish civilly; but that was not all, he wanted.

How am I to make Lady Jane's acquaintance? enquired Standish, of Lord Fife.

Easy enough. Stop a minute. To be sure, I am going to acquaint her Grace with your desire to be made known to Lady Jane.

No sooner said than done. Lord Fife explained, to the Duchess, that Mr. Frank Hall Standish, a young gentleman of family, large fortune, and all the et ceteras, desired the honour of being presented to her daughter.

Some other time; Lady Jane is dancing, answered the Duchess of Argyll, drily.

It was enough to provoke a saint!

What do you think of it? said Standish, to me, after acquainting me with all these particulars. Don't you think that the Duchess of Argyll insulted Lord Fife, and Lady Heathcote, as well as myself? Ought her Grace to visit Lady Heathcote, unless she felt satisfied that her friends were respectable? And

was it not insulting Lord Fife, to have objected to present her daughter, to his friend ?

I don't know any thing, at all, about etiquette, answered I ; but, were I the mother of a company of fine girls, I certainly would not have the acquaintance of any man, forced on them, because Doctor Bankhead's favourite, Lady Heathcote, with her eternal, rosy, carriage-blinds, happened to admit him into her society.

But then I am a gentleman, by birth, fortune, and education !

But then you are a debauched, horrible man, who were cut, at Melton !

No matter, answered Frank Standish, I will write a poem, in ninety cantos, on purpose to show up the Duchess.

What ! Were you really in love with Lady Jane ?

No. Any thing but that, I assure you.

She is not my style of woman ; besides, I am in love with nothing, but poetry.

Then, why make these people of so much consequence ?

In spite of all, I could say, Standish began his poem, soon afterwards, in Italy, and sent me over many extracts, which I have lost. At last, he wrote me word that all his cantos were finished, and requested me to call on Mr. Andrews, in Bond Street, to enquire when they would be published ?

Andrews assured me that they were indecent, and not fit for publication, and that he had written to Mr. Standish, in Italy, to the same effect.

How Standish supported this dire calamity, I know not. The extracts, he sent me, were, sans gêne, very free and easy ; but very good : that is to say, if I am any judge of poetry, which is what I much doubt.

Talking of rhymes, I, one day, contrived to muster up the following very sublime ones, on his subject, which my readers, knowing

my great talents, in that way, may skip, if they please.

As I walked 'tother day,
Down the Rue de la Paix,
I met a tall, slovenly lout,
I was led to enquire,
Who could be this esquire,
And was told 'twas Frank Standish, the poet.

He styles himself, poet,
That all men may know it,
And presumes e'en to imitate Byron.
Like the lap-dog and ass,
'Twill, I fear, come to pass,
That 'tis nothing but vile imitation.

When I heard of his name,
I guessed 'twas the same
That once hunted at Melton Mowbray,
Who rode such bad horses,
And wrote such bad verses,
That they hunted this poet away

And I'm told I guessed right,
And a man they called White,
Once invited the genius to fight him,
 Who replied, he loved dear,
 His ten thousand a year,
And he might as well ask him to knight him:

So the world did proclaim,
To this genius much shame,
For that surely he ought to have met him.
 For my own part, I thought,
 That if Standish had fought.
That decidedly White must have hit him.

I'm not sure I'm quite right
As to what I may write,
But they say he woo'd Naldi's fair daughter,
 That he bought her fine jewels,
 That she kept his fine jewels,
And then bade him go over the water.

With the frailty of Eve,
That she laughed in her sleeve,
At the poet's ridiculous folly,
 Who was stupid enough,
 To think of such stuff,
As that jewels would make her his Dolly.

Then they say that he wrote,
In great anger, a note,
To demand back his jewels again;
But the daughter replied,
Sir, my virtue you tried,
As reward, I'll your jewels retain.

I've not time to declare,
How the poet did bear
This dreadful and direful mishap,
My next canto shall tell,
What there after befel
The lout that was caught in his trap.

Another packet from Stockdale, full of newspaper-abuse; accusing me, among other disgraceful things, of having an ambrosial friend, called Ambrose. I have, twice, spoken to that gentleman, in the course of my life, knew nothing about him, and cared nothing; but I thought him clever, and spoke of him, as such, to others.

One day, Mr. Rochfort, of whom you shall hear more hereafter, assured me that the said

Mr. Ambrose boasted of having been my lover !

He would not affirm this to my face, I imagine, answered I : and then the subject went quite out of my head.

Mr. Rochfort knew Ambrose, and, in India, his brother too, and, being annoyed by the story, he always intreated Mr. Ambrose to call upon us, whenever he met him. At length, he came, and I immediately asked him, in the presence of Rochfort, how he, being a fine, young man, could think it worth his while to boast of having been the lover of me, whom he scarcely knew, to speak to ? Mr. Ambrose, with all his impudence, blushed.

Was it true or not ? I enquired.

A lie, said Ambrose. The fact is, that knowing you, is such a feather in a man's cap, that I could not resist saying I had had that honor

It was all a lie then? enquired Mr. Rochfort.

Indeed it was, replied Mr. Ambrose.

Thus then out of two stories, one must and will be believed, even by my enemies, viz. that either Mr. Ambrose was my lover, and denied it, knowing well that Rochfort can fight, and being afraid of putting him on his mettle, or he had told a paltry, contemptible lie, in order to pass for a successful man of intrigue. Au reste, the little, I saw of that gentleman, pleased and amused me. In short, I believe him to be possessed of some talents, and, as to his moral character, it is nothing at all to me, and I know neither more good, nor more harm of him than what I have related.

I am again accused, too, of calling Wellington a Duke, when he was only Sir Arthur; nay, worse still, of killing the great Richard Brinsley Sheridan, when he was alive and

merry. If now, this was true, it was a heinous sin in me!! but that Tom, his son, did tell me the story, I related, about his father's excesses, is most true. However, since he was only ill, not dead, it was very wrong in me to have killed him.

All things considered, what with my want of dates, my bad grammar, and my bad memory, I can't think why the editors trouble themselves to read my trash at all, much less to continue, week after week, as they do, to earn their daily bread by my labours; but then how would the Iris get filled, or what is more important, bought, without it? Yet these ungrateful creatures call me old, ugly, profligate, and many other names, just as if I were not their best friend. This is an unfeeling world! I am surprised they admit that I possess talents.

Have you heard all about the Duke of Devonshire? said I, one day, to the Marquess of Headfort.

Yes.

Well, are you not very sorry? How dreadful it will be for such a proud, stupid fellow to lose his title!

Not at all. I think it will be lucky for him, if he does.

Why?

Because we wanted something new to talk about.

I forget whether, in the beginning of this work, I mentioned Lord Boringdon, or, as Lord Ponsonby used to call him, the Boring Don, now Lord Morley: a fine, slovenly-looking man, who used frequently to ogle me, as I passed. One day he followed me into an upholsterer's shop, and, without addressing me, affected to be very anxious to learn the price of two, small, rose-wood tables. As soon as he had contrived to make my acquaintance, I forget how it began, he gave me, for my edification, a second edition of Sir William Abdy's cuckoo-notes.

29

I could have forgiven Lady Boringdon for leaving me, said his lordship, with a sigh, just like a groan, had she not forsaken her sweet infant! For that infant's sake, I would have taken her back again, but she refused!

I have been told, said I, to his lordship, I have been told, do you know, that you are a very dirty man, and never, by any chance, bathe your feet.

His lordship referred me to the celebrated, great, little corn-cutter, who has immortalized himself by extracting corns.

Ask him, said Lord Boringdon, apply to him, who has been, for years, in the habit of seeing my feet, before you give credit to such foul accusations against my toes. Not bathe my feet indeed! But I can, partly, guess how this infamous libel got wind. One evening, I was in the society of some gentlemen, who were praising the superiority of Welsh flannel, over that of English manufacture. I agreed with them, as to its astewish-

ing durability, and, the better to prove my assertion, I dragged to light a small portion of my own under-waistcoat.

Look here, gentlemen, said I, would you believe it, this very flannel waistcoat has not been once off my back, for the last twelve months !

I remember, continued the noble, boring Don, that this simple remark raised a shout in the assembly, and they all declared me a dirty fellow ; but you, Miss Wilson, as a sensible woman, must be perfectly well aware that flannel loses all its medicinal virtues, by being washed, and ought to be relinquished, with regret, even when it falls, piece by piece from one's body.

What is your opinion of this Boring Don ? said I to Lord Ponsonby, is he a fool or what ?

Oh ! he is not exactly a fool, answered his lordship. He sometimes speaks a little, in the House, and nobody coughs him down ;

and he smiles well, and bows well, and talks pretty small-talk, with dignity. In short, all the harm I know of him is comprehended in his nick name of the Boring Don.

Lord Boringdon's story of wanting to have his wife back again, reminds me of that man of true Christian faith, the Marquess of Wellesley. But now, I recollect, Mrs. Raffles was not his wife. As Shakspeare says,

I wonder, Sir, since wives are monstrous to
you,
And that you fly them, as you swear them, lord-
ship,
Yet you desire to marry !

Many, as well as Lord Frederick Beauclerk, have taken that fair lady, Mrs. Raffles, off the noble Marquess's hands, for a week, a fortnight, or a month, as might happen, without, in the least, diminishing the passionate ardour of Lord Wellesley's attachment to her.

Lord Hertford, once, took a fancy to Mrs. Raffles's round, pretty person, and made up about her twentieth elopement, from the noble Marquess: and, can any body, even the chaste editors of newspapers, themselves, believe her? If they do, then let my shoulders bear the weight of all that good woman's sins, towards Lord Wellesley; for, could I but have submitted to live with my dear, little all essence, I would, assuredly, have served him exactly the same tricks; vraitment.

Having met Lord Hertford, one morning, in Hyde Park, when he was driving Mrs. Raffles, in his curricule, I asked him, the next time I saw him, which happened to be at his own table, how long that lady had continued with him?

Only a few days, said he. She was a very pretty creature; but then she was always teasing me for necklaces, ear-rings, and other gew-gaws, and even, at critical moments,

when she ought to have been thinking of the most exquisite enjoyments ; and so I sent her back to Lord Wellesley.

More anonymous letters !!

Gentlemen and ladies, do you mean to ruin me ? The inclosed, I strongly suspect, comes from a certain, little nobleman, whose name, it would be unfair, in me, to mention, since it is probable, at least, from what he writes, that he wishes me well. The letter inclosed part of a newspaper, whether Times, Post, or what other, he does not tell me. It was a printed letter, signed the Old Rake, containing such very coarse abuse of me, written in such a low, disgusting style, as to be altogether unworthy of my notice, even though it had graced the Morning Herald.

If I am hog-backed, as this paragraphist asserts, I cannot buy a new back, and my friends must know it. For my part, I have no guess what the expression means, it is so entirely new to me. No one can prove that my age is forty-two ; because I am much

younger; and, since I left my father's roof, with Berkeley Craven, who is alive to tell the tale, and who does tell it, in his own way, and, since I was, afterwards, as you all know, so much sought after, both by young and old, there could have been no necessity for me to tramp the streets, noblemen-hunting. I am obliged to my correspondent, for his, no doubt, well-meant advice, which is my only reason for giving the slightest explanation to such a person as signs himself the Old Rake. Who, or what he can be, I solemnly declare, I know not; but I should, according to the very little knowledge of human nature, I possess, be inclined to acquit any man, let alone a gentleman, of such a spiteful, and paltry production. If, however, it be a man, little doubt can be entertained that it is one, whom I have piqued, by my contempt, or by refusing to become acquainted with him. Still, I should rather imagine, the Old Rake will turn out to be some fair lady, to whom the

handsome, gay deceiver, Rochfort, has been cruel, since the bitterness of spirit is still more strongly evinced toward Rochfort, than even towards me.

To cast a slur on Rochfort's character, the Old Rake gives me credit for having been in possession of the neat sum of fifteen thousand pounds, in hard, ready cash, for the liquidation of Rochfort's debts. For the truth, or falsehood of this last, magnificent accusation, I can refer my correspondent to Mr. Rochfort's attorney, or to any, or all of the trades-people, who were his creditors, to prove that his Irish estates were made over to them, in payment of all their demands, in full. However, to conclude, since I am already taking too much notice of anonymous writers, I will only add that, with regard to the accusation made, by my correspondent, as to the sum obtained, by me, from the rich Lord Scarborough, I beg to make this candid reply. His lordship intruded himself, so often, and gave me, and

my servants, so much trouble, after he had been politely assured that his acquaintance was not desirable, that I cannot think my case resembled, in the least, that alluded to by the correspondent—that of the Count Palmella having been first invited, by Amy, to her house, and then cheated out of his money. At all events, I regret much that the old fool, Scarborough, was not taught a better lesson, by having been made to pay £500 for his impertinent perseverance, instead of £50.

This is the anonymous letter received to-day —

Mrs. Rochfort is pursuing a very bad plan, in allowing persons to buy themselves out of her book, whereby making it much less interesting, than otherwise, it would have been. You might have very well asked double the sum, at first, and it would have sold even better than it does now. If you know the

Old Rake, who writes the enclosed letter to the editor of the paper, I hope that you will name him, and emblazon his merits and deeds, in a style, becoming such an enemy to La Belle Harriette. I hope to see both him and Ellice well treated in your Second Volume, as they both deserve it well. Every one regrets the loss of the history of the noble dukes, &c., which have been concealed from public view.

I shall not add my name, for fear you might bore me in some way or another.

So adieu! I hope to see your Second Volume soon, and Ellice well tickled.

I think you played a very scurvy trick on Lord Scarborough, and not very honourable. Something like your sister A-a-my, and Palmella's £200; for which you seemed rather to reprobate poor Amy.

I hope that you will deny the charges brought against you, in the letter inclosed.

There goes my favourite, the Duke of Devonshire. He, this instant, passes my window, in his yellow barouche.

Parlez moi, donc, du Duc de Devonshire, said a pretty, French woman, to me, the other day, having met him, at an evening-party, and heard it said that, he was a grand, rich, milord Anglais.

Oh! there is really, nothing at all to be said of the Duke, except what you know, namely, that he is rich, and blind, and deaf.

Mais dites nous, donc, quelque chose, pour mes notes explicatives, de Monsieur le Duc de Devonshire, ce superb homme, said the translator of my valuable Memoirs.

Ma foi! Monsieur, answered I, if I am to describe the Duke of Devonshire, it must be by negatives.

Allez toujours.

Well then, his Grace of Devonshire is not young, nor is he old; he is neither fat nor thin, vulgar nor elegant, merry nor sad, hand-

some nor ugly. He is not a man of talents. He is not a man of intrigue; neither is he learned, nor liberal, nor rude, nor polite.

There are negatives enough for good-nature to build an affirmative upon; so, I think, we may let the Duke of Devonshire alone, after adding that he was, once, a bad likeness of Fred. Lamb, until warm climates, acting upon warm passions, rendered Fred. Lamb a bad likeness of his Grace.

Apropos of Frederick Lamb. He was, I believe, very proud of the notice, his present Majesty used to take, of his mother, Lady Melbourne, and no one can be surprised at this circumstance. It was, certainly, a feather in Lord Melbourne's cap. One day, when I was with Frederick, at Hull, he showed me a long letter, addressed to his mother, assuring me it was in the Prince of Wales's own handwriting. It began with My dearest Emily, and, I remember, it was full of expressions of the strongest interest towards her ladyship,

and her family, assuring her that he had not slept on Frederick's interests; but regretted that, for the moment, no situation offered itself, worthy his acceptance.

It ended thus—God bless you, my dearest Emily.

Do royal princes address all noblemen's wives, by their Christian names? was my simple query, which Fred. Lamb did not conceive to be worth an answer; for the reason that I was such a child!

Do pray write something about Paris, says a stupid anonymous letter, addressed to me, and received by this day's post.

The most interesting scene which has come under my observation, occurred, in a family, with which, I, accidentally, became acquainted; and this I will, briefly, relate; but, having received many positive acts of kindness from the individuals of this family, gratitude obliges me to conceal their real names, under that of Duval.

Madame Duval must have been very pretty ; for, at the age of five and forty, when I was introduced to her, her countenance was still pleasing, and she had fine hair, good teeth, and a fresh complexion. She invited me to her house, and presented me to her husband, and her two daughters.

Mr. Duval was a scholar, shrewd, sensible, and profligate. He was a very ill-favoured gentleman, turned of fifty. Miss Julia Duval's features resembled those of her papa. I need not, therefore, add that her pretensions to beauty, were very moderate ; but she was a sensible, well educated, young woman, and possessed of a warm heart. Her age was about five and twenty.

It was not, until I had, frequently visited the Duvals, that I was presented to their youngest daughter, Matilde, then about eleven years of age.

I never saw any thing so innocent, or so delicate, and lovely, as Matilde. All her precepts seemed pure, as those of angels.

There was a degree of reserve, and melancholy, in the child's disposition, which had nothing, whatever, of the French character. Her large, pale, blue eyes, with their long fringes, were frequently fixed on the earth, and then I saw only an interesting, delicate girl; but, when she raised them, to my face, it was impossible to avoid feeling the deepest interest in her behalf.

Her mother appeared to be subject to most violent passions; but she loved her children, tenderly. They presented me, also, to their particular friend, whom we will call Count Dalfour. He was a very elegant, and accomplished man. His age must have been nearly fifty: yet was he still, remarkably handsome. He seemed to be quite at home, in the family; but, I observed that, though kind, and friendly to all, he particularly distinguished Matilde, in his attentions.

These Duvals lived, in a respectable style, in a good house, at the most fashionable part of

Paris ; and they, especially, piqued themselves on keeping an excellent table. Their circumstances were, at this time, independent ; but, they had retired from some trade, I think that of a silk-merchant, or linen-draper, I do not recollect which.

I was acquainted with this family, for several years, during which period I was not a little puzzled with them. Count Dalfour was all civility, and often endured, with unheard of philosophy, the cutting, rude things, which were said to him, by Monsieur, and Madame Duval. Yet he had not the character of a tame man.

Another mysterious circumstance occurred, during my visiting with this family. A young Englishman, with an estate of six thousand a year, fell violently in love with the lovely Matilde, and was well received, by Madame Duval, who suffered him to be constantly in her society. He obtained the child's first, and most ardent affections

Would not any body have been led to believe that this would turn out, what Molière calls, *la queue des Romains* ? for, what objection could a French mother be expected to make, to a son in law, with six thousand a year, for her portionless daughter, who adored him ? Besides, he was a man of character, and, by no means, deficient in tact, and talent. Notwithstanding all these combinations, strange is it to say that, as Matilde's passion increased, she grew thinner, and paler, till she looked like a spirit, and she, constantly, declared, to her lover, that she never could become his wife !

Madame Duval was half mad, and, with Polly Peachum's mother, wondered any woman alive, could ever bear a daughter ! Julia went on her knees, to her fair sister, *pour lui prier, seulement, de devenir raisonnable*. On these occasions, Matilde would shake her head, and sigh heavily, while she began to look unlike an inhabitant of this

earth, so pallid, unsubstantial, still, and transparent. She would, in her lover's absence, sit at a window, which faced the street, wait for his return, with intensely anxious impatience. The first glance, she caught, of his curricie, would tinge her ashy cheek, with a glowing hue of crimson ; but, when her lover eagerly hastened towards her, and wanted to press his mistress, to his heart, she would shudder violently, and her cheeks' late warm brilliancy, would fade to a death-like aspect. The young Englishman became desperate, and talked of blowing his brains out !

Matilde had been bred up, in such close, religious confinement ; had never been introduced, to the gay world, nor left her mother's side, save to return to one of the strictest convents in France, and she was so shy, so reserved, and altogether so infant-like ; so very young, not yet turned of fourteen.—How was it possible to suspect any thing wrong ! Yet it was clear that some deep grief had fastened

itself on her youthful mind, and that she was evidently, dying, its martyr.

The Count, always evinced as lively an interest, in the fate of the child, as though he had been her nearest relative, and Madame Duval was the most devoted of mothers, and the lover only seemed to breathe in the sight of his mistress.

For six months, Matilde continued to suffer, and, at the end of that time, her life was despaired of. Happening to lodge at the same hotel, I paid her all the attention, in my power. I had ever been considered an excellent nurse, and the poor, young lady was very fond of having me near her. One evening, when she had prevailed on her lover to accompany her mother and sister to walk in the Thuilleries, she called me to her bedside.

My dear Madam, said the child, in a faint voice, I believe I am dying; and if, while I have strength, you will turn your head away,

and promise not to look at me, I have made up my mind to relate the dreadful cause of my present sufferings, in mind and body, to you. I should not like to die, and meet my God, while this secret, which I have, for weeks and months, been vainly, praying for courage to acquaint either my mother, or my sister with, weighs so heavily on my conscience.

I gave the poor child all the encouragement in my power; and, at last, with many bitter sighs, she acquainted me with the following, dreadful story:—

After the birth of Julia, Madame Duval had eloped from her husband, with the then handsome, gay Count De Dalfour, and they resided together, for many years. Matilde was the only fruit of this illicit intercourse. The Count soon grew tired of constancy, and played his mistress so many tricks, that full of rage, and in the deepest despair, as she still

adored her lover, Madame Duval withdrew herself from his protection.

As soon as her good husband, Monsieur Duval, had ascertained this fact, he proposed, as he said, for the sake of decency, and the welfare of his child, that her mother should return to him. Madame Duval stipulated for the reception of her lover, as an occasional visitor ; and the good Duval, having occasion to borrow a sum of money, which the richer Count was able and willing to lend, submitted, though not with the best possible grace, to receive his wife's lover as a friend ; having previously, ascertained that the Count's desire for Madame Duval had completely subsided.

Matilde, with much difficulty, proceeded to inform me that, about three years past, the Count, her father, had often astonished her with the ardent warmth of his embraces, which were very different from even the most fervid, she had ever received, from her school-fellows.

At twelve years of age, these embraces had produced an effect, which she could not account for, and, in the innocence of her heart, she, one day, asked her father the reason, why she felt, only, comfort and pleasure, in kissing her sister, and she was agitated, and rendered feverish, by the ardour of her father's embraces.

Tout est permit, entre un tendre père, et son unique enfant, the artful parent would reply. Yet his child became frightened, whenever she found herself alone with him, whose unnatural passion grew so uncontrollable that, one night, his violence occasioned his poor, delicate victim to faint, in his arms, and the monster, more demoniacal than even Lovelace, seized on this favourable opportunity to accomplish his unnatural designs on the person of his only daughter, who opened her eyes to find herself closely pressed in the arms of this horrible satyr!!

It is too late, my angel, you are now my

wife ; mine, by every possible right ; mine, by a double claim, for ever ; so look up dearest, for you are innocent.

All this time, the unhappy child's senses wandered, and while bewildered with the deepest sense of horror, and shame, her father, a second time, contrived to gratify his diabolical passion. He then bade her tremble if the secret should ever transpire, and left her in that state of despondency, from which she never recovered.

One month after Matilde had made me this confession, she was carried to her grave, attended by her lover, and her father !! as well as by several young maidens, who had been her school-fellows. From their hearts, they wept and lamented one, who had been ever gentle and kind to them ; and the children strewed the coffin with white roses, as it was lowered into the earth, after pressing the flowers to their lips, and wetting them with their tears !



When I was attached to the old Tenth Dragoons, there was, I remember, a certain flashy, vulgar youth, in the regiment, his name was Wombwell, an uncouth sort of person, as Worcester informed me: for my part, I was not presented to him. Some few years ago, perhaps five or six, or there about, I read, in the Morning Post, an advertisement stating that a young lady wished to board and lodge in some agreeable family. Now, I fancied myself extremely agreeable, and, having just lost my dame de compagnie, Miss Eliza Higgins, I answered the said advertisement, frankly, saying that I was neither maid wife, nor widow, and, nevertheless, had room in my house, for a boarder, who might happen to be a pleasant companion.

This letter brought me a romantic, childish effusion, thanking me for my noble candour, and humbly confessing, like the fair Miss Higgins, that she too, had had a slip, and, what was worse, that she still adored her sweet

seducer, and should do so, to the end of her natural life. The style was rather elegant, and the hand-writing beautiful.

Pray be my friend, said the writer. I have not one on earth, though at the tender age of sixteen.

Our correspondence went on, for a week or two, and then I received a visit from the young lady, whose beauty was of that pale, interesting cast, which reminded me of the poor, lost Matilde; and thus excited, in me, an unusual degree of interest. She assured me, her adored seducer was now in town, and that she was staying at his house, in Queen Street, May Fair, till some place could be fixed upon for her to board at.

Does your lover know of your visit to me, this morning? I enquired.

Oh yes! and what will astonish you, he knows you, very well.

Indeed! What is his name, pray?

Wombwell.

Is he, then, your adored seducer ?

Yes.

Is it possible ?

Why not ?

I really thought him a very unlikely person, to seduce a young lady's affections.

She told me that it was, at Brighton, she became acquainted with Wombwell, who visited her parents, and had visited them more than a year, before he could prevail upon her, to elope with him. Since that time, he had treated her ill, and much neglected her.

She gave me a melancholy account of her late, severe sufferings, which had induced her to attempt to poison herself. The immediate occasion of this, had been her discovering Wombwell's intrigue with the Honourable Mrs.

How did you discover it ? I enquired.

Her letters, said the young lady, sobbing. I opened his desk, and trunks, where I found

all that Honourable lady's loving letters, addressed to my beloved, adored Wombwell.

I laughed at her, and she immediately, began to hold me cheap, because I was not sentimental enough for her, having said that Wombwell reminded me of a country wight, who had been sent up to London, to officiate as a gay, London lacquey, or a young haberdasher, after he had obtained a prize in the lottery.

Miss Leney, I rather think that was her name, only paid me one more visit, and then Wombwell, after calling on, and consulting me, took a cottage for her, somewhere or other. For my part, I went abroad, a short time afterwards, and have not, since, heard of the fair lady.

Apropos des bottes, I wish it would please his Majesty, King George IV. to make me a present of one of the finest, black mares in his stable! He might send it over, in the smoke-boat, and there would be no necessity

to say from whom it comes. The nag should be cherished in my heart of hearts ! It should feed out of my hands, and be unto me as a daughter. Thus would his Christian Majesty return good, for evil. I am quite serious, in humbly intreating our dear king to consider my request, which was first a caprice, then it grew to a desire, and, at last, swelled into a furor.

Alas ! The king's spirit of gallantry is not what it was ; and yet he will give me the mare : and nobody will believe where she came from, even when they see it in my possession. So certain am I that there is yet, thank God, some freak, and touch of spirit in his Majesty, that I have bought a curry-comb to practise before-hand, on one of my carriage-horses.

I should like the mare to be brought over, and presented to me, by a dumb man ; but first, his Majesty must imprint a warm, very warm kiss, between her two ears, where I

shall find it, and that will render the present invaluable!

All this shall come to pass; if it is only to astonish the Duke of York, and employ the poor newspaper-editors, who will all declare the mare came from the Persian ambassador, or the great Mac Gregor of Poyais, not from Tattersall, the horse dealer, and yet, oh ye gods! to see how I shall love my mare!!

The air of Brighton is too cold for me. I tried Dover, for my health, once, and I found it so abominable, that I crossed over to Calais again, where I continued to bathe, and led a very quiet life. This was when the Seventh Dragoons were at Cassel.

I remember a Mr. Grenville made a great fool of himself *pour mes beaux yeux*; but I was cruel! and, as a reward for my virtue, he presented me with a handsome watch.

One day, when I had led the life of a hermit, for more than two months, I beheld, at a distance, a youth, in the uniform of the

Seventh, who struck my romantic fancy as something superlatively beautiful. The mistake, originated perhaps in the hermit's life, I had been leading.

Your hero must be Arthur Chichester, said young Grenville, of the Seventh; and then he gave me a description of that young gentleman. Grenville was accompanied by that odd looking personage, Lord Uxbridge. There was a good deal of natural high breeding, about his lordship, although he was something of a savage, and, generally speaking, one is apt to doubt the innate courage of these fierce, savage-looking, monstrous sort of militaires: but the Pagets are exceptions; for, though they look like desperate fellows, they possess very high courage, or I am much deceived. However, I am wandering from my story.

It did not appear to me, from what Grenville and Lord Uxbridge said of Lord Spencer Chichester's son, young Arthur, that he was

at all popular, in the regiment: yet, all they said of him, even though it seemed as if told with some degree of spite, and malice, amounted really to no harm.

He is a regular spooney, said the noble Earl of the noble house of Paget.

What does the word spooney mean?

Lord! you understand it well enough!

Not quite; but I can give a sort of a guess at what you mean to convey by it. I suppose a spooney is a gentleman, who can't stand a good blow without, first, showing it to the doctor, and then taking a warrant out, instead of attempting to return it; one, who battles with his own washerwoman, hates a dog, because it dirties his carpet, never breakfasts à la fourchette, and learns the fiddle!

Ha! ha! ha! roared out Lord Uxbridge, and Mr. Grenville at once. You have hit on it! Capital! Don't you know Chichester?

No indeed. I never, till this morning, knew that such a man was in existence!

Why, continued the young Earl, still laughing, if you will come with me to Cassel, where we will all live, I'll take you under the window of Arthur's music-master, who gives him sixpenny lessons, and, there, you will hear them, both, hammering away, at Clementi's progressive lessons, all day long, instead of larking about, with us, like a man!

I wish he would throw away his fiddle, and make a lark of me. I should like to be pursued by such a hawk.

I declare, I will tell him so, said Mr. Grenville: for no man is in the least, jealous of immaculate Arthur, who is in the habit of running away from women, of all descriptions, as though they were mad dogs!

After all, said I, you must both admit that Mr. Chichester, supposing my hero of the hill, to be him, is remarkably handsome!

A fine face, certainly, said Grenville, but then all the regiment laugh at him, for his large hips, and strutting, ridiculous way of

sporting them, as though he were alternately saying, to the right hand side of the way, and then to the left, here is my and there is my my, what shall I call it? My Nesbitt. Here's my Nesbitt right hand neighbour, and there's my Nesbet left hand neighbour.

I assured my two visitors that the more they persevered in quizzing Arthur Chichester, the more perfect I should fancy he must be, to have excited all this envy!

They wanted to lay a wager with me, that nothing I, nor any other lady could write, or say, would induce young Arthur, who was not yet nineteen, to visit them.

The hero came, nevertheless; and I could not help being struck with his beauty, however persons may, now, be inclined to dispute my taste. Arthur's was the *beauté du diable*, and since that period, he has married a Paget, and grown older, and more stupid, from sympathy, than he was at Cassel. He has grown

fat too, and his Nesbitt is, God knows where! At that time, though, one might have fancied him Mars, in his uniform, or Apollo, en bourgeois; or rather the latter, was en ber-gère.

What incredible nonsense one writes, in this sort of careless, half-asleep way, and how easy it is to write pleasant nonsense! And, since all the world declares that mine has its merit, I can understand why the newspapermen accuse me of being a lady of easy virtue! Most truly indeed, if there be but virtue in this radotage of mine, which, Heaven knows, is easy enough; for one can drink one's tea, talk to one's friends, and write thus, all in a breath!

Where did I leave off! Gunpowder tea, and no sugar in it! How nasty! Pooh! I am poisoned! I should like to know if the face, I am making about it, would take with Hart Davis?

Never mind where I left off! I will take

up my story at the little theatre, at Calais, where my readers may fancy me, seated in a stage box with Arthur Chichester, who is busy procuring me a book, a bill, and some lemonade, such as ladies are allowed to drink, at continental theatres, without loss of character, or dignity. Fancy the lame Snuffy, on my left, Lord Scarborough's nephew, chaperoning the celebrated Mrs. Sally Taylor's sister, whose name I have forgotten, since married to a near relation of Lord Headfort ; but I know the lady was, what Smith, the haberdasher, would call a tower ; but hers was a practical tour, all about Holland and France ; tant ton avec un amant, tant tot avec un autre : now with Grenville, then with a Mr. Miller, who declared himself to be a relation of Lord Berwick, and reminded me of those men, who deliver letters on the stage, to the heroes, or heroines of the piece, without speaking a single word. But all this is a vile, round-about way of telling a story,

Lame Lumley was on my left, saying heavy, senseless things, in a mysterious whisper, or with a satirical curve of the upper lip, in the hope that folks might be induced to mistake the manner, for the matter.

Pray did you ever see that tall gentleman, who sits three boxes forward to your right? enquired Master Chichester, suddenly twirling round his fine, conspicuous, symmetrical rotundity, which, in consequence of its great celebrity in the regiment, I have identified as his Nesbitt; and which appeared to great advantage, from the full display, which his short, tight, Hussar-jacket permitted.

I never recollect to have seen the gentleman before, was my reply, and then I enquired if he was not a Frenchman?

It is my father, Lord Spencer Chichester, answered young Arthur.

I hoped his lordship would not scold his son for attending me to the theatre.

Quite the contrary, my father will be de-

lighted, I am sure, to make your acquaintance. Will you, therefore, permit me to present him to you?

Volontiers.

Arthur Chichester, immediately left the box ; but soon returned, handing in his papa, whom he presented to me. His lordship's manners were somewhat foreign ; but very pleasant and agreeable. When I informed him, in what part of Calais I was staying, he assured me, I was his next door neighbour, and expressed a desire that I would be neighbourly enough to give him, and his son, the pleasure of my company, some day, to dinner.

I am unfortunately obliged to return to Cassel, to-morrow, said Arthur hastily ; not seeming, at all, to relish the idea of my visiting his father.

When Lord Spencer had politely taken his leave, Arthur, as he escorted me home, intreated me to write to him, at Cassel, which

request I complied with. The boy was handsome, and I love beauty. Au reste, he had disappointed me, and I was not at all in love with him. His manners were gentlemanly too, and very correct; but there was not point, nor character about him to fasten one's heart upon; nothing striking nor prominent, with the exception, always, of his Nesbitt.

The next morning, Lord Spencer Chichester called on me. He was, he assured me, most anxious to set me right as to the idea, which he understood from his son, I entertained as to his wishes, concerning him.

Be assured, continued his lordship, I am happy, and delighted that he has made your acquaintance. Arthur is a fine young man, and I could feel for him, all the tenderness of a most affectionate father; but his coldness is such, as cannot fail to damp the spirit, even of a parent's love.

I saw Lord Spencer, very often, during the next fortnight. He lived in a miserable lodging, and in extreme poverty. At last, he was confined to his bed, alone, deserted as it seemed, by the whole world, and without a guinea, on the face of the earth ! There was no merit in my feeling for, and rendering to my neighbour, and my countryman, the little services, which were in my power.

After answering one of young Arthur's tender letters, written to intreat me to visit Cassel—your father, so I wrote, your father appears to me to be dying. Do pray write, or come to his lordship, who assures me you have not answered his two last letters.

Lord Spencer was in a miserable, weak, nervous state, and his appetite was completely gone. I asked him if there was no remedy to better his circumstances, and obtain him, at least, some of the comforts, if not the luxury of life ?

None, said the poor man, shaking his head, while I saw a tear tremble in the corner of his eye.

I have heard, my lord, that your son will inherit a good property, at the least, ten thousand a year, at your death.

That is true, answered his lordship, but Arthur is averse to injure his' fortunes, in order to mend mine.

Let me speak frankly to your lordship. Something, surely, must, and will be done, unless indeed you have already drawn on the compassion and generosity of your son, beyond discretion, or his patience.

My son never gave me a guinea, or consented to my receiving one, to his prejudice.

Then, my lord, you must not despair. Arthur is, I dare say, from what I have observed, a very cold and woody young man; but, at eighteen, he cannot be a miser. He will not refuse to sacrifice part of his future

fortune ; even though it be but a small part, it will do you good, in this cheap country.

I have incurred debts to the amount of several hundreds.

What does that signify ? Be your faults what they may, he is your son, and will not forsake his father, for a trifle.

Recollect, Arthur is not of age, and both his guardian, and his mother, set their face against any thing being done, to mend my wretched circumstances. It is true, I have thrown away a large fortune, and lost immense sums, at play, to Lord Barrymore, and various others ; but why did I resort to the gaming-table ? My home was ever made uncomfortable, to me. Naturally, you must already have discovered that I am of a quiet, domestic turn ; but I had a wife, forced on me, and whom I never could love. At nineteen, I passed for very handsome. There is little vanity in such an assertion, made now,

when I feel that I am dying. One of the plainest women, in England, was forced on me, for a wife ; one, whose cold, calculating disposition disgusted me ; one who, I firmly believe, affected to have fallen in love with me, only for my fortune. I was informed by my parents, that a woman, many years my senior, had fallen in love with me, and that, the match, being agreeable to the wishes of all my family, it was necessary to declare myself. I frankly, and unhesitatingly declined the favour, which was proposed to me ; but I was assured that there was no remedy ; and one morning, as I sate in the drawing-room, the lady entered, curtsied, placed herself by my side, and said that she believed I had something to communicate to her.

I assured her that she was very much mistaken ; for I had nothing whatever to say to her, which might not be spoken before the whole world.

The lady then burst into tears, and next fell

into an hysterical fit. I was a mere lad. Her friends interfered, vanity whispered that it was possible I might have inspired a sincere, disinterested affection, and I proposed to her. Since that hour, I certainly never received one, single, real proof of regard from my wife. Hating my home, neglected by my family, I fell into bad company, squandered my fortune, and here I am, left to die, probably, in a prison.

I was very much affected by poor Lord Spencer's story. Be his errors what they may, the man does not now seem inclined to indulge in extravagance; but lives in a very cheap lodging, and cooks his dinner, with his own hands! Surely the son, being heir to ten thousand pounds a year, ought to do something to save a sick parent, from dying, in a French prison, though he were the worst man on earth, and we know that shocking things have been said of him. For my part, he appeared to me a kind-hearted, poor, nervous gentle-

manly being, who showed frequent symptoms of being rather deranged in his intellects. Be that as it may, he was Arthur Chichester's own father, and I do not believe he had ever said a harsh word, to his son, in his life: yet he died, either in St. Pelager, at Paris, or very soon after quitting that dreary abode, which might, and must have been anticipated by all his friends, if indeed he could be said to have any, to prove the grave of a poor, bilious, nervous man, of broken constitution, who always declared that bracing sea-air, and exercise were, alone, what kept him alive!

Lord Spencer Chichester did not go to prison, till nearly a year after I left Calais, and took a last leave of him. I continued, at Calais, several months, during which, Arthur was just as much in love with me, as, I believe, his cold nature would permit, and, having, from his conversation, led me to believe that his father's debts would be attended to, I

was inclined to feel much more regard, and respect, for him, than I now think he deserves.

Soon after his wretched father's miserable end, young Arthur, the gayest of the gay, made up to me, at the Opera, and begged permission to visit me the next **day**. I did not refuse, neither did I encourage him to repeat his visits, and, soon afterwards, he married one of Lord Anglesea's daughters.

I wrote a few lines to Lord Spencer, on leaving Calais, and inclosed him my address; also, a lock of his son's hair, which, in a fit of the pathetics, he had cut, from his head, to present me, as a keep-sake, and which, owing to what I conceived had been his selfish conduct, towards his father, I really felt no desire to carry away with me. My servant brought me the following answer, from his lordship: it was delivered to me, just as I was stepping into the **packet-boat**.

My dear Friend,

Many, many thanks, to you, for sending me your address, and I assure you, I shall avail myself of the permission you have given me of writing to you. As to the hair that accompanied it, I shall send that to the owner, in whose hands I think it will be more esteemed than by any other person.

Yours, most truly and sincerely,

S. C.

P. S. No news of my dandy yet from Cassel,

I again looked in, on the beau Brummell, and found him, with his French language-master. His bottle of petit lait, was standing on his side-table, just as I had left it, three years before. He looked a little coarser, a little older, and a good deal fatter.

I saw you, at the play, with Arthur Chichester, said Brummell, and then added, in his odd, dry way,

Why, Harriette, you two young folks will be falling in love with each other. What were you doing with Sir Charles Style, yesterday ?

Walking with him.

Oh ! you intelligent soul !

Well, now, I really will tell you something about him.

He has determined to have me, whether I will or not, and, for this purpose, the little abortion has been writing me notes, for the last three weeks, craving permission to pay his respects. I never heard of the man, and conceived it possible he might turn out a beauty ; so, with Lord Spencer's permission, I sent the baronet word he might join me, at his lordship's, where I was to dine, to meet Count Ballon, half French, half Irish, and several other men.

I remember all about it ; for I was also invited, interrupted Brummell.

And why did not you go ?

I have no leather breeches here.

I proceeded with my story, as follows: Style followed me, like my shadow, at the theatre, in my walks, in short, wherever I went.

Frankly, Sir Charles, said I to him, one morning, as we were strolling down the beach, together; frankly, and without flattery, you are not to my taste, and you never will, by any sort of perseverance, gain ground that way.

Sir Charles declared he had no hopes of being beloved by me; but then ladies, sometimes wanted money.

And if I did, would you find pleasure in taking advantage of my misfortunes, to make me sick?

At last, he hinted at giving me a draft for £200, and trusting to my charity not to be cruel, for ever.

Now Brummell, I continued, I do so much dislike this Sir Charles, for his cold-blooded,

unnatural desire to possess the woman, who tells him she abhors the idea of such a connexion, that I should certainly like to punish him.

How ?

Why, by sailing off to England, with his £200.

Harriette, said Brummell, with solemn empressement. Harriette, don't learn to swindle !

Here, he was interrupted by a most impetuous fit of loud laughter, which came over me, all at once. He only waited for a pause, in this, my merriment, in order to continue his harangue, in the same odd, energetic manner.

There is no waste of constitution, in these kind of things, child. The man does not want you to pass the night with him ; so e'en put your head, on the pillow, and read Peter Pindar, or fancy yourself in the steam-boat, while they are pumping.

What a very nasty sort of impudent man you are, said I, laughing, and kissing my hand to him, as I ran down stairs.

Remember me to Amy, Brummell called after me, from the door of his anti-room.

Some time after Chichester had been married to a Paget, I forget which of them, I wrote to acquaint him that his father took pains to finish a pretty drawing, a few months before he died, which, he had sent to me ; but, being obliged to travel, with light weight, I wished to leave it in safe hands ; was very poor ; had shown both himself and his father the few kindnesses, in my power, when they were most poverty-struck, and, therefore, I now requested him to send me a little cash, in return for which, I would forward to him his father's drawing, as well as his father's letters, and his own.

I never received any answer, and poor Lord Spencer's last attempt at drawing, is, at this moment, hanging up in my room !

Oh! ye gods! can one conceive any thing half so absurd as the communications of this day's bag? For know, my good, Marylebone Fields cast off beau, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre, that you are my sole agent, by whose bag, all my business, with Stockdale, is carried on. In vain did your note, which you addressed to me, declare that my letters and papers should not pass, because it was illegal.

They do, still pass, all free, under the cover of such friends, of your's, in whose favour it has pleased you to act illegally. However, you, are own brother to the Duchess of Beaufort,—and the Beaufort-set are so very honorable! But then it is all in such a quiet way that the world knows nothing about it. I subjoin a copy of the answer, his lordship sent me, some time ago, when I applied to him.

Lord Granville is sorry that the rules, laid

down, with respect to the contents of the official bag conveying the correspondence of the embassy, with the foreign office, will not allow him to comply with the wish, expressed in the letter he received last night, from Mrs. Rochfort.

It must be a lamentable misfortune to the layers down of rules, having such ambassadors as Lord Granville, however agreeable to myself and Stockdale, who, by his lordship's disregard of rules, receives the last part of my pretty Memoirs, post free !

I was just going to inform my readers what has arrived by this day's bag.

Stockdale inclosed me a most romantic love letter, which he received from an anonymous writer, who addresses me, affecting to have loved, and been adored by me. In the envelope of this precious rhapsody, the writer gives my editor full permission to publish it in my name ; and, lest we should be at a loss

how to bring him into notice, he humbly suggests the following few lines as a prelude to the force ! I will copy the gentleman's exact words. N. B. The original is in Stockdale's possession.

As I was proceeding with my task, I received a letter from one who, certainly, like some of the rest, I esteemed. The circumstance of our intimacy, he may rest assured, are not forgotten by me. With all my other adventures, peculiar, and varied, these are treasured up and recorded, and, as I can find no reason, why, in regard to him, partiality should usurp the seat of justice, and expunge, from the annals of my time, the record of the share, he, too, had, in my heart's feelings, and the wretchedness, which his reign tended to entail on me, I cannot make him an exception. I should be sorry should he, as he threatens, depart this world sooner, in consequence; but, of him hereafter. Meantime, let his own declaration speak for him.

Then follows the letter, which is much too long, and too desperately loving to bore my readers with more of it, than a few light sketches, that they may laugh, with me, at the vanity of such an egregious blockhead, who, lacking attraction of every kind, probably, to make himself beloved, as a last hope wants me to show him up, as a former lover of mine, whom I probably never saw. That I never loved, or even liked any married man, in my life, except Lord Ponsonby, is most certain, nor could any other married man, who yet breathes, or ever did exist, entertain the smallest doubt, as to my coldest indifference.

Who can the poor man be? What think you, readers, of that noble master of hearts, and arts, and, better still, of the mint, and of the king's stag-hounds, Lord Mar borough? He comes of a clever, and a winning race! Now I do not, hereby, state that I believe the writer of the said rhapsody, to be his lordship.

Oh no ! I hate scandal ! I only put a question to my readers, being, myself, utterly at a loss, who to suspect of this most disgusting vanity. What say you to Wellesley himself ? But I am tired of guessing, so I'll give you a few specimens. The letter begins thus :—

London, March 1st, 1825.

My dear Madam,

Years have rolled away, it is true, since that intimacy, which subsisted between us, existed in all the warmth of true friendship, affording to me, as you often induced me to believe it afforded to you, sincere pleasure. Yes, those moments, which found us dearly attached to each other, giving indubitable proofs of regard and love, have floated down the stream of fleeting time.

As we more dearly prize a friend, after we have lost him, so did I often repair to that spot, gaze around the space, where, together, often we roamed, breathed forth the accents

of pure love, and vowed that death alone should part us ; oft have I listened to the note of the blackbird, and the thrush, and repeated, are those the same birds, which Harriette, with me, listened to, with delight, proved with all the extasy of a romantic spirit ? For, in this, we were born with the same feelings, with hearts and minds capable of the same impression, devoted to the same reflections, alive to the same delights.

Can you forget, dear Harriette, those many moments, &c.

And then the blockhead goes on to recal to his Harriette's mind, the valentine, he first sent to me, and which he transcribes ; but I have not patience to copy it, for my readers, never having received a valentine in my life. I wonder why ? I wish somebody would write me a few valentines !

My own, my once doating Harriette, says the wretch, in the seventh page of his vulgar effusion,

Oh Harriette ! he continues, somewhere else,

Oh Harriette, consider my situation, my family, my delicate situation. Yes, consider well, pause, and ah ! do not, on my knees I implore you, do not unfold our loves:

Then he goes on—

I, following your candid example, acknowledge that, married as I am, still the charms, the thousand charms, which your person, mind, heart, like the brilliant rays of the sun, darted around, whenever I happened to be in your presence, those charms created lasting impressions, which even stern sense of duty, circumstances, the probable consequence of intimacy with one so fascinating, all, all, set at defiance. I sought your acquaintance, obtained it by your goodness, &c.

And then, further on, he declares he writes on his knees (I hope it was in the snow) and implores me not to print, or publish him, unless I would shorten his days !

Enough of this superlative blockhead, who is lulling me to sleep, or, if my readers want to hear the rest of his effusion, with the precious valentine he says he sent me, he may apply to my editor, who possesses the original, with his written, full permission to publish, and the above-mentioned mode of bringing it into the book. How kind of the good man, to put words into my mouth, as to the love I bore him!! He makes me sick! I must drive him out of my head; but, first let me hereby declare, upon oath, that I never loved, or liked any married man, except Lord Ponsonby.

Apropos de bottes, et de mi Lord Ponsonby:—but no—I must finish with my would-be lover.—This is in parenthesis, reader.

Secondly, that the writer of such stuff, let alone the valentine, would have been an object of contempt to me, at any **one** period of my life, up to this present writing. How shall I drive the animal out of my head?

which, by the bye, is not the place for such a natural.

Now then for bottles, and Lord Ponsonby, —The greatest alarm prevails at my threatened communication of the love-scenes, which his lordship detailed to me, with the Countess of Clare, and others, which my **LITTLE** editor has hitherto withheld.

Like murder, however, they will out, and then it will be remembered, as Coriolanus says that,

like an eagle in a dove-cote,
I fluttered the Volsci, I did it! I, alone, did it,
a girl!!

Were Stockdale nervous, he would owe small obligation to my Memoirs, which, in their consequences to my publisher, might try the metal of the sternest stuff, which enters into the composition of modern men.

The fire was commenced, on the part of

Lord Ponsonby, by a letter to Stockdale, threatening him with the legal consequences of publishing any of the particulars, alluded to, from Mr. Lawrence Walker, of Argyle Street, his lordship's solicitor, with whom a long explanatory correspondence took place, on Stockdale's side, and an equally long, and recriminatory, but I must add, gentlemanly one, on the part of Lord Ponsonby and his solicitor. Who might have the best of the correspondence, this deponent saith not; but, if the adage that one fact is worth a world of argument, be correct, I must give it in favour of the bookseller, knowing that the whole strength of fact, stubborn fact, lies in his scale.

Mr. Cowburn, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been endeavouring, by his display of zeal for another noble lord, to entitle himself to the honour of a niche, in these maculate Memoirs; but Stockdale seems only half-inclined to indulge him. Nous verrons, enfin. There is

some adage about saving a man from his friends—but I must call another subject.

I'll give you a part of one of Lord Clanricarde's letters, written about four years ago. Not that I am, at all, sure, it will entertain you ; but his lordship declares, in another note, that he had waited in London, last year, for the sole purpose of seeing himself in print, until his patience was quite worn out ; so, I must print him, a little, you know, poor fellow, as he is so young, and so delicate in his health. The letter, which happens to lay before me, runs thus :—

Spa, July 16, 1822.

Ma chère Harriette,

I was just going to write, having given up all hopes of again hearing from you. Never did amusing letter come more opportunely ; fancy me stretched on my sofa, at a small watering place, dead beat with fever and rheumatism ! Many thanks for your kind

offer touching the money; the little I have ever raised, I have got at 5 per cent. What an English idea for a young man to think of, per centage! as Saulme, D'Erville, Pacquot, Brown, or Palmella (she has been called all that) would say! Thank God, I don't want to avail myself of it. I am in a great passion with a woman of this town, and if I don't have her up to the maire as sure as God made —— Rochfort handsome. There's an oath! I'd have you to know that Saulme is yet handsome, and only very little *en bon point*, by no means to be despised. She's a great swell, quite retired from business; but takes occasional recreation.

I am obliged for Rochfort's verses; like them very much——only don't mix quite so much prose, about him. In your two letters there were three sheets of nothing else besides the verses, and you are too clever to throw so much of a letter away on a subject, I, at least, may tire of. To you, I perceive, it is a

very, very interesting one, more than I wish ; for your mentioning my handkerchief has made me quite in love with you. I wish I had a hundred pounds English, here, or a stamp ; though waiting for my arrival will not make much difference, and I should not like to overdraw my banker in a foreign country.

By the bye, I desire you won't call me a rat ; monkey, or what else you please, but rat, in the usual acceptation of that term, when applied to a man, is a character I so much abhor, that I beg you won't mention so unpleasant a subject. Talking of rats, how do you like the Marquiss of Graham ? You must not mind my being cross and stupid. I am in a bad humour ; I hope I shall soon be well, and then I will set off, as soon as I can, to see you ; but then, in the same month, I must be in Ireland : very amazing, but must be so.

How delightful your account of Mr. Hollen is ! I do hope you will not like Lord Apsley.

His letters must be worth a great deal, an improvement on Miss Edgworth's *L'Amie Inconnue*, and much superior to our correspondence. How little you know me to think I care for money ! The fact is, I throw away so much on the objects immediately near me, that I never have any to spare, and am constantly in debt. Were you living with me, I think your opinion would change ; and, at my age (nineteen) one has not so much to spare, especially as I have been constantly living with men, much older than myself, and can spend my fortune just as well as I ever shall. You signed your letter truly yours, and blamed me for putting sincerely yours, while I really felt that I was sincerely attached to you, and at your service.

CLANRICARDE.

After giving one more letter of his lordship, he must allow me to cut the subject, much as he likes being shown up, in good company,

Perhaps the ill-natured editors will say that late circumstances must have occasioned Lord Clanricarde to change his mind, since he expressed so strong a desire to have a place in my Memoirs. To these, I answer that, accidentally meeting with his lordship, a few weeks before the happy knot was tied, he shook hands with me, in the presence of Mr. Rochfort, and assured me he had not the slightest objection to be shown off, in my book.

However, after treating my readers with a few extracts, from one more of his pleasant letters, he must excuse me ; because of the very weighty matters I have to relate.

The letter I now propose giving, was written in the earlier part of the same year, as the one already transcribed, and was dated Oxford.

Many thanks, literally, my dear Harriette, for your letters ; for the last, though you did

scold and abuse me in them, were the most entertaining, I think, of any, you ever sent me. Your anger then is exhausted, and you will again be friends with me? My character, I perceive, you quite mistake, and I only wish some one, besides yourself, could discover that zeal for economy, your penetration alone could reach. You said you wanted money, and I sent you, what I had in my pocket. If you really wish it, I will send you some more. As to my want of feeling, in general, that, of course, is a point, on which nobody can judge themselves; but, as to what I said of my father's death, it was inconsiderately said, I own; but I do not pretend to feel any affection for one, whose person I hardly retain a faint idea of. He died, when I was five years old, and, having passed, probably, as happy a boyhood, and as free from care, as any one ever enjoyed, it would be absurd in me to pretend it had been, in any respect different. As to my behaviour to

yourself, I own I was culpable ; but not so much as you imagine. I was forced to leave town, and, till the hour of setting off, had no notion of it.

When I said I was interested in knowing when your allowance from the Duke of B. stopped, it was true ; but not from the motive you attribute, as I knew it had long stopped ; but, intimate with most of that family, I had heard much of you, and, therefore, wished to hear the particulars of your connexion with Worcester.

I think you must now be sufficiently bored with my egotistical justification, to repent having written to me, and I will relieve you, at last, the case being that the noble lord having explained, both sides agreed to return to the former amicable state, and, when I come to town, I may again visit you. I do not, however, agree to one part of your letter. I like you better than ever. I love you, and would immediately avail myself of your per-

mission, but that I shall not be able, I fear, to get to town, till nearly a fortnight; but then I hope I shall be able to pass some time there. If so, may I not come to see you constantly? Your verses, on poor Mary, were very good. I should myself advise you to publish some sketches of characters, as soon as you have time to contrive them. I have those you sent me, quite safe, and should be very thankful for some more. Believe me wholly, truly, and sincerely yours,

CLANRICARDE.

In another letter Clanricarde writes thus, from Paris :—

I have met with a lady here, who knew your mother and yourself when a child. She spoke very kindly of you, and liked, and admired you very much.

And now, wishing his lordship a fine, rosy son and heir, as clever and as pleasant as him-

self, I take my leave of him, and promise never to give him any further trouble.

Farewell, Clanricarde! I hope he will like my farewell-parody, on Cardinal Wolsey, made in honour of the virtue of his countryman, the Marquess of Londonderry: but I think that is a treat, which is still in store, for the reader.

I have just laid my hand upon an absurd letter of Frank Standish, from Italy, without date. It may, perhaps, amuse my patrons, as it contains, I see, quotations from the ninety-nine cantos, which were presented to Andrews, of Bond Street, for publication, and might have afforded us all much entertainment, for any thing known to the contrary, had not the morals of Mr. Andrews been too refined. He not only declined being the publisher of the cantos, but, as he assured me himself, addressed a letter to Mr. Standish, begging him to mend his creed. I know not whether Andrews was right or wrong,

not having seen more of the poem, than I am now about to present to my readers; but, of this, I am certain, such wit and spirit as might have shone forth to enliven us in this our dull world, is often frightened away, owing to the cause that wit originates, so much, in perfect freedom. Many a heavy bookseller, besides Murray, has extinguished, for ever, the first sparks of genius, which, by encouragement, might have been fanned into a brilliant blaze!

Now, if Master Frank Standish should talk of going to law with us, for the publication of his letter, à la mode de Wellington, I can show him, in his own hand-writing, his advice, and permission to make a fortune by such publication, whenever I pleased. The one which has just slipped out of my desk, is not dated; but I know that it was about the same period, as those of Lord Clanricarde.

News, neighbours, news, from this side of the Alps!

Here I am, after having made an unsuccessful attack on the virtue of one lady, and the fortune of another.

Mademoiselle Naldi, with whom I am acquainted, was astonished by receiving a magnificent present of diamonds, from me, as a proof of my esteem and regard. Wanting me, however, to write a letter, in order to prove to her friends, that *les diamans ne sont pas toujours la recompense du vice*, and, being rather desirous of taking my cadeau, *au pied de la lettre*, I sent my servant to take them back. The family fell into fits. Madame Pasta laughed. Chinti, who is not so scrupulous, was delighted. The Italians were astonished. The men wished to be women, for my sake, and the candle-snuffers were so astonished as to put the theatre in total darkness, by their awkwardness.

Ma foi ! je croyais qu'on était plus au fait, et, qu'en Italie, on mouchait la chandelle, à merveille !

The writer continues—

I received a letter from Mademoiselle, to say, No, Sir, not all the diamonds in Europe would induce me to quit the paths of virtue.

You can imagine the state of the case! The other circumstance was that the lady had ten thousand pounds a year; but the family pretended not to be acquainted with me. Bravo! I have immortalized the business, in my new poem. See here a rough copy of the way I write. End of Stanza 60th speaking of wives.

*

*

*

*

Married, I know how these things must be done:
But then I have three wives instead of one.

61.

The first is French, exceeding clean and neat,
Details of her, in canto, too you'll meet.

The second, from the regions of the sun,
Italian, hasty, hot, and overdone.

The third a Greek, much better than the past ;
Because, perhaps, I married her the last.
Ungrateful! So, I thought the other day,
To take another, in another way ;
But then she had ten thousand pounds a year ;
I wrote a line to make my love appear.

62.

Short-sighted mortals, in this world of woe,
Short-sighted to your real good below !
Sir, your letter we have just received,
This is the fact: I hope it is believed.
We do not know you, and, in such a case,
We really must decline the profered grace.
Are much obliged for your politeness too ;
But, at the same time, wish you not to woo.
I guess this lady, as appears to me,
Had heard already of the other three

These will, of course, be altered and polished. You see me, in my undress. I am not coming back to England, for several years. Drop me a line post restante, Bologna, Italy. If I can ever be of any service to you, write me a line ; but, for God' sake,

let the letter be short, and put the initials on the outside, as I take in as few as possible, wishing to forget England, and be abstracted from all worldly concerns.

The weather here is delightful. Lord Kinnaird has left this place, and take a house at Rome, for two years. Lord Fife and Nob-ett go on as usual. Nobody knows how Sir Charles Style is, at Venice. Mr. Gordon resident at Milan. The Italian women surpass the French and English, and, in my opinion, all others.

There is some part of this letter you must not show. You may the other ; but I trust to your discretion.

Now that I have got my letters about me, I will give you a humorous one, from Lord Palmerston, when he took the name of Ellis to send me a present, although I have not the honour of his acquaintance

I allude to the Charles Ellis, who went out



to China, as secretary to Lord Amherst's embassy, not the advertising Ellice, M. P. His lordship must have seen the said secretary, in my opera-box, that being the only place in which the worthy man visited me.

Mr. Ellis sends his best love to la belle et aimable Harriette, and is much flattered by her note, and all the cruel things which she has been pleased to say of him, and of his speech at Sir Murray Maxwell's dinner, of which, he is much gratified to hear Lord Frederick Bentinck has made her so handsome a report.

Mr. Ellis is au desespoir that, being obliged to go down to Gravesend, to visit some China ship, that is about to sail, with presents to his friends Quong and Chong, it will not be in his power to perform the Go To, at her feet; but he takes the liberty of presenting a small offering, of which he begs her acceptance.

He would have added a small sample of real

nankeen, but that, from the extraordinary continuance of hot weather, he has made up all his stock, into trowsers.

27, July 1818.

At the period, I have been alluding to, which was, as I see by the date of Lord Clanricarde's letter, in the year 1822, I led a retired sort of a life ; my health having obliged me to give up the Opera, as well as every evening-party. I had, in fact, not been seen at one, nor out of my house, after day-light, for more than a year, when I was seized with a sudden desire to take a peep at that masquerade, where I met his lordship, who, certainly, from the first, evinced a disposition to attach himself to me. Several others did the same, and this circumstance surprised me much ; for, since the death of my dear mother and sister, my glass told me that I was considerably changed, and I felt my spirits, broken.

My cottage, near the Regent's Park, was prettily fitted up; but, having had the luck to fall into the hands of a set of heartless, fashionable men, who had ever been ready to take advantage of my extreme generosity, I found myself unprovided for. Lord Clanricarde, in one or two of his letters, mentions settlement, which he had some idea of making on me, if we should agree, till he was of age, and should have money at his command. Mr. Elliston too gave me many a gentle hint as to the possibility of his doing me the superlative honour of making me his wife. This he can easily deny; for he never committed it to writing, nor put the actual question to me; only, that good man appeared very fond of me, often hinted at his wish to take unto himself a second wife, and gave me a place in his daughter's private box; and, with that lady, I passed the evening, to see the opera of the Pirates damned; and Elliston told me, in confidence, therefore I will not repeat it,

how much money he had put by, for a rainy day !

I was growing melancholy, owing to the very frequent attacks of a severe indisposition, under which I suffered, disorders of the chest, coughs, rheumatism in the head, and other such delightful companions ; and yet, strange to say, the idea that I had not been provided for, nor taken care of, among the many, who had professed to prefer my happiness to their own, never vexed me.

I am just where they found me ! I would say to myself. I never sought them, notwithstanding all the editors say, to be made a fine lady of. All I ask of God is a little better health, and I will get my living by my own industry. Sometimes, I determined to hide myself, in Wales, and endeavour to obtain scholars, for French and the piano-forte. I thought that, provided my conduct should be perfectly correct, I might teach my pupils just as well as though I had been a maiden

lady! Then Elliston, George Lamb, and Clanricarde, together, flattered me into the idea of turning author. I always said, to my sister Paragon, whom, at that period, I was in the habit of visiting, that the first twenty pounds, I should be able to earn, by honest labour, would make me more happy, and do me more good, than the finest equipage, with as many thousands, which should be given by a lover, as the price of my dishonour!

Never, surely, did the good news-men make a worse guess, than when they called me a fine, stuck up lady! The great swing of their abuse, turns on the circumstance of my natural preference of good society; and I conceive that any tradesman's daughter, who should be, at an early age, placed in a convent, with young ladies of rank, and fashion, and who, afterwards, should live many years, completely domesticated with such people as Lord Carysfort's niece, Argyll, Ponsonby, and those whose manners were of such high polish,

would find it impossible to make friends of vulgar or ignorant persons ! Habit and education compose our second nature, and mine had been of that description, as to disqualify me for the company of ill-mannered people, who, I repeat, are not my equals, but my inferiors.

My father was a scholar ; his family, the most respectable in Switzerland ; and his uncle, a judge of some celebrity, living at Lausanne. He followed the business of a coal-merchant, many years, in London, a fact, which either Lord Hawkesbury, or his steward, I presume, can vouch for, his lordship having been one of his very oldest customers ; consequently, any well-bred, well-educated tradesman would have been fit and proper society for him ; but the company of such people as Mr. Blore, however rich, or excellent their characters, he would, naturally, grow tired of, the vulgar proverb of birds of a feather being so perfectly correct.

As to my having been, as one of the editors declares, very dexterous at earning my livelihood, by darning stockings, I can only assure them, I should be proud of possessing such useful talents, and have always been ashamed of my deficiency in the proper, feminine occupation of needle-work. In short, my awkwardness is so notorious, that Worcester must remember his having been reduced to the necessity of sewing on his own buttons, whenever the maid-servants were not at hand ; since, with the best intention, in the world, I cannot manage my needle, unless it is nearly a foot long ! Worcester, finding the case so desperate, provided himself with proper materials, thimble, and other tailoring requisites ! and used to stitch away, to his own dismal accompaniment, of a song, which he declared was expressly adopted to sewing up pantaloons, or putting on buttons. I am sure, he does not forget his favorite, darning stanzas, follows :—

Broken hearted I Vanders,
Broken-hearted I Vanders;
For my jolly, light-horse man
Was slew'd in the vars.

Had I vings like a hegle,
Had I vings like a hegle,
I vud fly to the spot,
Ver my true love doth lie.

Nevertheless, though I cannot darn stockings, I can make several French dishes, and, lately, when circumstances, which I may hereafter relate, rendered it necessary, I contrived, with very little difficulty, and that little, caused alone, by my weak state of health, to dispense with a servant, and to wait on myself, with perfect cheerfulness. Facts are stubborn things. Nobody can change them, not even editors, however much they may wish to do.

I made very short of my pedigree, in the first part of my Memoirs, conceiving that it was below the attention of my readers; but,

since there is such a fuss made about it, in the forlorn hope of vexing me, the importunate are welcome to the following particulars, in addition to what I said before.

Editors and lawyers may assert, as usual, that no credit is due to such an one, as I am, and that my readers are bound to disbelieve, all but the bad, which such people relate of themselves; still truth, unvarnished truth, even from the pen of that most shocking creature, Harriette Wilson, will make its way sooner or later; and, as I said before, I am quite satisfied with the general candor of the world's judgment, in the long run! And so would ye all, but that it is your fashion, not mine, to wish to pass for any thing but what ye really are, whence your dread of my publication.

To proceed—My grandmother's name was Gadston: who her parents were, I cannot inform you, and, what is worse, I know that she was seduced, from a boarding-school, by

a certain gallant, gay Lothario, who was struck all of a heap, by the sight of her wonderful charms, as she followed, in a procession, to church, with the rest of her school-fellows.

The gentleman's name was Cheney; and, all I know, further about him is that he possessed an excellent estate, not far from London. I have been told that he could count his ancestors much farther back than I can, at least by the mother's side, though the Du Bouchets are a very ancient, Swiss race, who were, in the olden time, barons: but talking of Swiss barons is almost like talking of baronial estates in Poyais!

I have seen, and often spoken to my half, or quarter uncle, as it may please my readers to consider the tall, handsome General Cheney of the Guards, who was the eldest son of my grandmother's seducer, got in the way of legitimate honesty. The General's resemblance to my late dear mother, nobody, who has seen them both, will dispute.

How many sighs, or ogles, or professions, or love-letters it may have required to win the heart of my grandmother, I know not; for I forgot to enquire during the life-time of those, who could have thrown any light on the paw-paw subject. However that might be, Miss Gadston was pregnant, sooner or later, by Mr. Cheney, and, in consequence of which, she left her school, in great distress of mind, and obtained protection from the charitable kindness of a very worthy man of the name of Cook, who, with his amiable wife, resided in May Fair.

In due time, Miss Gadston brought my dear mother, into this wicked world; after which, her pecuniary distress having overcome her pride, she addressed a very humble letter, to her seducer, intreating him to assist her, for his child's sake. Mr. Cheney's answer to that letter had been afterwards repeated to my mother, who could never forget it.

Take that, said my brutal grandfather, in

his last epistle to the beautiful girl, he had ruined, just as she was slowly recovering from her confinement.

Take that (it was a £100 bank-note), the wages of shame, and never let me hear of you more.

My grandmother, almost broken-hearted, resolved to bid adieu to her native land, for ever.

Go, said her excellent friend, Mr. Cook, as soon as he had procured her the situation of governess in a respectable family, going out to America, go, my poor girl, and I will be a father to your infant. My wife will nurse her, and be a mother to her.

My grandmother saw no other remedy. She was portionless, her heart was almost broken, and she trusted that change of scene, might one day, restore her peace of mind, in which case, she determined to hasten back to her poor, forsaken babe, who, in the mean time, she felt confident would be treated with

the most tender kindness. To be brief, grandmamma went to America, and my mother improved in beauty, during the first five years that she enjoyed the kind protection of the worthy Cooks.

Mr. Cook's trade was that of cleaning silk stockings, not by, merely, getting them washed, but they were made, by piecing and legging, and a long process, to retain, to the last, the appearance of new.

He had a very extensive business, amongst the first nobility, and the trade of cleaning silk-stockings, which is now gone to nothing, was, in those days, when our gay beaux wore them of a morning, dyed a fine, pale blue, sometimes green, and since pink, a most excellent, and profitable business, by which, Mr. Cook could easily clear, yearly, a sum equal to one thousand pounds, according to the present price of things. On such an income, it may be imagined that this worthy family lived respectably, having nothing to

do with the laborious part of their trade, possessing a good, well-furnished house, and servants to wait upon them, without reckoning the host of washerwomen, employed, daily, in their out-house.

When my mother had, fully, attained her fifth year, the late Lady Frederick Campbell, who is an aunt of the present Duke of Argyll, took a great fancy to the beautiful protégée of these worthy people, to whom she had, often, shown kindness ; and, from frequently taking the little Amelia, to visit her, and pass a week with her, her ladyship, at last, begged permission to incur the sole charge of the child, for a few years. This request, having been granted, my mother enjoyed the benefit of that excellent lady's instructions, as well as her benevolence, was permitted to share her ladyship's own bed, and was treated by her, in every respect, as a daughter.

After staying some years, entirely with Lady Frederick, who was then, I think, Mrs.

Meredith, she used to be allowed to pass her time, in alternate visits, from the Cooks, to Lady Frederick's, until she had attained the age of fourteen, when my mother, if I may judge from the elegant diction of such letters as I have seen, addressed to her young friends, in her own hand-writing, in French, as well as in English, must have been a very accomplished girl.

How Mr. Cook became acquainted with my father, I know not. I remember hearing that parent, afterwards, say to us that his father turned him out of doors at fourteen, and that he had come to England, to seek his fortune. How it happened, I know not, and whether he was in any situation, at the time, when he fell in love with my mother, I forget; but it is certain that he had art, and wit, and beauty enough to induce her to elope with him, and get slyly married, at the tender age of fourteen. They continued to retain the secret of their marriage, many months, from

my mother's friends, my mother having, merely, gone to church, and returned before she had been missed.

At length, some accident caused its discovery, and the good Cooks were in despair ! Indeed, they had almost forgot their usual mild charity, while reproaching their adopted daughter, with dissimulation, and ingratitude, in binding herself, thus clandestinely, to a wild, rakish foreigner, whom nobody knew, and who was twenty years her senior.

My father was very handsome, nevertheless, and my mother could only sigh, and cry. She could not, for the soul of her, regret her disobedience. As for Lady Frederick, she declared she would cut the girl dead, she was so enraged against her !

This foolish marriage made such a deep impression, on Mrs. Cook, as to seriously injure her health.

What will become of them ? she would often enquire of her husband, while the

bitter tear of disappointment and affection stood trembling in her eye. What fortune have we to give them ?

Alas ! none, her husband would answer ; for his too great liberality, and charity, had ever caused him to live up to his income. A thought has struck me, continued the good man, whose countenance was irradiated with benevolence. We are growing old. Our business is very extensive. Let us divide it with our new son-in-law.

He, the fop ! exclaimed Mrs. Cook (dandies had not come into fashion, in those days) Du Bouchet undertake our trade ! He would starve rather !

Then let him starve, quietly observed Mr. Cook, placing his spectacles on his nose, and opening his ledger.

The good man, however, did my father injustice. He was ready to undertake any trade, even that of Mr. John Bentley, rather than be longer deprived of his beautiful, young

wife. A house was taken, for them, in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and, by degrees, they began to obtain an insight, into the business.

Before my mother was sixteen, she became the mother of my sister Amelia, now, no more. At this time, the good heart of Lady Frederick Campbell resumed its natural sway, and she came forward to offer herself as god-mother, to the infant.

My father soon became a bon vivant, was very fond of society, and passed most of his evenings from home. My poor mother, as she counted the tedious hours of his absence, which afforded her time for reflection, almost to madness, deeply repented of her thoughtless disobedience, to her more than parents.

Often has she suppressed the rising tear, and the bursting sigh, while she comforted their anxiously inquisitive hearts, with the assurance that she was happy.

The silk-stockings trade, no longer, flou-

rished, as formerly, the nobility, and even the princes of the blood, having adopted the fashion of wearing pantaloons in the morning, and their valets sent their stockings to the common wash. Mr. Cook was greatly respected by his host of noble customers, for his excellent character, and, by some of their kind interest, my father was established, and obtained a respectable business, as a coal-merchant. He, on this, wished to abandon the silk-stockings department; but my mother possessed too much real pride to be ashamed of any honest way of bettering the condition and prospect of her children.

She, now, obtained permission to manage that department, in her own way, as long as there was any business to manage, while my father, merely attended an hour or two, in a morning, at a coal-wharf, in the city, and we saw no more of him: or, if he came home, it was to lock himself up, in his closet, with his mathematical instruments.

My second sister, Jane, came into this troublesome world, two years after the first, who died before she had attained her third year ; consequently before I was born. Jane, the second child, continues to this day, a maiden lady. It is true, she has been in love, for more than twenty years, with a very stupid brother of a very stupid lord ; but

She never told her love.

She has a good knowledge of music, and is a most harmless sort of personage.

Next came Amy, who, as a child, displayed unusual science, in the use of the long bow. The fourth was Fanny, who was, from her birth, a most lively and delicate child. The fifth was Paragon, very sharp, very dark, and very clever ; and then I showed my handsome, captivating features, in this malignant, iniquitous, sublunary portion of the world !

When I was about ten years of age, and

my sister Fanny was turned of fourteen, the silk-stockings business became merely nominal, and my father's trade was far from productive. His predilection for expensive dinner-parties, in no wise diminished; it is not surprising, therefore, if, in spite of the closest attention to the most strict economy, combined with unremitting industry, my dear mother should find herself a little behind-hand, with the world.

Nothing, on earth, could subdue my spirit, or humble my feelings, except being burthened with debts, said that dear parent. To avoid these, as the rent of our house, at No. 23, Queen Street, May Fair, was very high, and the situation most excellent, she resolved to advertise her first floor, to be let, furnished. However strange, yet no less true, though it will be imagined the mere fabrication of a novelist, the first person, who hired the lodging was ——; but I will tell the story properly.

Our maid-servant having acquainted us that a gentleman was in the drawing-room, and wished to speak to my mother about engaging her apartments, she immediately joined him, and was struck with his manner, which was, as she often assured us, strikingly kind and polite. My mother was still beautiful, and her beauty was of that captivating description, which few could behold, with indifference. She had long, expressive, brown eyes, clear, pale, delicately fair skin, white teeth, and a nose, such as sculptors, might have sought elsewhere, in vain. Her countenance was calm and benevolent, and beamed with intelligence, and sensibility. Her hair so very dark, polished, and silky—but I loved my mother dearly, and my description will be supposed partial; therefore, let me refer my readers to Mr. Nugent, or to any stranger, who has seen her, old or young.

A woman, possessing so many attractions, joined to most excellent taste in dress, and

which taste was so very natural to her, that it scarcely occupied more than a moment of her time, such a woman, I say, must have been well accustomed to admiration: but this gentleman seemed to examine her, with the kindness of a friend. He was himself strikingly handsome, and his age might be thirty. He closed, at once, with her terms, and begged permission to enter, as her lodger, the next day. He then, respectfully, enquired as to her children, talked of his affection for all young people, and hoped he should, sometimes, be invited into our parlour. My mother felt a wish to be angry with him; but could not account, even to herself, why she found that it was impossible.

You will require a reference, of course? the gentleman remarked, taking up a pen, from the table, and beginning to write.

The bright glow, which overspread my mother's usually pale cheek, as she cast her eyes on the address, which was handed to

her, could not have escaped his notice, it ran thus :—

Colonel Cheney, First Guards, St. James's.

My mother well knew that her father was yet living at his country-house, also that he had married very soon after her mother went to America, and that his son had been many years in the Guards. What the Colonel thought of her confusion, whether he had the smallest idea of who my mother was, or whether her strong likeness to himself, and to his father, probably might have created the more than usual degree of interest, he seemed to feel towards her, I cannot determine : most certainly, it was nothing like love ; but it seemed rather as if nature spoke, in his heart, at first sight, of a sister, so unnaturally forsaken, by both her parents.

At that time, we were all equally ignorant of every circumstance, relative to my mother's birth. We knew only that our grandmother had gone to America, and, probably, died im-

mediately afterwards, since no news had ever reached England, of, or from her.

Colonel Cheney came, with his servant, the next day, and appeared eager to show us every civility. One day, hearing my sister Jane's piano forte, he tapped at the parlour-door, to present us with a large book of new music. Another time he caught me doing my best with the instrument, and insisted on being allowed to accompany the waltz, he heard me playing, in what he was pleased to call in very good time.

The idea of a fine, gay officer, who often wore his showy regimentals, and who was more than six feet high, accompanying my poor music, was enough to frighten such an one, as I was, to death ; so, blushing up to the eyes, I declared I could not play well enough, though my sister Jane could, and would be, no doubt, proud of the honour.

Come, Miss Harriette, said the Colonel, good-naturedly, patting my head, and parting

my hair, I insist on your sitting down. Why, do you know, I shall be very much surprised to hear such a little girl, as you are, play at all !

I remember feeling much comforted, and exhilarated, by his very kind manner, and I told every body he was the nicest gentleman in the world. My mother never encouraged him to visit us ; but his kindness, and his very respectful attention seemed to defy all attempts to keep him at a distance. He remained our lodger, nine months, during which more than one person spontaneously remarked that, not only the Colonel's features, but the expression of his countenance, and even his manner, strongly reminded them of my mother. He took particular notice of Fanny, to whom he used to read lectures, and, sometimes, scold, as though he had been a brother, or a father.

Fanny's grateful heart caused her to love her kind monitor ; but her love was of the

most innocent nature : yet she did love him well enough to collect some loose locks of his hair, from the floor, one day, when the Colonel's hair-cutter had been operating, and placed in a little locket, which she wore round her neck.

My mother became extremely alarmed at this occurrence, which Fanny, in the singleness of her heart, took no pains to conceal, and, having no excuse for turning Colonel Cheney out of her house, and being too proud, or too delicate, to acquaint him with her relationship, she resolved to confess, to her children, that he was their brother. Not long after this, the Colonel went to reside in the country, for several months, with his father, and, at the expiration of his visit, addressed my mother, in a friendly letter to this effect :—

My dear Madam,

Have you any objection to be troubled

with me again, as your lodger, on the old terms? If not, I shall have the pleasure of being reinstalled to-morrow evening, when I expect to arrive in London.

Since my mother believed the Colonel to be entirely ignorant of his relationship, she had no excuse for refusing so excellent, and well-bred an inmate. He lodged with us three or four times, after which we quitted Queen Street, for a private house at Brompton, which was not too large for my mother's family; and Colonel Cheney was heard of no more.

Amy, as I have said in the beginning of these Memoirs, was the first to set us a bad example, when we were all good, little girls, at home. How uncomfortable our home became, after her elopement! How miserable Fanny and myself were rendered, and why, I will not say; but, if we had not, in reality, good reasons for running away, we thought

so, at the time, and now I have done with the unpleasant subject.

This, being bag-day, I have received another stupid, anonymous letter, which, as it is not worth copying, I will pin into my M. S. for my editor to do what he pleases with.

London, April 7th.

An admirer of Harriette Wilson's spirited and interesting Memoirs, offers her a little information for the use of her celebrated work, which, at present, makes so much noise in the fashionable world. Lord Kinnoull of small memory, whose attentions Miss W. will probably remember having declined, and which rejection rendered him ever afterwards her most bitter enemy, was married about eight months since to Miss Rowley, Sir Charles Rowley's daughter.

*

*

*

*

* * * *

Make what use you please of this information which may be looked on as authentic. May all success attend your work. You once did a kindness for the writer of this epistle never to be forgotten.

A. M. R.

Does any body, except Lord Frederick Bentinck, know or care for Lady Bath?

Lord Frederick, always declared she was an excellent, good woman, with whom he was particularly intimate.

I remarked that I hoped there was nothing wrong between them, and I thought his lordship would have fainted at the bare suggestion.

Lady Bath, said his lordship, has honestly confessed to me that the thing is quite odious to her: she wonders what pleasure any woman can find in it, independently of the wish to increase and multiply!

In this sleepy, slovenly way was Lord Weymouth, the heir to the Marquisate of Bath, begotten. He grew up, in such sloth, and stupidity, as alarmed his lady mamma, who tried birching him! No woman could handle the rod with a better grace than her ladyship, or was more decidedly convinced of the virtue and truth of that excellent proverb, he who spareth the rod, hateth the child;

and few mothers gave their brats more striking proofs of affection than did Lady Bath ; but even this would not do.

As a child, Lord Weymouth was, or he affected to be in love with me, whom he called his mamma ; because he had just read Faublas ! I presume, one specimen of his lordship's epistolary powers, will be quite sufficient to satisfy my readers' curiosity on that young gentleman's literary acquirements. Not that he was ill-looking, nor ill-natured, nor did I, particularly, dislike him. In fact, as Liston says, barring his love for the bottle, he would be just about a match for the Duke of Devonshire, and that is all. Of his marriage to his present lady, we will speak hereafter.

I mean to write Rochfort's life, when I have finished my Memoirs ; because I hate scandal, and purpose to astonish the world, with a most correct, and proper work, which nobody will read, of course.

I have resolved on two things; the first is not to relax my endeavours, till I have obtained independency; the second, to cut scandal, and behave prettily, to the end of my life, for examples' sake.

Now, readers, put on your night-caps, lest you fall asleep, and catch sore throats, while perusing the following brilliant letter, from the noble Earl of Weymouth.

Ma chère, et belle maman, Harriette.

Perhaps you will think it very vain, and conceited, beginning in French; but, as I think it (if boy as I am, I may be allowed to think) prettier, I beg leave to use it instead of My dear Harriette, without being grugged. I hope you enjoyed a good night's rest. I suppose you et l'homme en noir (alluding to Lord Ponsonby) will go to the masquerade together, if you are sufficiently lively for it. I am just returned from what you call a stupid ball. I have got found out in staying out last

night, by my mother's unfortunately having an adventure at Lady Salisbury's, which I ought to have known of, had I been there. I will tell you the particulars when I see you, and hoping that your sister will be better, and you in good spirits.

I remain,

Yours, most truly,

WEYMOUTH.

Grosvenor Square,

P. S. Perhaps it would be better to finish with all due humility, like l'homme en noir, I remain, most gratefully yours.

Does any body, besides my femme de chambre, know any thing about one Mr. Westcomb, who lives at the Clarendon, and set the fashion of getting into White's club, by tying a good neck-cloth, keeping his hands out of his breeches pockets, and saying just nothing at all? I cannot divine why the said original, which Westcomb is, fell so in love

with my waiting-woman? A man, who holds his head so high above his shoulders, that it looks like one who had been sent over here, to undergo the ceremony of the guillotine, and returned to be stuck upon a pole ! However, observe I do not wonder, even at this ; besides that the time it occupies is all lost, it is vulgar to wonder at any thing, unless, indeed, the Duke of Devonshire were to be caught in a lady's bed, the Honourable and Reverend Lord Frederick Beauclerk in a church, or the all essence, Marquess of Wellesley, in a stage-coach, or Lord Stair, standing, at a measured distance to be shot at, any of which might be made reasonable exceptions to the rule.

I assure you, said a good-natured, excellent soul, one Doctor Yonge, in his zeal to be charitable, the other day, in answer to some doubts, which a gentleman expressed, in his presence, as to Lord Stair's prowess, in that way, I assure you, his lordship will fight now ; laying an unlucky stress on the word now

which made every body laugh : yet the doctor meant kindly, only he forgot himself ! I say, good doctor ; because I know him to be one of the most charitable, and benevolent beings, in existence, ever depriving himself of the profits, his talents so well merit, and they are allowed, even by Frenchmen, to be considerable, for the pleasure of doing good. It is, in fact, a grievous sin to think how people will impose on goodness ! While Doctor Yonge has thrown up his carriage, and is fagging about the dirty Paris streets, attending his poor patients, or whoever he may suspect to be in the least straitened in their circumstances, the rich, would you believe it, the rich, whom he trusts, are known to take up his time, here, for weeks together, and then cheat him, who freely gave them credit, and trusted to their honour, out of his just fees, well knowing that fees are all he has to look forward to, in order to procure the means of existence. I acknowledge that I am stray-

ing from my subject ; but, before I take it up, again, I cannot resist the insertion of Dr. Yonge's address, after begging leave, most strongly, to recommend him to all. who can pay well for excellent talents, joined to the warmest, and most active benevolence.

Doctor Yonge, Rue Clichy, à Paris.

One night, Fanny, or Julia, or somebody who was to have accompanied me to the opera, fell sick ; so, having a genteel-looking, pale, delicate femme de chambre, I begged her to send for a hair-dresser, and accompany me. She was the young widow of one Mr. Fluck, who had been, I believe, a fiddler, at Drury Lane. Mr. Westcomb eyed her, from the pit. He did not turn his head towards us, because his head would not turn, and never has turned, and never will turn ; in short, as well might he attempt to turn my head, as his own, which is fastened tight, to a long pole, which he calls a throat ; but he turned his body round, to examine my maid.

I could not conceive his motive, for she was no beauty, and, if she had been, I should have imagined Westcomb's stamina to have been entirely confined to his starched cravat ! But see what mistakes ladies make ! It rained, and I had no carriage, so I accepted Mr. Westcomb's. The night was very dark. I put him at the back of his own carriage, with my maid.

Mind ! you must give me some supper, said Mr. Westcomb.

I assured him, I never admitted visitors, after the opera.

Oh ! for shame ! Let me alone, I intreat ! squeaked out my Abigail.

What is the matter ? I enquired.

Nothing, nothing, answered the prim Mr. Westcomb.

I assured my woman, if it were possible that such a formal piece of starch, really, could take liberties, I would immediately insist on our being set down in the street. The

young woman was silent, and I said no more on the subject.

As soon as we arrived at my door, I jumped out, and my woman did the same ; but, before I could insist on Mr. Wescomb's retiring, he had accompanied the fiddler's wife into her room. I, immediately, pursued, and tried to open her door, which I found locked. In about an hour afterwards, this most insulting, ungentlemanlike piece of water-starch sneaked out of my house, like a dog, with a bottle fastened to his tail ; and, the next day, I turned away my femme de chambre, who, as well as Miss Eliza Higgins, had lived in good families, and passed for modest ! I remember, she was the dirtiest woman, in Europe, and often declared to me, that she considered the common use of soap and water as the most immodest thing in the world.

Does any body know Mr. French, who has been saying all the harm he possibly can of me lately ? as I am told,—also that his zeal

was most energetic in endeavouring to disgust my old friend, Lord Clanricarde, with me, lately. In consequence of these stories, I made some little enquiry, in Paris, where he now resides, to find out who the man was. and was led to understand that the said gentle soul, yclepd French, is a tiger to one Mr. Jackson.

Who is Mr. Jackson? then I asked.

My informant proceeded—Jackson holds the situation of third or fourth tiger, to the Earl of Clanricarde, who happens to be tiger to Mr. Canning, who is tiger to the king, who happens to be no man's tiger; but that he may be no woman's, neither I, nor the Conynghams choose to assert. Thus, then, Mr. French is very low down indeed; but he cannot help that, only I wish he would not be so severe on me, who, as far as I know, never saw him in my life.

I have, now brought my lame sort of picnic Memoirs down to eighteen hundred and

twenty-two, or three, at which period I still rented my pretty cottage, in the Regent's Park, and, as I have before stated, it had been for some time, my fixed, unalterable determination to change my mode of life. I wrote many letters, to this effect, to my young admirer, Lord Clanricarde. How does all this love and nonsense end? I would ask him, in my letters, and then proceed in this sort of style——

You are much younger than I am; yet, might love me, with passion, and tenderness, for one, two, three, or even five years. I say, this is just possible: and there was a time, when I should not, by any chance, have looked beyond one year, for my happiness; but now, alas! my fanciful illusions are changed, for hard, dry matter of fact-reasoning. I, now say to myself, the man, who would attach me, merely to leave me, is a cold-blooded, worldly being, whom I cannot

love. If he could sleep for months, and years, by my side, knowing, or believing me his faithful partner, and, at the same time, only consider it possible to desert, and throw me on the wide world again, when the remainder of my bloom shall have passed away, I must look upon him as my enemy.

I, often reflected how much honour, and good faith had been thrown away upon Lord Worcester. His lordship could not be more indifferent, nor show me less respect, had I indulged in every caprice, and enriched myself, as I easily could, by my sly infidelities. Still, I never loved him, in spite of all the slander, and malice of the news-people, and which could not have been exceeded, under any possible circumstances. I yet rejoice that, however unfortunate the situation, in which I was placed, I acted honourably, and fairly, towards my lovers. Notwithstanding, after years of steady perseverance in such good faith, I have discovered the heartlessness

of the whole set. I except not one of those, at whose expense I have amused the public. I, certainly do not feel disposed to strive, for the glory of keeping the secrets of those, who never did any thing with the view, nor with the intention of contributing to my future comfort. Even Lord Frederick Bentinck, although I have said no harm of him, beyond a little, gentle ridicule, such as he is well accustomed to from the Duke of York, and many others, even his lordship only sought me for his own gratification, cut my acquaintance, suddenly, without the slightest hesitation, and has never once, since the period of his marriage, sent to enquire after la petite santé d'une belle amie, although he had been, for years, professing the warmest friendship towards me.

En voilà assez, et bien trop, in the shape of my defence. I never affected any particular chastity, beyond perfect truth, and honour towards those, with whom I have

lived : au reste, I have not a bad heart; quite the contrary, that is the truth of it.

With regard to my accusers, I would ask which of them are right, and which wrong? I can, at this moment, show printed newspapers, containing each of these accusations—

The goût of Harriette Wilson's style, surrounds her with a brilliant éclat.

There are no disgusting scenes in her book.

The Memoirs are written by the hand of a master, prove a deep knowledge of human nature.

No merit is due to this very paltry work, which is below criticism.

This book is, evidently the work of a man, to whom this base woman has furnished materials.

This book is full of obscenity, and disgusting profligacy.

These Memoirs are written, without the

slightest regard to grammatical rules, or truth.

Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, just published, evince much talent, and are written in the style of Gil Blas.

Not one of George Brummell's companions ever gave so accurate a description of the beau, as Harriette Wilson has done.

If Frederick Lamb has acted in such an ungentlemanlike manner, towards Harriette Wilson, he is unfit for an ambassador ; if he has not, he will deny it of course.

Harriette Wilson has no excuse for her vile scandal, having been most generously treated by all her admirers.

I wish, gentlemen, since I am so pestered with anonymous correspondence, that one of you would be kind enough to send me a list of the lies, and another of the truths !

The proper study of mankind, being man, I should like to know myself, very much in-

deed, si bon vous semble, Messieurs les Editeurs; but, really, with all these contradictory accounts of my little self, the thing is out of the question; for you are, all of you, wise, upright characters no doubt: above all, you are well behaved, and do not call names!

Now if, according to Doctor Watts, a gentleman who calls his brother a fool, only fool, mind ye, which is a very simple sort of a mis-calling, be in danger of hell-fire what will become of him who calls his sister such shocking, wicked names? And we are, all of us, most beloved brethren and sisters, you know.

Bell's Life in London, not contented with abusing and copying nearly all my Memoirs, under the pretext of criticising my Paris Lions and London Tigers, first abused it, in the most unqualified manner, and then copied, what it termed so contemptible, for its readers' amusement; and, I believe, nearly all the rest did the same.

Poor Stockdale too, is to be attacked in

every way, because he has, in the line of his business, been my publisher. The erudite Morning Herald, as ignorant of French orthography, as of English grammar, announced his departure from town, one evening, with servants liveried à la Majestie,. The Times, that is to say, The Old Times, attacked his beautiful, and unrivalled picture of Godiva, the very morning it was opened to public exhibition, in the following words:—

A report has been circulated that His Majesty is desirous of purchasing a picture representing *The Lady Godiva of Coventry*, which has been recently painted here, at the enormous price of 10,000 guineas. It is quite impossible that, as a matter of taste, His Majesty would choose to possess a picture of so inferior a character as that we allude to, and we will not believe that the royal patronage will be bestowed on one which is, in other points of view, extremely objectionable.

The mechanical execution of the picture is just tolerable ; the drawing not very good, and the colouring coarse and gaudy. The composition is awkward and unmeaning, and the whole picture can only be considered as a fourth or fifth-rate production. The subject is obviously not calculated for painting, and nothing can have prompted its selection but that depraved and offensive appetite which has already offered too many insults to the public feeling in England. The insolence of attempting to sanction this nuisance by the King's name is audacious enough, but at the same time too contemptible to require any serious notice.

The Editor of the *The Old Times* having been rather hyper-critically inclined, ever since I became acquainted with his paper, I beg to ask him, in illustration of his editorial precision, whether he means by the first paragraph that Stockdale gave 10,000 guineas for

the picture, or that the King was to give that sum ? for, like the writer's self, it is somewhat jesuitical, and may be taken either way. As to the last sentence, its logic is admirable. After such abuse, as would persuade people that the well-being of society hung on the result, he concludes that it is too contemptible for serious notice, meaning, I presume, that what he has written is a mere joke after all !

The Age Sunday-paper copied the above paragraph, adding to it, with its usual malignity, a commentary, which worked my publisher up to his sticking point, and he instantly commenced an action against the proprietor, real or nominal, of that immaculate journal ! The offensive commentary was as follows :—

The report alluded to in the above paragraph was never entertained, we will venture to swear, by any human soul, save its writer, and the prostituted vagabond who has managed to get this painting executed ; but

that our readers may know the particulars of the whole business, we will state the precise circumstance. That degraded and filthy fellow, by the name of STOCKDALE, who has outraged all decency in the publication of his Courtezan's Memoirs, employed a very inferior artist, by the name of REINER, to paint a picture, large as life, of the Lady Godiva, as she entered the city of Coventry. Instead of the price of 10,000 guineas, which he has humbugged the Times into the belief of, he paid the man £500 for the painting, and £100 more for a smaller one, for the purpose of engraving. This most disgusting and indecent painting has been, and now is, exhibited by the reptile who purchased it, at his bagnio, in the Opera Colonnade, and we need not tell our readers that the sole object, in effecting this purchase, has been to entice young men of fashion to see it, and by tampering their appetites with a lustful sight, to induce them to purchase, at an exorbitant price, th

engravings taken from it. It ceases to be a matter of surprise, that a thing who has been suffered to go to the extremes this Stockdale has, should dare to couple with his infamous designs the sacred name of MAJESTY ; but it is a matter both of astonishment and regret, that a paper of such consequence as the Times is, should lend its columns to the mention of a subject, at least in the exaggerated point of view above depicted, the particulars of which, as they have been described, are as far from truth, as the real thing is from a single principle of honesty, morality, or even common decency.

Mr. Stockdale addressed the subjoined letter to the Editor of The Times ; but its insertion was, in course, refused.

Sir,

On Saturday last you inserted a paragraph respecting my Exhibition of The Patriotism

of Godiva. So far from being "a picture of inferior character," it is generally admitted to be the finest gallery-picture extant. In no "points of view" is it "extremely" or at all "objectionable." The drawing is "very good, and the colouring not "coarse and gaudy. The composition is" not "awkward and unmeaning, and the whole picture can only be considered" instead of "a fourth or fifth-rate production," the finest performance of any age. "The subject is obviously calculated for painting, and nothing can have prompted its" rejection, "but that depraved and offensive" affectation of delicacy "which has already offered too many insults to the public feeling in England. The insolence of attempting to sanction" the charge that such a master-piece of art is a "nuisance by" pretended respect for "the King's name, is audacious enough, but at the same time" would have been "too contemptible to require any serious notice," had not so successful

journal, as I acknowledge yours to be, been so imposed upon by its morbid disposition to put me down, as to risk the sacrifice of its own reputation, and property, for the purpose of destroying me and mine.

JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE.

24, Opera Colonnade,
21st of April 1826.

P. S. I again invite your *personal* inspection of this Picture, gratis, by lamp light as well as by day-light. I have commenced an action against The Age Sunday-paper, which not only copied your paragraph, but extended its virulence, even still further.

I forgot to mention my aunt Antoine, while describing how I stood as to family connexions.

This good lady, at the age of sixty-five, lives merrily, on her estate, near Vevez, en Suisse, and actually possesses a clear, unincumbered fortune of £10 a year, out of which

income she puts by, yearly, £6!! It is a fact, I assure you, and my second brother makes soft eyes, at the good lady, every morning, under the impression that she will make him her heir!

Man wants but little, here below.

My aunt's house is her own, and so are her garden, her bed, her chickens, and her cabbages. What more can Madame la Baronne require? And then as reading, writing, or even darning stockings, by candle-light, is bad for the eyes, aunt Antoine retires to rest, and rises with the sun. *Tout cela est bien facile, vous voyez.*

One fine evening, when I had been acquainted with Lord Clanricarde twelve or fifteen months (I am now going to allude to an adventure, which occurred to me about five years ago), I had been very melancholy, for

several months, although I was often honoured by various noble visitors. No person had ever made a firmer determination to quit her evil ways, and lead a sober, righteous life than I had ; but I was still hesitating as to what mode I could fix upon, to gain an honest livelihood. I resolved to begin by explaining my destitute situation to my oldest friends, namely, the Dukes of Argyll and Wellington, and the Honourable Frederick Lamb. I assured them that I could be contented with fifty pounds a year. I only required that small sum, because the very delicate state of my health disqualified me from active exertion : but they had, now, other pursuits, and cared not what became of me, notwithstanding they universally voted me an excellent, fine-hearted, good creature !

I remember having been so far provoked, by my duns, many years ago, when the Duke of Argyll and I were most intimate, as to have

declared, to his Grace, that no other woman in my situation, would have permitted him to act so shabbily.

My dearest pretty, answered he, with much pathos, never think so meanly of yourself, as to imagine I can, for an instant, class you with such women as are paid ! No, continued Argyll, waxing into something of the heroic, I respect and esteem you as my own sister

I ventured to observe that the distinction was unfortunate, inasmuch as it would probably expose me to the fair chance of going to prison.

No, pretty, you don't say so ? You, who are so lady-like ! I cannot fancy you any thing but a dear friend, a wife, or a sister ; so sit down, and play to me.

Once more, Duke, if the piano forte is in my way, and prevents your giving me money, I'll sell it.

I, however, sate down to play, quand même, and, before I had finished my har-

mony, a gentleman entered the room, sans ceremonie, and presented me with a writ. It was for a large sum, and I was obliged to accompany him to a lock-up house, where Argyll visited, and made strong love to me, and paid a little, and bailed a little, and whistled a good deal ! Now Frederick Bentinck can afford to be more liberal, than such luxurious people as Argyll, because Frederick hates spending money on himself. His breakfast always consists of hard sea-biscuits, and milk : and there is a great saving in going about, without gloves : then, as to a new coat, that is a sort of God-send to Lord Frederick, who is nevertheless one of the cleanest men, I know.

What a miserable breakfast you have got ! said his lordship, to me, one morning, by way of first salute, en entrant, as he cast a hasty glance on my table, which was covered with eatables, such as boiled eggs, tea, coffee, tongue, chicken, and various accompaniments.

Non pas que je déjeune toujours, à la fourchette ; but I happened to have had the supreme honour, that morning, to entertain a Dutch merchant, and his better half.

What do you mean by a miserable breakfast ? said I. Why my whole family, like that of the Vicar of Wakefield, en pareille cas, must be stinted for the next three weeks, for my having given such a repast ! What do you call your own breakfast of sea-biscuits, if this is a miserable one ?

Well ! I do have a clean table cloth, at all events, said his lordship, fixing his eyes on a large, greasy spot, on which the Dutchman had scattered eggs and his ham !

In spite of Frederick Bentinck's moderate fortune, and simple habits, it would be infinitely easier to get a hundred pounds from him, than from his relative the Duke of Devonshire. In short, it is doing his lordship but common justice to state that he is a very

brave, unaffected, liberal man, of truth and honour.

Quant au sentiment, one must look for it elsewhere ; and, since in his take-leave letter to me, immediately previous to his marriage, with Lord Lowther's sister, he assured me that he had not the slightest reason to be displeased with any part of my conduct. I surely have just cause to think him heartless, inasmuch as he could thus, abruptly part with so old a friend, without regret, and for ever and ever !

Now there is something so tremendous, in that dreadful word for ever, that I could not, for my part, say adieu, et pour toujours, even to my coachman, if I had known him long, without feeling my eyes fill with tears. Eternity ! What a deep, long, and dreadful word !

As we are on the subject of Lord Frederick Bentinck, of whose faults I have spoken

freely, and whom, I cannot but still respect for his truth, and that firmness of character which is void of all guile, and deception; simple, brave, and independent, it is fair to state the good, I know, of his lordship, as well as what I, in the warmth of my own heart, conceive to be his defects.

The fair lady, to whom I so strongly recommended him, as my readers may perhaps recollect, was poor Julia Storer. He, absolutely refused to visit her, until I had passed my word, which I did, while he was driving me, in his tilbury, two stages, on my way to Dover, that she would not sicken him by encouraging the smallest particle of love for him.

La pauvre Julie ne demandoit pas mieux. A connoisseur in beauty, anxiety for her children's welfare, and dread of a prison, could alone have induced her to say yes, when Fred. Bentinck, *faute de mieux*, one warm night, after the opera, while I was in France did woe her.

What do you think of my old beau, Fred. Bentinck ? said I, to Julia, when I returned from Paris.

Why, replied Julia, though I am not in love with his lordship, il s'en faut beaucoup, yet, in truth, I must say he is an excellent lover ! and then, Julia whispered in my ear, and then, entre nous, Fred Bentinck is so practically excellent ! wonderfully so !!

Julia's description accounts for what his wife, Lord Lowther's sister, said of him. She was an old maid, at least as far as I know, when Fred. Bentinck proposed to her. The fair lady liked him so so, pretty well ; and yet, had she not been waxing antiquated, and rather dwindling towards her last legs, as folks vulgarly have it, she would have refused his lordship.

However, she was agreeably disappointed.

I don't know how it is, said her ladyship, to a particular friend of mine, who after-

wards repeated the conversation to me, verbatim, I don't how it is, for I was rather too indifferent, when I married Frederick; but somehow, I now love him dearly!! I cannot account for it; but of all men I would not have missed him!! What it is that I find so pleasant about him, I will not say.

Perhaps Lady Frederick Bentinck was aware that her husband abhorred all indecent or immodest conversation. At all events, continued her ladyship, I love my Frederick, better and better, every day, and every night, that we pass together.

La verité est que les vieilles filles sont très exigeantes, et, en même tems, fort peu délicates.

En voilà assez de Fred. Bentinck.

To proceed with what I was thinking of telling you sooner, being, one evening, unusually dull, because Elliston would neither return my comedy, nor pay me for it, I determined to try the effect of a solitary walk.

Just as I had equipped myself, for this purpose, I changed my mind.

It is getting dark, and the clouds lower, as threatening rain ; so I must e'en make up my mind to solitude and melancholy, thought I, hanging up my cloak. I then had recourse to a book ; but it was not like my delightful Memoirs, and I could not read. A fortnight's severe indisposition, from which I was slowly recovering, had left me nervous and spiritless.

I took up the manuscript of another comedy, which I had been trying to write.

What was the use of trying to write plays, if Elliston would steal what one intrusted to his care ?

I threw down the papers, in a pet. I felt that my health required that I should leave the house, and breathe a little fresh air, yet I wanted courage to make the attempt. Suddenly, a certain, odd presentiment came over me, that if I went out, something desirable,

in the shape of a novel adventure, would occur to enliven me. I had, more than once, been seized with the like superstitious sensations, and they had not deceived me.

Well! I wrapped my pelisse about me, and, this time, actually commenced my solitary walk down Baker Street, having determined to make a small purchase of my friend Smith, pour passer le tems, and then return home again. It was nine o'clock, when I got to his door, and his young man was just beginning to shut up the shop. Mr. Smith had not left off ogling, in the least; but I was so distrait, and unwell, that I could not admire him, for the soul of me, and I received his tender compliments, and side-long glances, in solemn silence. It was quite dark, by the time I had finished my purchase, and I hastened along Oxford Street, towards Orchard Street, as if I had been an accoucheur, bent on my calling, neither looking to the right,

nor the left, lest folks should call me a fye fye woman !

At a few doors on the Bond Street side of Orchard Street, I love to be particular, a man met, and passed me. His appearance was too remarkable to escape my notice : nay, he attracted that of every body, as well as me, for all turned round to look at him. I did the same ; but very hastily, and, as I thought, very slily ; for I think it a very odious trick, in a female, to look round, after any man, in the public streets. Unluckily, the man turned back his head, as too generally happens, at the very same moment, and saw me. This was quite enough to make me increase my pace, as much as my strength would permit.

The stranger's moustaches were so very black, and grew in such a profusion of actual curls, about his upper lip, and added to his fine whiskers, which were visible over his

skin, that they gave me the idea, at the first glance, that this must be the real, true, genuine, inimitable, original, redoubtable Bergami himself!

His air was decidedly foreign, independently of his moustaches, and his age might be six and twenty. His dress was black, without any relief or variation : so very black, indeed, that I fancied he must have worn a black shirt too. The sleeves and body of his coat were made very tight, in order, no doubt, to set off, to the best advantage, and render more striking, the fine symmetry of his manly person. His bust was so high, and so strikingly beautiful, that one could scarcely avoid noticing it, even at the slightest glance. His carriage was lofty, and soldier-like, which made one fancy him, at least, six feet high, although, in fact, he was only five feet nine or ten. Elegantly conspicuous, as he certainly was, in point of figure, and handsome as his face seemed, by the light

which issued from a shop-window, as he slowly walked towards me, I did not turn round to admire his beauty. I love beauty, it is true; but I estimate high breeding far before it. In short, though my father was a tradesman, it would not be in my power, or in my nature, to love the greatest beauty, on earth, until I had convinced myself that he had the habits of the very first society. Added to this, it were a thing devoutly to be wished that he should be no less well-born, than well-bred.

I scarcely considered it in the list of probabilities, that either a very well-bred, or well-born man should be found, walking, in Oxford Street, at nine o'clock at night, with such a tremendous moustache, and such a tight coat, which was well calculated to have given any other man the appearance of what I most abhor, namely, that of a mere Bond Street dandy. The stranger's foreign air, however, protected him from this, as it was

combined with a certain dignity of carriage, a degree of melancholy expression, in his countenance ; in fact one could not well take him for a fool, even at the most hasty glimpse, and malgré his tight coat, because there was a character of thought, mixed up with much shrewd penetration, in the cast of his features.

But then the renowned Bergami, in a worldly sense, was, surely no fool ! and so, as I have before stated, I set the Don Moustache down, in my own mind, for Bergami, and I, therefore, could not resist the opportunity of taking one look at a personage of such heroic achievements !

My confusion was not quite unaccompanied by fear that I might discover myself to be the object of attention, to this terrible looking fellow, who had turned back, and was standing stock still, to examine me. I now hastened onwards as swiftly as possible. It was a very

dark night : no moon, not even a star to light me on my way.

Orchard Street was quite deserted, and pat, pat, pat, sounded like a man's step, close behind me. I had been blue-deviled, for the last week, and now I was frightened out of my wits. My breath was almost exhausted, by over-haste ; yet I made a last desperate effort, to increase my pace without turning my head round to ascertain what, or who my tormentor was.

Pat, pat, pat, still vibrated in my ears, as if close behind me.

It must be that great, black Bergami-man, thought I to myself, who is going to stab me, or something of that kind. The next instant grew ashamed of my childish nervousness.

It is the mere weakness of indisposition, of hought ; but I cannot endure suspense. I can better confront the black gentleman himself ; and, with a desperate effort, faced about,

and stood before the moustache, panting for breath. He did not address me ; but seemed to consider me with some degree of astonishment.

Why do you follow me, and frighten me, so terribly, I at last enquired, in a very natural tone of real agitation and alarm.

Nay then, I am, indeed, truly sorry if I have done that, said the stranger, with such unaffected politeness, as almost made me ashamed of my late fears, at which I now laughed.

You are English after all ? I observed. How could I be so ridiculous ? I then wished Don Moustache a good night.

Since you are so timid, and the night is gloomy, suppose you allow me to see you safe home ? the stranger observed, with considerable nonchalance.

I replied that, though I was no prude, I should prefer walking home alone, unless it

suited his pleasure to inform me who was to be my companion.—

But I have just learned that Fisher, not Charles Frederick, of Lyme Regis, but Hugh Evans, of Bath and London, has obtained a verdict against Stockdale, for £700! These two persons, at least in my publisher's case, being considered one!

Peter Pindar says, flees are not lobsters! Hugh Evans Fisher asserts that he is not Charles Frederick Fisher. Mr. Sergeant Vaughan will have it that he is both.

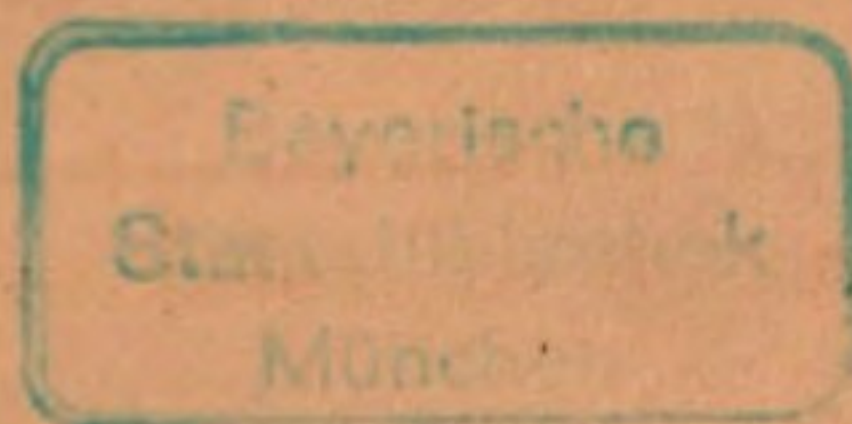
While defendant, whose temper is studious and lonely,

Let lodgings that took single gentlemen only,
This plaintiff, so fat, must appear like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one,

as Colman has ludicrously put it.

END OF VOL. V.

J. J. STOCKDALE, Printer, 24, Opera
Colonnade.



Preparing for the Press.

BY AUTHORITY,

PRIVATE MEMOIRS

OF A

DEVONSHIRE BARONET.

In the Press,

LOVE-LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO

ONE OF HIS GRACE'S MISTRESSES,

BY THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

	£.	s.	d.
Roberton's Generative System, 18 Plates, sixth Edition,	1.	1.	0.
Beauty, and Marriage, in all Nations, By T. Little Esq.	-	-	-
9 Plates,	1.	10.	0.
Littles New Art of Love, with female influence, and Marriage,	-	-	-
5th Edition,	0.	3.	0.
Confessions of an Oxonian, 36 Colored Plates, from the life,	1.	10.	0.
Paris Lions and London Tigers, By Harriette Wilson,	-	-	-
12 Colored plates.	0.	7.	6.
Domestic Institutes of young mothers fourth Edition,	0.	1.	6.
Harriette Wilsons Memoirs, 4 Vols. complete. (Single parts	-	-	-
can be supplied,)	1.	10.	0.
Harriette Wilsons Memoirs, Parts 13 to the end, each	0.	2.	6.
Colored Plates and Portraits, to illustrate the same,	1.	12.	6.
<i>Additional Plates, and Portraits are nearly ready.</i>			
Stockdale's Budget of every thing, and of every body, 1 Vol.	-	-	-
quarto only	0.	6.	6.

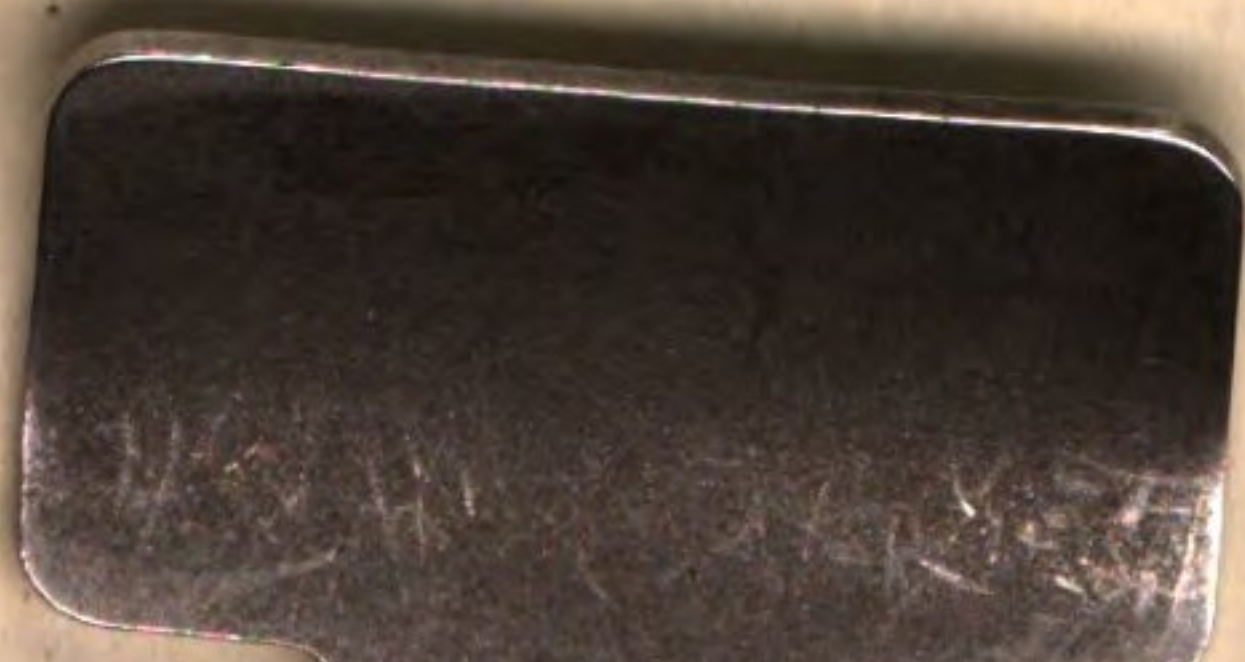
J. J. STOCKDALE ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS
 BY AUTHORITY
 PRIVATE MEMOIRS
 OF A
 DEVONSHIRE BARONET,

In the Press,
 LOVE-LETTERS
 ADDRESSED TO
 ONE OF HIS GRACE'S MISTRESSES,
 BY THE
 DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Edition's Generative System, 18 Plates, sixth Edition, 1. 1. 0.
 and Marriage, in all Nations, By T. Little, 1840, 1. 10. 0.
 9 Plates, 1. 10. 0.
 New Art of Love, with female influence, and Marriage, 5th Edition, 0. 3. 0.
 of an (Romanian, 26 Colored Plates, from the life, 1. 10. 0.
 and London Tiger, By Harriet Wilson, 1. 10. 0.
 12 Colored plates, 0. 7. 0.
 of young mothers fourth Edition, 0. 1. 0.
 Wilson's Memoirs, 4 Vols. complete. (Single parts, 1. 10. 0.
 can be supplied, 0. 2. 0.
 Wilson's Memoirs, Parts 13 to the end, each 1. 12. 0.
 and Portraits, to illustrate the same, 1. 12. 0.
 Additional Plates, and Portraits are nearly ready.
 of every thing, and of every body, 1 / of 0. 6. 0.
 quarto only.

J. J. STOCKDALE ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.
 28 Feb, 48.



A. Schedl

A. Schedl

Wilson, Harriette

Memoirs of Harriette Wilson in Four Volumes

Bd.: 5

London (1827)

Don.Lud. 554-5

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10728088-7